

THE  
WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Congreve*:

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING

*The WAY of the WORLD.* Comedy.

*The Judgment of PARIS.* Masque.

SEMELE. Opera.

POEMS *on several Occasions.*

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L O N D O N:

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MDCCLIII.





THE  
WAY of the WORLD.

A  
COMEDY.

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*Audire est Operæ pretium, procedere rectè*

*Qui mæchis non vultis —*

Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1.

*—Metuat doti deprensa. —*

Ibid.



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Printed in the YEAR 7153.





To the Right Honourable

R A L P H

Earl of *Montague*, &c.

My LORD,



Hether the World will arraign me of Vanity, or not, that I have presum'd to Dedicate this Comedy to Your Lordship, I am yet in Doubt: Tho' it may be it is some degree of Vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the Honour of Your Lordship's Conversation, cannot be suppos'd to think very meanly of that which he wou'd prefer to Your Perusal: Yet it were to incur the Imputation of too much Sufficiency, to pretend to such a Merit as might abide the Test of Your Lordship's Censure.



## *The Dedication.*

Whatever Value may be wanting to this Play while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become Your Lordship's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my Dedication, than Your Lordship will dignify it by your Patronage.

That it succeeded on the Stage, was almost beyond my Expectation; for but little of it was prepar'd for that general Taste which seems now to be predominant in the Palates of our Audience.

Those Characters which are meant to be ridicul'd in most of our Comedies, are of Fools so gross, that, in my humble Opinion, they shou'd rather disturb than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and instead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compassion.

This Reflection mov'd me to design some Characters, which shou'd appear ridiculous not so much thro' a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as thro' an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, so there is some Hazard which attends the Progress of its Success, upon the Stage: For many come to a Play so over-charg'd with Criticism, that they very often let fly their Censure, when thro' their Rashness they have mistaken their Aim. This I had Occasion lately to observe: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before some of these hasty Judges cou'd find the Leisure to distinguish betwixt the Character of a *Witwoud* and a *Truewit*.

## *The Dedication.*

I must beg Your Lordship's Pardon for this Digression from the true Course of this Epistle ; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the Occasion of it, in Part of that Excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this Comedy to Your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordship, and the *Few* so qualify'd, that such who write with Care and Pains can hope to be distinguish'd : For the Prostituted Name of *Poet* promiscuously levels all that bear it.

*Terence*, the most correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to assist him, at least to support him in his Reputation : And notwithstanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than necessary,

The Purity of his Stile, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Justness of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of Tasting : Some of the coarsest Strokes of *Plautus*, so severely censur'd by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the Multitude ; such, who come with Expectation to laugh at the last Act of a Play, and are better entertain'd with two or three unseasonable Jest, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable*.

As *Terence* excell'd in his Performances, so had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings ; for he built most on the Foundations of *Menander* : His Plots were generally modell'd, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander* ; and *Menander* had no less Light in the Formation of his Characters, from the Observations of *Theophrastus*, of whom he was a Disciple ; and *Theophrastus*

## *The Dedication.*

it is known was not only the Disciple, but the immediate Successor of *Aristotle*, the first and greatest Judge of Poetry. These were great Models to design by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* possess'd, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Stile, and Justness of Manners, was not less considerable, from the Freedom of Conversation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greatest and most polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of such a Conversation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happen'd in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gain'd a Turn of Stile, or Expression more Correct, or at least more Corrigible than in those which I have formerly written, I must, with equal Pride and Gratitude, ascribe it to the Honour of Your Lordship's admitting me into Your Conversation, and that of a Society where every Body else was so well worthy of you, in Your Retirement last Summer from the Town: For it was immediately after, that this Comedy was written. If I have fail'd in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there should be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If I am not mistaken, Poetry is almost the only Art, which has not yet laid claim to Your Lordship's Patronage. Architecture, and Painting, to the great Honour of our Country, have flourish'd under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean time, Poetry, the eldest Sister of all Arts, and Parent of most, seems to  
have

### *The Dedication.*

have resign'd her Birth-right, by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordship; and by permitting others of a later Extraction, to prepossess that Place in Your Esteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is sacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to address to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection.

This receiv'd Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who Consecrate their Labours to great Men: But I could wish, at this Time, that this Address were exempted from the common Pretext of all Dedications; and that as I can distinguish Your Lordship even among the most Deserving, so this Offering might become remarkable by some particular Instance of Respect, which should assure Your Lordship, that I am, with all due Sense of Your extreme Worthiness and Humanity,

*My L O R D,*

*Your Lordship's most Obedient,*

*and most Oblig'd Humble Servant,*

WILLIAM CONGREVE.





TO  
Mr. CONGREVE,  
Occasion'd by his  
COMEDY  
CALL'D THE  
WAY *of the* WORLD.

*WHEN* Pleasure's falling to the low Delight,  
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight;  
No Sense of Wit when rude Spectators know,  
But in distorted Gesture, Farce and Show:  
How could, Great Author, your aspiring Mind  
Dare to write only to the Few Refin'd!  
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you pursue,  
'Tis not in Congreve's Power to please but few.  
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,  
Well dress'd Barbarians know his awful Name;  
Tho' senseless they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,  
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a lavish Portion fell  
In ev'ry way of Writing to excell.  
Your Muse Applause to Arabella brings,  
In Notes as sweet as Arabella sings.

*When-*

## TO MR. CONGREVE.

*When-e'er you draw an undissembled Woe,  
With sweet Distress your Rural Numbers flow.  
Pastora's the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,  
Pastora still the Echo of the Plain !  
Or if your Muse describe, with warming Force,  
The wounded Frenchman falling from his Horse ;  
And her own William glorious in the Strife,  
Bestowing on the prostrate Foe his Life :  
You the great Act as gen'rously rehearse,  
And all the English Fury's in your Verse.  
By your selected Scenes, and handsom Choice,  
Enobled Comedy exalts her Voice ;  
You check unjust Esteem and fond Desire,  
And teach to Scorn, what else we should Admire ;  
The just Impression taught by you we bear,  
The Player acts the World, the World the Player ;  
Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,  
Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems ;  
But when your Muse assumes her Tragic Part,  
She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry Heart ;  
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,  
And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know :  
The Widow, who impatient of Delay,  
From the Town-joys must mask it to the Play,  
Joins with your Mourning Bride's resistless Moan,  
And weeps a Loss she slighted, when her own ;  
You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,  
And vary our Afflictions, as you please.  
Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,  
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign ;  
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?  
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.  
Then still, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,  
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.*

R. STEELE.



# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

**O** *F those few Fools, who with ill Stars are curst,  
Sure scribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worst:  
For they're a sort of Fools which Fortune makes,  
And after she has made them Fools, forsakes.  
With Nature's Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Case,  
For Fortune favours all her Idiot Race:  
In her own Nest the Cuckow Eggs we find,  
O'er which she broods to hatch the Changling-Kind.  
No Portion for her own she has to spare,  
So much she dotes on her adopted Care.*

*Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,  
Suffer'd at first some trifling Stakes to win:  
But what unequal Hazards do they run!  
Each time they write they venture all they've won:  
The Squire that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone.  
This Author, heretofore, has found your Favour,  
But pleads no Merit from his past Behaviour.*

## PROLOGUE.

*To build on that might prove a vain Presumption,  
Shou'd Grants to Poets made, admit Resumption :  
And in Parnassus he must lose his Seat,  
If that be found a forfeited Estate.*

*He owns, with Toil, he wrought the following Scenes,  
But if they're naught ne'er spare him for his Pains :  
Damn him the more ; have no Commiseration  
For Dulness on mature Deliberation.*

*He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off Scene,  
Nor, like those peevish Wits, his Play maintain, }  
Who, to assert their Sense, your Taste arraign.  
Some Plot we think he has, and some new Thought ;  
Some Humour too, no Farce ; but that's a Fault.  
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect ;  
For so Reform'd a Town, who dares Correct ?  
To Please, this Time, has been his sole Pretence,  
He'll not Instruct, lest it should give Offence.  
Shou'd he by Chance a Knave or Fool expose,  
That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.  
In short, our Play shall (with your Leave to shew it)  
Give you one Instance of a Passive Poet,  
Who to your Judgments yields all Resignation ;  
So Save or Damn, after your own Discretion.*

Drama-



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

|                                                         |                          |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>Fainall</i> , in love with <i>Mrs. Marwood</i> .     | <i>Mr. Betterton</i> .   |
| <i>Mirabell</i> , in love with <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> .  | <i>Mr. Verbruggen</i> .  |
| <i>Witwoud</i> , } Followers of <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> . | <i>Mr. Bowen</i> .       |
| <i>Petulant</i> , }                                     | <i>Mr. Bowman</i> .      |
| <i>Sir Wilfull Witwoud</i> , half Brother to            | } <i>Mr. Underbill</i> . |
| <i>Witwoud</i> , and Nephew to Lady                     |                          |
| <i>Wishfort</i> .                                       |                          |
| <i>Waitwell</i> , Servant to <i>Mirabell</i> .          | <i>Mr. Bright</i> .      |

## W O M E N.

|                                                                                                                                           |                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Lady Wishfort</i> , Enemy to <i>Mirabell</i> ,<br>for having falsely pretended Love to<br>her.                                         | } <i>Mrs. Leigh</i> . |
| <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> , A fine Lady, Neice<br>to Lady <i>Wishfort</i> , and loves <i>Mira-</i><br><i>bell</i> .                           |                       |
| <i>Mrs. Marwood</i> , Friend to <i>Mr. Fainall</i> ,<br>and likes <i>Mirabell</i> .                                                       | } <i>Mrs. Barry</i> . |
| <i>Mrs. Fainall</i> , Daughter to Lady <i>Wish-</i><br><i>fort</i> , and Wife to <i>Fainall</i> , formerly<br>Friend to <i>Mirabell</i> . |                       |
| <i>Foible</i> , Woman to Lady <i>Wishfort</i> .                                                                                           | <i>Mrs. Willis</i> .  |
| <i>Mincing</i> , Woman to <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> .                                                                                         | <i>Mrs. Prince</i> .  |

Dancers, Footmen and Attendants.

## S C E N E L O N D O N.

*The Time equal to that of the Presentation.*

T H E

on.  
gen.

n.

ll.

rdle.

E





*J. Hayman inv. et del.*

*C. Grignon sculp.*

*The Way of the World.*



THE  
*Way of the World.*

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Chocolate-House.*

MIRABELL and FAINALL [*Rising from Cards.*]

BETTY waiting.

MIRABELL.



YOU are a fortunate Man, Mr. Fainall.

FAINALL.

Have we done?

MIRABELL.

What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

FAINALL.

No, I'll give you your Revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the Coldness of a  
loving



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losing Gamester lessens the Pleasure of the Winner. I'd no more play with a Man that slighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalu'd the Loss of her Reputation.

*MIRABELL.*

You have a Taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your Pleasures.

*FAINALL.*

Pr'ythee, why so reserv'd? Something has put you out of Humour.

*MIRABELL.*

Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day; and you are gay: that's all.

*FAINALL.*

Confess, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd last Night, after I left you; my fair Cousin has some Humours that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoic. What, some Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by?

*MIRABELL.*

*Witwood* and *Petulant*; and what was worse, her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to sum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in.—

*FAINALL.*

O there it is then——She has a lasting Passion for you, and with Reason.—What, then my Wife was there?

*MIRABELL.*

Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the Vapours, and after fell into a profound Silence.

*FAINALL.*

They had a Mind to be rid of you.

*MIRA-*

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*MIRABELL.*

For which Reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with an Investive against long Visits. I would not have understood her, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I rose and with a constrain'd Smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a Visit began to be troublesome; she reddened, and I withdrew without expecting her Reply.

*FAINALL.*

You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

*MIRABELL.*

She is more Mistress of herself, than to be under the Necessity of such a Resignation.

*FAINALL.*

What? tho' half her Fortune depends upon her marrying with my Lady's Approbation?

*MIRABELL.*

I was then in such a Humour, that I should have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

*FAINALL.*

Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last Night was one of their Cabal-Nights; they have 'em three times a Week, and meet by turns, at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's-Inquest, to sit upon the Murder'd Reputations of the Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the Male Sex shou'd be excepted; but some Body mov'd that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of the Community; upon which Motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd Members.

*MIRABELL.*

And who may have been the Foundress of this Sect? My Lady *Wisefort*, I warrant, who publishes her Detestation

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tion of Mankind; and full of the Vigour of fifty five, declares for a Friend and *Ratafia*; and let Posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

*F A I N A L L.*

The Discovery of your sham Addresses to her, to conceal your Love to her Neice, has provok'd this Separation: Had you dissembled better, Things might have continu'd in the State of Nature.

*M I R A B E L L.*

I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reasonable Conscience; I proceeded to the very last Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and compliment her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious Town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a Dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in Labour. The Devil's in't, if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unless a Man shou'd endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my Virtue forbad me. But for the Discovery of this Amour, I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. *Marwood*.

*F A I N A L L.*

What shou'd provoke her to be your Enëmy, unless she has made you Advances, which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive Omissions of that Nature.

*M I R A B E L L.*

She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confess I am not one of those Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em every thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

*F A I N-*

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*F A I N A L L.*

You are a gallant Man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to satisfy a Lady's Longing; you have too much Generosity, not to be tender of her Honour. Yet you speak with an Indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a Negligence.

*M I R A B E L L.*

You pursue the Argument with a Distrust that seems to be unaffected; and confesses that you are conscious of a Concern for which the Lady is more indebted to you, than is your Wife.

*F A I N A L L.*

Fy, fy, Friend; if you grow censorious I must leave you; — I'll look upon the Gamesters in the next Room.

*M I R A B E L L.*

Who are they?

*F A I N A L L.*

*Petulant* and *Witwoud* — Bring me some Chocolate.

*M I R A B E L L.*

*Betty*, what says your Clock?

*B E T T Y.*

Turn'd of the last Canonical Hour, Sir.

*M I R A B E L L.*

How pertinently the Jade answers me! Ha? almost one o'Clock! [*Looking on his Watch.*] O, y'are come —



SCENE





SCENE II.

MIRABELL and FOOTMAN.

MIRABELL.

WELL; is the grand Affair over? You have been something tedious.

SERVANT.

Sir, there's such coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere a Country Dance. Ours was the last Couple to lead up; and no Hopes appearing of Dispatch, besides, the Parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his Lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our Turn; so we drove round to *Duke's-Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

MIRABELL.

So, so, you are sure they are married.

SERVANT.

Married and Bedded, Sir: I am Witness.

MIRABELL.

Have you the Certificate?

SERVANT.

Here it is, Sir.

MIRABELL.

Has the Tailor brought *Waitwell's* Cloaths home, and the new Liveries?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

MIRABELL.

That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the Consummation 'till farther Order; bid *Wait-*  
*well*

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*well* shake his Ears, and Dame *Partlet* ruffle up her Feathers, and meet me at One o'Clock by *Rosamond's* Pond; that I may see her before she returns to her Lady: And as you tender your Ears be secret.



SCENE III.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

FAINALL.

JOY of your Success, *Mirabell*; you look pleas'd.

MIRABELL.

Ay; I have been engag'd in a Matter of some sort of Mirth, which is not yet ripe for Discovery. I am glad this is not a Cabal-Night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your Wife to be of such a Party.

FAINALL.

Faith, I am not jealous. Besides most who are engag'd are Women and Relations; and for the Men, they are of a Kind too contemptible to give Scandal.

MIRABELL.

I am of another Opinion. The greater the Coxcomb, always the more the Scandal: For a Woman who is not a Fool, can have but one Reason for associating with a Man who is one.

FAINALL.

Are you jealous as often as you see *Witwoud* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

MIRABELL.

Of her Understanding I am, if not of her Person.

FAIN-

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*FAINALL.*

You do her Wrong; for to give her her Due, she has Wit.

*MIRABELL.*

She has Beauty enough to make any Man think so; and Complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

*FAINALL.*

For a passionate Lover, methinks you are a Man somewhat too discerning in the Failings of your Mistress.

*MIRABELL.*

And for a discerning Man, somewhat too passionate a Lover; for I like her with all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those Affectations which in another Woman wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once us'd me with that Insolence, that in Revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her Failings; I study'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other, to hate her heartily: To which end I so us'd myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Design and Expectation, they gave me ev'ry Hour less Disturbance; 'till in a few Days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

*FAINALL.*

Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her Charms, as you are with her Defects, and my Life on't, you are your own Man again.

*MIRABELL.*

Say you so?

*FAINALL*

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*FAINALL.*

I, I, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and so forth.



SCENE IV.

[ *To them* ] MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

**I** S one Squire *Witwoud* here?

BETTY.

Yes; What's your Business?

MESSENGER.

I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilfull*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

BETTY.

He's in the next Room, Friend——that way.



SCENE V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

MIRABELL.

**W**HAT, is the chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*!

FAINALL.

He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

MIRA-



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MIRABELL.

I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary Person; I think you have the Honour to be related to him.

FAINALL.

Yes; he is half Brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Sister to my Lady *Wishfort*, my Wife's Mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you must call Cousins too.

MIRABELL.

I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

FAINALL.

He comes to Town in order to equip himself for Travel.

MIRABELL.

For Travel! Why the Man that I mean is above Forty.

FAINALL.

No matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* should know we have Blockheads of all Ages.

MIRABELL.

I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament to save the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

FAINALL.

By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to Trade with a little Loss, than to be quite eaten up, with being overstock'd.

MIRABELL.

Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-Errant, and those of the Squire his Brother, any thing related?

FAINALL.

Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the Knight, like a Medlar grafted on a Crab. One will melt in your Mouth, and t'other set your Teeth on Edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

MIR A-

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*MIRABELL.*

So one will be Rotten before he be Ripe, and the other will be Rotten without ever being Ripe at all.

*FAINALL.*

Sir *Wilfull* is an odd Mixture of Bashfulness and Obstinacy.---But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the Monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good Nature, and does not always want Wit.

*MIRABELL.*

Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his Common-Place of Comparisons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and some few Scraps of other Folks Wit. He is one whose Conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good Quality, he is not Exceptionous; for he so passionately affects the Reputation of understanding Raillery, that he will construe an Affront into a Jest, and call downright Rudeness and ill Language Satire and Fire.

*FAINALL.*

If you have a mind to finish his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the Original.



SCENE VI.

[ *To them* ] WITWOUND.

*WITWOUND.*

**A**FFORD me your Compassion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall*, *Mirabell*, pity me.

*MIRABELL.*

I do from my Soul.

Vo L. III.

B

*FAIN-*

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*FAINALL.*

Why, what's the Matter?

*WITWOUD.*

No Letters for me, *Betty*?

*BETTY.*

Did not a Messenger bring you one but now, Sir?

*WITWOUD.*

Ay, but no other?

*BETTY.*

No, Sir.

*WITWOUD.*

That's hard, that's very hard;---A Messenger, a Mule, a Beast of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyric in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verses from one Poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a Fore-runner of the Author, as an Epistle Dedicatory.

*MIRABELL.*

A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud*!

*WITWOUD.*

Ay, ay, my half Brother. My half Brother he is, no nearer, upon Honour.

*MIRABELL.*

Then 'tis possible he may be but half a Fool.

*WITWOUD.*

Good, good, *Mirabell*, *le Drole*! Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him;---*Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad, I say any thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I shou'd ask a Man of Pleasure, and the Town, a Question at once so Foreign and Domestic. But I talk like an old Maid at a Marriage, I don't know what I say: But she's the best Woman in the World.

*FAIN-*

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*FAINALL.*

'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your Commendation would go near to make me either Vain or Jealous.

*WITWOUD.*

No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall*.  
Your Judgment, *Mirabell*.

*MIRABELL.*

You had better step and ask his Wife ; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

*WITWOUD.*

*Mirabell.*

*MIRABELL.*

Ay.

*WITWOUD.*

My Dear, I ask ten Thousand Pardons ;---Gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

*MIRABELL.*

I thank you heartily, heartily.

*WITWOUD.*

No, but pr'ythee excuse me,---my Memory is such a Memory.

*MIRABELL.*

Have a care of such Apologies, *Witwoud* ;---for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

*FAINALL.*

What have you done with *Petulant* ?

*WITWOUD.*

He's reckoning his Mony---my Mony it was---  
I have no Luck to-day.

*FAINALL.*

You may allow him to win of you at Play ;---for you are sure to be too hard for him at Repartee : Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune must be his of Course.

B 2

*MIRAB-*



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MIRABELL.

I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud*.

WITWOUD.

Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates -- *Petulant's* my Friend, and a very pretty Fellow, and a very honest Fellow, and has a smattering --- Faith and Troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small Wit: Nay, I'll do him Justice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong him --- And if he had any Judgment in the World --- he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

FAINALL.

You don't take your Friend to be over-nicely bred?

WITWOUD.

No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I must own. --- No more Breeding than a Bum-baily, that I grant you --- 'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

MIRABELL.

What, Courage?

WITWOUD.

Hum, faith I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that. --- Yes, faith, in a Controversy he'll contradict any Body.

MIRABELL.

Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

WITWOUD.

Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks: --- We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him. --- I can defend most of his Faults except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him --- That indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

MIR A-

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MIRABELL.

Ay marry, what's that, *Witwoud*?

WITWOUD.

O pardon me—Expose the Infirmities of my Friend!  
—No, my Dear, excuse me there.

FAINALL.

What I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such Trifle.

WITWOUD.

No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, His Wit will excuse that: A Wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a Woman constant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

MIRABELL.

May be you think him too positive?

WITWOUD.

No, no, his being positive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Conversation.

FAINALL.

Too illiterate.

WITWOUD.

That! that's his Happiness---His want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to shew his natural Parts.

MIRABELL.

He wants Words.

WITWOUD.

Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of Words gives me the Pleasure very often to explain his Meaning.

FAINALL.

He's Impudent?

WITWOUD.

No, that's not it.

MIRABELL.

Vain?

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WITWOUD.

No:

MIRABELL.

What, he speaks unseasonable Truths sometimes, because he has not Wit enough to invent an Evasion.

WITWOUD.

Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it, —I mean, he never speaks Truth at all---That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.



SCENE VII.

[ *To them* ] COACHMAN.

COACHMAN.

IS Master *Petulant* here, Mistress?

BETTY.

Yes.

COACHMAN.

Three Gentlewomen in a Coach would speak with him,

FAINALL.

O brave *Petulant*, Three!

BETTY.

I'll tell him.

COACHMAN.

You must bring two Dishes of Chocolate and a Glass of Cinnamon-water.



SCENE



SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD.

WITWOUD.

THAT should be for two fasting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with the Wind. Now you may know what the Three are.

MIRABELL.

You are very free with your Friend's Acquaintance.

WITWOUD.

Ay, Ay, Friendship without Freedom is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or Wine without Toasting; but to tell you a Secret, these are Trulls whom he allows Coach-hire, and something more by the Week, to call on him once a Day at public Places.

MIRABELL.

How!

WITWOUD.

You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more Company here to take notice of him — Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do; — Before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself. —

FAINALL.

Call for himself? What dost thou mean?

WITWOUD.

Mean! why, he wou'd slip you out of this Chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him — As soon as your Back was turn'd — Whip he was gone; — Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Mask, slap into a Hackney-Coach and drive hither to



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the Door again in a trice! where he would send in for himself, that I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a Letter for himself.

*MIRABELL.*

I confess this is something extraordinary——I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; O I ask his Pardon.



SCENE IX

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOOD, BETTY.

*BETTY.*

**S**IR, the Coach stays.

*PETULANT.*

Well, well; I come——'Sbud a Man had as good be a profess'd Midwife, as a profess'd Whoremaster, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all Hours, and in all Places. Pox on 'em, I won't come---D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come.——Let 'em snivel and cry their Hearts out.

*FAINALL.*

You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

*PETULANT.*

All's one, let it pass——I have a Humour to be cruel.

*MIRABELL.*

I hope they are not Persons of Condition that you use at this rate.

*PETULANT.*

Condition! Condition's a dry'd Fig, if I am not in Humour——By this Hand, if they were your--a---a---your What-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want Appetite.

*MIRA-*

MIRABELL.

What-d'ye-call-'ems! What are they, *Witwoud*?

WITWOUD.

Empresses, my Dear—By your What-d'ye-call-'ems  
he means Sultana Queens.

PETULANT.

Ay, *Roxolana's*.

MIRABELL.

Cry you Mercy.

FAINALL.

*Witwoud* says they are—

PETULANT.

What does he say th'are?—

WITWOUD.

I? fine Ladies, I say.

PETULANT.

Pafs on, *Witwoud*--Harkee; by this Light, his Relations — Two Coheiresses his Cousins, and an old Aunt, who loves Catterwauling better than a Conventicle.

WITWOUD.

Ha, ha, ha; I had a Mind to see how the Rogue wou'd come off—Ha, ha; ha; Gad I can't be angry with him; if he had said they were my Mother and my Sisters.

MIRABELL.

No!

WITWOUD.

No; the Rogue's Wit and Readiness of Invention charm me. Dear *Petulant*!

BETTY.

They are gone, Sir, in great Anger.

PETULANT.

Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps Complexion, saves Paint.

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*FAINALL.*

This Continen<sup>ce</sup> is all dissembled ; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes Court to *Millamant*, and swear he has abandon'd the whole Sex for her Sake.

*MIRABELL.*

Have you not left off your impudent Pretensions there yet ? I shall cut your Throat, some time or other, *Petulant*, about that Business.

*PETULANT.*

Ay, ay, let that pass——There are other Throats to be cut.——

*MIRABELL.*

Meaning mine, Sir ?

*PETULANT.*

Not I,----I mean no Body----I know nothing---- But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World—— And they may be Rivals——What then ! All's one for that——

*MIRABELL.*

How ! Harkee *Petulant*, come hither——Explain, or I shall call your Interpreter.

*PETULANT.*

Explain ! I know nothing——Why, you have an Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort's* ?

*MIRABELL.*

True.

*PETULANT.*

Why that's enough——You and he are not Friends ; and if he should marry and have a Child, you may be disinherited, ha ?

*MIRABELL.*

Where hast thou stumbled upon all this Truth ?

*PETU.*

*PETULANT.*

All's one for that; why then say I know something.

*MIRABELL.*

Come, thou art an honest Fellow, *Petulant*, and shalt make Love to my Mistress, thou sha't, Faith. What hast thou heard of my Uncle?

*PETULANT.*

I, nothing, I. If Throats are to be cut, let Swords clash; Snug's the Word, I shrug and am silent.

*MIRABELL.*

O Raillery, Raillery. Come, I know thou art in the Womens Secrets——What you're a Cabalist, I know you staid at *Millamant's* last Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me? Tell me. If thou hadst but good Nature equal to thy Wit, *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is now thy Competitor in Fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye by a Pearl of Orient; he wou'd no more be seen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the Sun? Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

*PETULANT.*

If I do, will you grant me common Sense then, for the future?

*MIRABELL.*

Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that Heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

*PETULANT.*

Well, Harkee.

*FAINALL.*

*Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover.

*WITWOUD.*

Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part——But that it is almost a Fashion to admire her, I should——Harkee——To tell you a Secret,



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Secret, but let it go no further—Between Friends,  
I shall never break my Heart for her.

*FAINALL.*

How!

*WITWOUD.*

She's handfom; but she's a sort of an uncertain Wo-  
man.

*FAINALL.*

I thought you had dy'd for her.

*WITWOUD.*

Umh———No———

*FAINALL.*

She has Wit.

*WITWOUD.*

'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else——  
Now, Demme, I shou'd hate that, if she were as hand-  
fom as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he  
thinks for.

*FAINALL.*

Why do you think so?

*WITWOUD.*

We staid pretty late there last Night; and heard some-  
thing of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to  
Town,— and is between him and the best Part of his  
Estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some Distance, as my  
Lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates  
*Mirabell*, worse than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a  
Fishmonger hates a hard Frost. Whether this Uncle has  
seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were  
Items of such a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it  
should come to Life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in some  
sort unfortunately fobb'd i'faith.

*FAINALL.*

'Tis impossible *Millamant* should hearken to it.

*WIT-*

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*WITWOUD.*

Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; she's a Woman and a kind of a Humourist.

*MIRABELL.*

And this is the Sum of what you cou'd collect last Night?

*PETULANT.*

The Quintessence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he staid longer——Besides, they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

*MIRABELL.*

I thought you had been the greatest Favourite.

*PETULANT.*

Ay *tête à tête*; But not in Public, because I make Remarks.

*MIRABELL.*

You do?

*PETULANT.*

Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, Man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him——The Fellow's well bred, he's what you call a--What-d'ye-call-'em. A fine Gentleman, but he's silly withal.

*MIRABELL.*

I thank you. I know as much as my Curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the Mall?

*FAINALL.*

Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

*WITWOUD.*

Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the Ladies talk'd of being there.

*MIRABELL.*

I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your Brother Sir *Wilfull*'s Arrival.

*WIT.*

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*WITWOUD.*

No, no, he comes to his Aunt's, my Lady *Wilsfort*; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the Fool?

*PETULANT.*

Beg him for his Estate; that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one Trouble with you both.

*WITWOUD.*

O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as Fire in a frosty Morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us; and we'll be very severe.

*PETULANT.*

Enough, I'm in a Humour to be severe.

*MIRABELL.*

Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves,—Let not us be accessary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance, with your senseless Ribaldry; which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsom Woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

*PETULANT.*

What, what? Then let 'em either shew their Innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their Discretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to understand.

*MIRABELL.*

But hast not thou then Sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most asham'd thyself, when thou hast put another out of Countenance?

*PETULANT.*

Not I, by this Hand—I always take Blushing either for a Sign of Guilt, or ill Breeding.

*MIRA-*

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MIRABELL.

I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in Defence of your Practice.

*Where Modesty's ill Manners, 'tis but fit  
That Impudence and Malice pass for Wit.*

*End of the First Act.*



A C T





## ACT II. SCENE I.

*St. JAMES's PARK.**Mrs. FAINALL and Mrs. MARWOOD.**Mrs. FAINALL.*

Y, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the Means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in Extremes; either doating or averse. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Sense, their Jealousies are insupportable: And when they cease to Love, (we ought to think at least) they lothe; they look upon us with Horror and Distaste; they meet us like the Ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

True, 'tis an unhappy Circumstance of Life, that Love shou'd ever die before us; and that the Man so often shou'd out-live the Lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuse the Sweets of Life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born Old, because we one Day must be Old. For my part, my Youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my Possession,

*Mrs.*

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Mrs. *FAINALL*,

Then it seems you dissemble an Aversion to Mankind,  
only in compliance to my Mother's Humour.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Certainly. To be free; I have no Taste of those insipid dry Discourses, with which our Sex of Force must entertain themselves, apart from Men. We may affect Endearments to each other, profess eternal Friendships, and seem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to persevere. Love will resume his Empire in our Breasts, and every Heart, or soon or late, receive and re-admit him as its lawful Tyrant.

• Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why, you profess a Libertine.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

You see my Friendship by my Freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Never.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

You hate Mankind?

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Heartily, Inveterately.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Your Husband?

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

There.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I join with you; what I have said has been to try  
you.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Is it possible ? Dost thou hate those Vipers, Men ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em ; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

There spoke the Spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my Aver-  
sion further.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

How ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Faith, by marrying ; if I could but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill Usage, I think I should do myself the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

You would not make him a Cuckold ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

No ; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Why, had you not as good do it ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

O if he shou'd ever discover it, he wou'd then know the worst, and be out of his Pain ; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealousy.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Ingenious Mischief ! Wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Wou'd I were.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

You change Colour.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Because I hate him.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

So do I ; but I can hear him nam'd. But what Reason have you to hate him in particular ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I never lov'd him ; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

By the Reason you give for your Averfion, one wou'd think it difsembled ; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies muft acquit him.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

O then it feems you are one of his favourable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Do I ? I think I am a little fick o'the fudden.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*,

What ails you ?

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

My Husband. Don't you fee him ? He turn'd fhort upon me unawares, and has almoft overcome me.



SCENE II.

[*To them*] *FAINALL* and *MIRABELL*.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

**H**A, ha, ha ; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

*FAIN-*



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*FAINALL.*

My Dear !

Mrs. *FAINALL.*

My Soul !

*FAINALL.*

You don't look well to-day, Child.

Mrs. *FAINALL.*

D'ye think so ?

*MIRABELL.*

He is the only Man that does, Madam.

Mrs *FAINALL.*

The only Man that wou'd tell me so at least ; and the only Man from whom I could hear it without Mortification.

*FAINALL.*

O my Dear, I am satisfy'd of your Tenderness ; I know you cannot resent any thing from me ; especially what is an effect of my Concern.

Mrs. *FAINALL.*

Mr. *Mirabell*, my Mother interrupted you in a pleasant Relation last Night : I wou'd fain hear it out.

*MIRABELL.*

The Persons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation ——— I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. *FAINALL.*

He has a Humour more prevailing than his Curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his Wife. This way, Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.



SCENE



SCENE III.

FAINAL L, *Mrs. MARWOOD.*

FAINAL L.

**E**Xcellent Creature ! Well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I shou'd be a miserable Man.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Ay !

FAINAL L.

For having only that one Hope, the Accomplishment of it, of Consequence, must put an end to all my Hopes ; and what a Wretch is he who must survive his Hopes ! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Will you not follow 'em ?

FAINAL L.

Faith, I think not.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Pray let us ; I have a Reason.

FAINAL L.

You are not jealous ?

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Of whom ?

FAINAL L.

Of *Mirabell*.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

If I am, is it inconsistent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honour ?

FAINAL L.

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*F A I N A L L.*

You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

*F A I N A L L.*

But he, I fear, is too insensible.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

It may be you are deceiv'd.

*F A I N A L L.*

It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

What?

*F A I N A L L.*

That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are false.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

That I am false! What mean you?

*F A I N A L L.*

To let you know I see through all your little Arts — Come, you both love him; and both have equally disssembled your Aversion. Your mutual Jealousies of one another have made you clash 'till you have both struck Fire. I have seen the warm Confession redning on your Cheeks, and sparkling from your Eyes.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

You do me wrong.

*F A I N A L L.*

I do not — 'Twas for my Ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross Advances made him by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my Pleasures; and take you oftner to my Arms in full Security. But cou'd you think, because the nodding Husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful Lover slept?

*Mrs. MAR-*

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Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

And wherewithal can you reproach me?

*FAINALL*.

With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an Instance that can confirm your groundless Accusation. I hate him.

*FAINALL*.

And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your Resentment follows his Neglect. An Instance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof: Your interposing in his Love. What Cause had you to make Discoveries of his pretended Passion? to undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obstacle of his Match with *Millamant*?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a Friendship to her; and could not see her easy Nature so abus'd by that Dissembler.

*FAINALL*.

What, was it Conscience then? Profess'd a Friendship! O the pious Friendships of the Female Sex!

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether professing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

*FAINALL*.

Ha, ha, ha; you are my Wife's Friend too.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, thro' strict Fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my Friendship to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the baseness to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful of the Merit? To you it shou'd



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shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious : And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your Bosom ?

*FA I N A L L.*

You misinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight Account you once cou'd make of strictest Ties, when set in Competition with your Love to me.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice——  
'twas spoke in Scorn, and I never will forgive it.

*FA I N A L L.*

Your Guilt, not your Resentment, begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a Jealousy : But you are stung to find you are discover'd.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd ; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd——If I do it myself, I shall prevent your Baseness.

*FA I N A L L.*

Why, what will you do ?

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Disclose it to your Wife ; own what has past between us.

*FA I N A L L.*

Frenzy !

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

By all my Wrongs I'll do't——I'll publish to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune : With both I trusted you, you Bankrupt in Honour, as indigent of Wealth.

*FA I N A L L.*

Your Fame I have preserv'd. Your Fortune has been bestow'd as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it——'Tis true——had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stol'n  
e their

their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd beyond all Means of Reconcilement : *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune ; which then wou'd have descended to my Wife ;——And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and squander it on Love and you ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Deceit, and frivolous Pretence.

*FAINALL*.

Death, am I not married ? What's Pretence ? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd ? Have I not a Wife ? Nay a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handsom Widow ; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and something of a Constitution to baffle thro' the ways of Wedlock and this World. Will you be reconcil'd to Truth and me ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent——I hate you, and shall for ever.

*FAINALL*.

For loving you ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I lothe the Name of Love after such Usage ; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewel.

*FAINALL*.

Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Let me go.

*FAINALL*.

Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I care not——Let me go——Break my Hands, do——I'd leave 'em to get loose.

VOL. III.

C

*FAIN-*

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*F A I N A L L.*

I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

Well, I have deserv'd it all.

*F A I N A L L.*

You know I love you.

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

Poor dissembling ——— O that ——— Well, it is not yet ———

*F A I N A L L.*

What ? What is it not ? What is not yet ? Is it not yet too late ———

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

No, it is not yet too late — I have that Comfort.

*F A I N A L L.*

It is, to love another.

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

But not to lothe, detest, abhor Mankind, myself and the whole treacherous World.

*F A I N A L L.*

Nay, this is Extravagance — Come, I ask your Pardon ——— No Tears — I was to blame. I cou'd not love you and be easy in my Doubts — Pray forbear ——— I believe you ; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong ; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends — I'll hate my Wife yet more. Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another World. I'll marry thee — Be pacify'd — 'Sdeath ! they come, hide your Face, your Tears ——— You have a Mask, wear it a Moment. This way, this way ; be persuaded,

SCENE



SCENE III.

MIRABELL and Mrs. FAINALL.

Mrs. FAINALL.

THEY are here yet.

MIRABELL.

They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. FAINALL.

While I only hated my Husband, I cou'd bear to see him ; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

MIRABELL.

O you shou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiscretion.

MIRABELL.

You shou'd have just so much Disgust for your Husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your Lover.

Mrs. FAINALL.

You have been the Cause that I have lov'd without Bounds, and wou'd you set Limits to that Aversion of which you have been the Occasion ? Why did you make me marry this Man ?

MIRABELL.

Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous Actions ? To save that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of our Loves had produc'd that Consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Husband ? I knew Fainall to be a Man lavish of his Morals, an interested and professing Friend, a false and a designing Lover ; yet one whose Wit and outward fair Behaviour have gain'd a



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Reputation with the Town, enough to make that Woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd herself to be won by his Addressee. A better Man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the Occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the Purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

I ought to stand in some Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell*.

*MIRABELL*.

In Justice to you I have made you privy to my whole Design, and put it in your Pow'r to ruin or advance my Fortune.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended Uncle?

*MIRABELL*.

*Waitwell*, my Servant.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

He is an humble Servant to *Foible* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Interest.

*MIRABELL*.

Care is taken for that—She is won and worn by this time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Who?

*MIRABELL*.

*Waitwell* and *Foible*. I wou'd not tempt my Servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your Mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Mosca* in the *Fox*, stand upon Terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will discover the Imposture betimes; and release her by producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

*MIR A*

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MIRABELL.

Yes, upon Condition that she consent to my Marriage with her Neice, and surrender the Moiety of her Fortune in her Possession.

Mrs. FAINALL.

She talk'd last Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

MIRABELL.

That was by *Feible's* Direction, and my Instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Well, I have an Opinion of your Success; for I believe my Lady will do any thing to get an Husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

MIRABELL.

Yes, I think the good Lady would marry any thing that resembled a Man, though 'twere no more than what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Female Frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be Old, and feel the craving of a false Appetite when the true is decay'd.

MIRABELL.

An old Woman's Appetite is deprav'd like that of a Girl — 'Tis the Green-Sickness of a second Childhood; and like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, serves but to usher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom,

Mrs. FAINALL.

Here's your Mistress.





S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs. MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, MINCING.*

*M I R A B E L L.*

**H**ERE she comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan spread  
and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders.  
—— Ha, no, I cry her Mercy.

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

I see but one poor empty Sculler ; and he tows her  
Woman after him.

*M I R A B E L L.*

You seem to be unattended, Madam,—— You us'd to  
have the *Beau-monde* throng after you ; and a Flock of  
gay fine Perukes hovering round you.

*WITWOUD.*

Like Moths about a Candle — I had like to have lost  
my Comparison for want of Breath.

*M I L L A M A N T.*

O I have deny'd myself Airs to-day. I have walk'd as  
fast through the Croud——

*WITWOUD.*

As a Favourite just disgraced ; aad with as few Fol-  
lowers.

*M I L L A M A N T.*

Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, Truce with your Similitudes ! For  
I am as Sick of 'em——

*WITWOUD.*

As a Physician of a good Air—— I cannot help it,  
Madam, tho' 'tis against myself.

*M I L L A M A N T.*

Yet again ! *Mincing*, stand between me and his Wit.

*W I T-*

*WITWOUND.*

Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a Screen before a great Fire. I confess I do blaze to day, I am too bright.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

But, dear *Millamant*, why were you so long?

*MILLAMANT.*

Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living Thing I met for you; I have inquir'd after you, as after a new Fashion.

*WITWOUND.*

Madam, Truce with your Similitudes——No, you met her Husband, and did not ask him for her.

*MIRABELL.*

By your leave, *Witwound*, that were like inquiring after an old Fashion, to ask a Husband for his Wife.

*WITWOUND.*

Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

You were dress'd before I came abroad.

*MILLAMANT.*

Ay, that's true———O but then I had———*Mincing*, what had I? Why was I so long?

*MINCING.*

O Mem, your Laship staid to peruse a Pacquet of Letters.

*MILLAMANT.*

O ay, Letters——I had Letters——I am persecuted with Letters——I hate Letters——No body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why——They serve one to pin up one's Hair.

*WITWOUND.*

Is that the way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters? I find I must keep Copies.



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*MILLAMANT.*

Only with those in Verse, Mr. *Witwoud*. I never pin up my Hair with Prose. I think I try'd once, *Mincing*.

*MINCING.*

O Mem, I shall never forget it.

*MILLAMANT.*

Ay, poor *Mincing* tist and tist all the Morning.

*MINCING.*

'Till I had the Cramp in my Fingers, I'll vow Mem. And all to no Purpose. But when you Laship pins it up with Poetry, it sits so pleasant the next Day as any Thing, and is so pure and so crips.

*WITWOUD.*

Indeed, so crips?

*MINCING.*

You're such a Critic, Mr. *Witwoud*.

*MILLAMANT.*

*Mirabell*, Did you take Exceptions last Night? O ay, and went away — Now I think on't I'm angry — no, now I think on't I'm pleas'd — For I believe I gave you some Pain.

*MIRABELL.*

Does that please you?

*MILLAMANT.*

Infinitely; I love to give Pain.

*MIRABELL.*

You wou'd affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of pleasing.

*MILLAMANT.*

O I ask your Pardon for that — Ones Cruelty is ones Power, and when one parts with ones Cruelty, one parts with ones Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly,

*MIRABELL.*

Ay, ay, suffer your Cruelty to ruin the Object of your Power,

Power, to destroy your Lover——And then how vain, how lost a Thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handſom when you've lost your Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Instant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he bestows your Charms——Your Glaſs is all a Cheat. The Ugly and the Old, whom the Looking-glaſs mortifies, yet after Commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover Beauties in it; For that reflects our Praises rather than your Face.

*MILLAMANT.*

O the Vanity of these Men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handſom! Now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handſom. Beauty the Lover's Gift!——Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why one makes Lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then if one pleases one makes more.

*WITWOUND.*

Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making so many Card-matches.

*MILLAMANT.*

One no more owes one's Beauty to a Lover, than one's Wit to an Echo: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty Things if we are silent or unseen, and want a Being.

*MIRABELL.*

Yet, to those two vain empty Things, you owe two the greatest Pleasures of your Life.

*MILLAMANT.*

How so?

*MIRABELL.*

To your Lover you owe the Pleasure of hearing yourselves prais'd; and to an Echo the Pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

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*WITWOUND.*

But I know a Lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an Echo fair play; she has that everlasting Rotation of Tongue, that an Echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last Words.

*MILLAMANT.*

O Fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave these Men.

*MIRABELL.*

Draw off *Witwound*. [*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

Immediately. I have a Word or two for Mr. *Witwound*.



SCENE V.

*MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.*

*MIRABELL.*

**I** Wou'd beg a little private Audience too—You had the Tyranny to deny me last Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

*MILLAMANT.*

You saw I was engag'd.

*MIRABELL.*

Unkind. You had the Leisure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who visit you from their excessive Idleness; bestowing on your Easiness that Time, which is the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you find Delight in such Society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it shou'd be to you as a Mortification; for sure to please a Fool is some degree of Folly.

*MILLAMANT.*

I please myself—Besides, sometimes to converse with Fools is for my Health.

*MIRA-*

MIRABELL.

Your Health! Is there a worse Disease than the Conversation of Fools?

MILLAMANT.

Yes, the Vapours; Fools are Physic for it, next to *Assa fatida*.

MIRABELL.

You are not in a Course of Fools?

MILLAMANT.

*Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive freedom—— you'll displease me—— I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you—— We shan't agree.

MIRABELL.

Not in our Physic, it may be.

MILLAMANT.

And yet our Distemper in all likelihood will be the same, for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by Advice, and so tedious to be told of one's Faults--- I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell*—— I'm resolv'd—— I think—— You may go—— Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that you could help loving me?

MIRABELL.

I wou'd give something that you did not know, I cou'd not help it.

MILLAMANT.

Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

MIRABELL.

I say that a Man may as soon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honesty, as win a Woman with Plain-dealing and Sincerity.

MILLAMANT.

Sententious *Mirabell*! Pr'ythee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise Face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the Child in an old Tapestry Hanging.

MIRA-



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*MIRABELL.*

You are merry, Madam, but I would persuade you for a Moment to be serious.

*MILLAMANT.*

What, with that Face? No, if you keep your Countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a Love-sick Face. Ha, ha, ha---Well I won't laugh, don't be peevish---Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a Watch-light. Well *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me, woo me now---Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;---I see they are walking away.

*MIRABELL.*

Can you not find in the variety of your Disposition one Moment-----

*MILLAMANT.*

To hear you tell me *Foible's* Marry'd, and your Plot like to speed---No.

*MIRABELL.*

But how you came to know it---

*MILLAMANT.*

Without the help of the Devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.



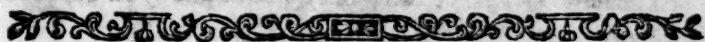
S C E N E VI.

*MIRABELL alone.*

I Have something more--Gone--Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Case of more steady Contemplation; a very Tranquillity of Mind and Mansion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not

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a more whimsical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point of the Compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion not Method is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wise from the Dictates of Reason, and yet persevere to play the Fool by the Force of Instinct---O here come my Pair of Turtles---What, billing so sweetly! Is not *Valentine's Day* over with you yet?



S C E N E VII.

[*To him.*] WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

MIRABELL.

Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why sure you think you were marry'd for your own Recreation, and not for my Convenience.

WAITWELL.

Your Pardon, Sir. With Submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful Delights; but still with an Eye to Business, Sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your Directions as readily as my Instructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a prosperous way.

MIRABELL.

Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible*.

FOIBLE.

O-las, Sir, I'm so affham'd---I'm afraid my Lady has been in a thousand Inquietudes for me. But I protest, Sir, I made as much haste as I could.

WAITWELL.

That she did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that she did not make more.

MIRA-

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MIRABELL.

That I believe.

FOIBLE.

But I told my Lady as you instructed me, Sir. That I had a Prospect of seeing Sir Rowland your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladyship's Picture in my Pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lie at her Ladyship's Feet, and worship the Original.

MIRABELL.

Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

WAITWELL.

I think she has profited, Sir. I think so.

FOIBLE.

You have seen Madam Millamant, Sir?

MIRABELL.

Yes.

FOIBLE.

I told her, Sir, because I did not know that you might find an Opportunity, she had so much Company last Night.

MIRABELL.

Your Diligence will merit more — In the mean time.  
[Gives Money.]

FOIBLE.

O dear Sir, your humble Servant.

WAITWELL.

Spouse.

MIRABELL.

Stand off, Sir, not a Penny — Go on and Prosper, *Foible* — The Lease shall be made good and the Farm stock'd, if we succeed.

FOIBLE.

I don't question your Generosity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Success. If you have no more Commands,  
Sir,

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Sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dress 'till I come—O dear, I'm sure that [*Looking out.*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a Mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my Lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your Servant, Sir. B'w'y *Waitwell*.



S C E N E VIII.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

WAITWELL.

SIR *Rowland*, if you please. The Jade's so pert upon her Preferment she forgets herself.

MIRABELL.

Come, Sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself--and transform into Sir *Rowland*.

WAITWELL.

Why, Sir; it will be impossible I shou'd remember myself--Marry'd, knighted and attended all in one Day! 'Tis enough to make any Man forget himself. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former self; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither---for now I remember me, I'm marry'd and can't be my own Man again.

*As there's my Grief; that's the sad Change of Life;  
To lose my Title, and yet keep my Wife.*

*End of the Second Act.*

A C T





ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in Lady WISHFORT's House.*

*Lady WISHFORT at her Toilet, PEG waiting.*

Lady WISHFORT.

Erciful ! no News of *Foible* yet?

PEG.

No, Madam.

Lady WISHFORT.

I have no more Patience——If I have not fretted myself 'till I am pale again, there's no Veracity in me. Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear, Sweet-heart? An arrant Ash-colour, as I'm a Person. Look you how this Wench stirs ! Why dost thou not fetch me a little Red ? Didst thou not hear me, Mopus ?

PEG.

The Red *Ratafia* does your Ladyship mean, or the Cherry-Brandy ?

Lady WISHFORT.

*Ratafia*, Fool ? No, Fool. Not the *Ratafia*, Fool——Grant me Patience ! I mean the *Spanish* Paper, Idiot ; Complexion, Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint, dost thou understand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee ? Why dost thou not stir, Puppet ? thou wooden Thing upon Wires.

PEG.

PEG.

Lord, Madam, your Ladyship is so impatient--- I cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the Key with her.

Lady WISHFORT.

Pox take you both---Fetch me the Cherry-Brandy then.



SCENE II.

Lady WISHFORT.

I'M as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmsick* the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding---Wench, come, come, Wench, what art thou doing? Sipping? Tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the Bottle?



SCENE III.

Lady WISHFORT, PEG with a Bottle and China Cup.

PEG.

MADAM, I was looking for a Cup.

Lady WISHFORT.

A Cup, save thee, and what a Cup hast thou brought ! Dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *Acorn* ? Why didst thou not bring thy *Thimble* ? Hast thou ne'er a *Brass Thimble* clinking in thy *Pocket* with a bit of *Nutmeg* ? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.---So---again. See who that is--- [*One knocks.*] Set down the Bottle

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Bottle first. Here, here, under the Table——What, wou'dst thou go with the Bottle in thy Hand like a Tapster? As I'm a Person, this Wench has lived in an Inn upon the Road, before she came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Asturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

P E G.

No, Madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood*.



S C E N E IV.

[ *To them* ] Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I'M surpris'd to find your Ladyship in *deshabillé* at this time of Day.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

*Foible's* a lost Thing; has been abroad since Morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

I saw her but now, as I came mask'd thro' the Park, in Conference with *Mirabell*.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

With *Mirabell*! You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning that Traitor. She durst not have the Confidence. I sent her to negotiate an Affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

O Madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. *Foible's* Integrity.  
Lady

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Lady *WISHFORT*.

O, he carries Poison in his Tongue that wou'd corrupt Integrity itself. If she has given him an Opportunity, she has as good as put her Integrity into his Hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity to an Opportunity?—Hark! I hear her---Dear Friend retire into my Closet, that I may examine her with more Freedom---You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you--There are Books over the Chimney---*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's Works* to entertain you---Go, you Thing, and send her in.

[To Peg.



S C E N E V.

Lady *WISHFORT*, *FOIBLE*.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

*FOIBLE*.

Madam, I have seen the Party.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

But what hast thou done?

*FOIBLE*.

Nay, tis your Ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man so enamour'd---so transported! Well, if worshipping of Pictures be a Sin---Poor Sir *Rowland*, I say.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

The Miniature has been counted like—— But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? hast thou not detected me  
to



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to that faithless *Mirabell*? ——— What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

*FOIBLE.*

So, the Devil has been beforehand with me: What shall I say? ——— Alas, Madam, could I help it, if I met that confident Thing? Was I in fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladyship's Account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I cou'd have born: But he had a Fling at your Ladyship too, and then I could not hold: But I faith I gave him his own.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Me? What did the filthy Fellow say?

*FOIBLE.*

O Madam; 'tis a Shame to say what he said --- With his Taunts and his Fleers, tossing up his Nose. Humh (says he) what you are a hatching some Plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded Officer, I warrant --- Half-Pay is but thin Subsistence (says he) ——— Well, what Pension does your Lady propose? Let me see (says he) what she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and ———

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Ods my Life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poison'd in his Wine. I'll send for *Robin* from *Locket's* --- immediately.

*FOIBLE.*

Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, Madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you wou'd bless yourself, to hear what he said.

Lady

• Lady *WISHFORT*.

A Villain ! superannuated !

*FOIBLE.*

Humh (says he) I hear you are laying Designs against me too (says he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my Uncle ; (he does not suspect a Word of your Ladyship ;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old Frippery too (says he) I'll handle you---

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Audacious Villain ! handle me, wou'd he durst----- Frippery ? old Frippery ! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd Fellow ? I'll be marry'd to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

*FOIBLE.*

The sooner the better, Madam.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Will Sir *Rowland* be here, sayst thou ? when, *Foible* ?

*FOIBLE.*

Incontinently, Madam. No new Sheriff's Wife expects the Return of her Husband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear Hour of kissing your Ladyship's Hand after Dinner

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Frippery ! superannuated Frippery ! I'll Frippery the Villain ; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags : A Tatterdemallion- --I hope to see him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Pent-House, or a Gibbet Thief. A slander-mouthed Railer. I warrant the Spendthrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-day. I'll spoil his Credit with his Tailor. Yes, he shall have my Neice with her Fortune, he shall.

*FOIBLE.*

He ! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Blackfriars* for Brass Farthings, with an old Mitten.

Lady

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Lady *WISHFORT*.

Ay dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all Patience. I shall never recompose my Features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

*FOIBLE*.

Your Ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed Madam. There are some Cracks discernible in the white Varnish.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Let me see the Glafs——Cracks, say'st thou? Why I am arrantly flead——I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my Picture.

*FOIBLE*.

I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you; and now a little of the same Art must make you like your Picture. Your Picture must fit for you, Madam.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

But art thou sure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? Or will he not fail when he does come? Will he be Importunate, *Foible*, and push? For if he shou'd not be importunate---I shall never break Decorums——I shall die with Confusion, if I am forc'd to advance---Oh no, I can never advance---I shall swoon if he shou'd expect Advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Necessity of breaking her Forms. I won't be too coy neither.——I won't give him Despair——But a little Disdain is not amiss; a little Scorn is alluring.

*FOIBLE*.

A little Scorn becomes your Ladyship.

Lady

to

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Lady *WISHFORT*.

Yes, but Tenderneſs becomes me beſt——A ſort of a Dyingneſs——You ſee that Picture has a ſort of a——Ha *Foible*!——A Swimmingneſs in the Eyes——Yes, I'll look ſo——Ny Neice affects it; but ſhe wants Features. Is Sir *Rowland* handſom? Let my Toilet be remov'd——I'll dreſs above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handſom? Don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be ſurpris'd; he'll be taken by Surpriſe.

*FOIBLE*.

By Storm, Madam. Sir *Rowland*'s a brisk Man.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk Man. I ſhall ſave Decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal Terror at the Apprehenſion of offending againſt Decorums. O I'm glad he's a brisk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible*.



SCENE VI.

Mrs. *FAINALL*, *FOIBLE*.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

O *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, leſt I ſhou'd come too late. That Devil, *Marwood*, ſaw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will diſcover it to my Lady.

*FOIBLE*.

Diſcover what, Madam?

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Nay, nay, put not on that ſtrange Face. I am privy to the whole Deſign, and know that *Wainwell*, to whom  
thou



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thou wert this Morning marry'd, is to personate *Mirabell's* Uncle, and as such, winning my Lady, to involve her in those Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only must release her, by his making his Conditions to have my Cousin and her Fortune left to her own Disposal.

*FOIBLE.*

O dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good Correspondence between your Ladyship and Mr. *Mirabell*, might have hinder'd his communicating this Secret.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Dear *Foible*, forget that.

*FOIBLE.*

O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning Gentleman——But your Ladyship is the Pattern of Generosity——Sweet Lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot choose but be grateful. I find your Ladyship has his Heart still. Now, Madam, I can safely tell your Ladyship our Success. Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd myself. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir *Roxand* to-night, she says——I warrant I work'd her up, that he might have her for asking for, as they say of a *Weyb* Maidenhead.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

O rare *Foible*!

*FOIBLE.*

Madam, I beg your Ladyship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him——besides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me——She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.——[Calls.] *John*——  
remove

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remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

I'll go with you up the back Stairs, lest I shou'd meet her.



S C E N E VII.

Mrs. *M A R W O O D* alone.

**I**Ndeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a Go-between of this Importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this Wench is the *Pas-par-toute*, a very Master-Key to every Body's strong Box. My Friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from a want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a Principal to be an Assistant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your Match——O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Ass: If I were a Painter, I would draw him like an Idiot, a Driveler with a Bib and Bells. Man shou'd have his Head and Horns, and Woman the rest of him. Poor simple Fiend! Madam *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her——'twere better for him you had not been his Confessor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counsel closer. I shall not prove another Pattern of Generosity—he has not oblig'd me to that with those Excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe: with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymist upon the Day of Projection.

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S C E N E



## SCENE VIII.

[To her] *Lady WISHFORT.**Lady WISHFORT.*

O Dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude Forgetfulness——But my dear Friend is all Goodness.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

No Apologies, dear Madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

As I'm a Person I am in a very Chaos to think I shou'd so forget myself——But I have such an Olio of Affairs really I know not what to do——[Calls]——*Foible*——I expect my Nephew Sir *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too——Why *Foible*——He means to travel for Improvement.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Methinks Sir *Wilfull* shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

O, he's in less Danger of being spoil'd by his Travels——I am against my Nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd Discretion to choose for himself.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Methinks *Mrs. Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very usual with young Gentlemen.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

I promise you I have thought on't--And since 'tis your Judgment, I'll think on't again, I assure you I will; I value your Judgment extremely. On my Word I'll propose it.

SCENE



S C E N E IX.

[To them] FOIBLE.

Lady WISHFORT.

Come, come *Foible*——I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner——I must make haste.

FOIBLE.

Mr. *Witwoud* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladyship.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood* shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em, I'll make all imaginable Haste. Dear Friend, excuse me.



S C E N E X.

Mrs. MARWOOD, Mrs. MILLAMANT, MINCING.

MILLAMANT.

SURE never any thing was so unbred as that odious Man——*Marwood*, your Servant.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

You have a Colour, what's the Matter?

MILLAMANT.

That horrid Fellow *Petulant* has provok'd me into a Flame——I have broke my Fan——*Mincing*, lend me yours;——Is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

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Mrs.



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Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

No. What has he done ?

*MILLAMANT*.

Nay, he has done nothing ; he has only talk'd——  
Nay, he has said nothing neither ; but he has contradicted  
ev'ry thing that has been said. For my part, I thought  
*Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

*MINCING*.

I vow Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fit.

*MILLAMANT*.

Well, 'tis a lamentable thing I swear that one has not  
the Liberty of choosing one's Acquaintance as one does  
one's Cloaths.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

If we had that Liberty, we should be as weary of one  
Set of Acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one  
Suit tho' never so fine. A Fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd  
now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Va-  
riety.

*MILLAMANT*.

I could consent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike ;  
but Fools never wear out——They are such *Drap-de-berry*  
Things ! Without one cou'd give 'em to ones Chamber-  
maid after a Day or two.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the  
Play House ? A fine gay glossy Fool shou'd be given there,  
like a new masking Habit after the Maskerade is over,  
and we have done with the Disguise. For a Fool's Visit  
is always a Disguise ; and never admitted by a Woman of  
Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Sense. If  
you wou'd but appear bare-fac'd now, and own *Mirabell* ;  
you might as easily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your  
Hood and Scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the Town  
has found it : The Secret is grown too big for the Pre-  
tence :

tence : 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly's* great Belly ; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her Hips. Indeed *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Stram-mel* can her Face, that goodly Face, which in Defiance of her Rhenish-Wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Mask.

*MILLAMANT.*

I'll take my Death, *Marwood*, you are more Censorious than a decay'd Beauty or a discarded Tost. *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dressing here ; their Folly is less provoking than your Malice.



SCENE XI.

*MILLAMANT, MARWOOD.*

*MILLAMANT.*

THE Town has found it ! What has it found ? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you discover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reason why you discover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

You are nettled.

*MILLAMANT.*

You're mistaken. Ridiculous !

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Fan, if you don't mitigate those violent Airs.

*MILLAMANT.*

O silly ! Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh immoderately : Poor *Mirabell* ! His Constancy to me has quite destroy'd his Complaisance for all the World beside. I swear I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy ——— If I had the Va-

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nity to think he wou'd obey me, I wou'd command him to shew more Galantry——'Tis hardly well-bred to be so particular on one Hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own Way. Ha, ha, ha. Pardon me, dear Creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

What Pity 'tis, so much fine Rallery, and deliver'd with so significant Gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

*MILLAMANT*.

Hæ? Dear Creature I ask your Pardon——I swear I didnot mind you.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think a Thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you——

*MILLAMANT*.

O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it——  
Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

That I detest him, hate him, Madam.

*MILLAMANT*.

O Madam, why so do I-----And yet the Creature loves me, ha, ha, ha. How can one forbear laughing to think of it-----I am a Sibyl if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handsomer-----and within a Year or two as young-----If you cou'd but stay for me, I should overtake you-----But that cannot be-----Well, that Thought makes me melancholic-----Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Your merry Note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

*MIL-*

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MILLAMANT.

D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits.



SCENE XII.

[To them] MINCING.

MINCING.

THE Gentlemen stay but to Comb, Madam; and will wait on you.

MILLAMANT.

Desire Mrs.—that is in the next Room to sing the Song I would have learnt Yesterday. You shall hear it, Madam——Not that there's any great Matter in it——But 'tis agreeable to my Humour.

SONG.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,  
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;  
A sickly Flame, which if not fed expires;  
And feeding, wastes in Self consuming Fires.

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy  
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;  
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,  
For whom inferior Beauties sigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the Conquest prize,  
When I insult a Rival's Eyes:  
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see  
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

D 4

SCENE





S C E N E . XIII.

[*To them*] PETULANT, WITWOUD.

MILLAMANT.

**I**S your Animosity compos'd, Gentlemen?

WITWOUD.

Rallery, Rallery, Madam, we have no Animosity——  
We hit of a little Wit now and then, but no Animosity  
—— The falling out of Wits is like the falling out of  
Lovers—— We agree in the main, like Treble and Base.  
Ha, *Petulant!*

PETULANT.

Ay, in the main—— But when I have a Humour  
to contradict——

WITWOUD.

Ay, when he has a Humour to contradict, then I con-  
tradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contra-  
dict one another like two Battle-dores; for Contradictions  
beget one another like *Jews*.

PETULANT.

If he says Black's Black — If I have a Humour to say  
'tis Blue—— Let that pass—— All's one for that.  
If I have a Humour to prove it, it must be granted.

WITWOUD.

Not positively must—— But it may—— It may.

PETULANT.

Yes, it positively must, upon Proof positive.

WITWOUD.

Ay, upon Proof positive it must; but upon Proof pre-  
sumptive it only may. That's a Logical Distinction now,  
Madam.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

*PETULANT*.

Importance is one Thing, and Learning's another ; but a Debate's a Debate, that I assert.

*WITWOOD*.

*Petulant's* an Enemy to Learning ; he relies altogether on his Parts.

*PETULANT*.

No, I'm no Enemy to Learning ; it hurts not me.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

That's a Sign indeed it's no Enemy to you.

*PETULANT*.

No, no, it's no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

*MILLAMANT*.

Well, an illiterate Man's my Averfion. I wonder at the Impudence of an illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

*WITWOOD*.

That I confefs I wonder at too.

*MILLAMANT*.

Ah ! to marry an Ignorant ! that can hardly Read or Write.

*PETULANT*.

Why shou'd a Man be any further from being marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd ? The Ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the Parish-Priest for reading the Ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both Cafes, a Man may do it without Book—So all's one for that.

*MILLAMANT*.

D'ye hear the Creature ? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone.



S C E N E XIV.

*Sir WILFULL WITWOOD in a riding Dress, Mrs. MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOOD, FOOTMAN.*

WITWOOD.

I N the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

'Tis your Brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WITWOOD.

Not I ——— Yes, I think it is he ——— I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, my Lady's dressing. Here's Company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir WILFULL.

Dressing! What, it's but Morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we shou'd count it towards Afternoon in our Parts, down in *Shropshire* — Why then belike my Aunt han't din'd yet ——— Ha, Friend?

FOOTMAN.

Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir WILFULL.

My Aunt, Sir? yes my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir--why, what, dost thou not know me, Friend? Why then send some Body hither that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

FOOTMAN.

A Week, Sir; longer than any in the House, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir

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Sir *WILFULL*.

Why then belike thou dost not know thy Lady, if thou seest her, ha, Friend !

*FOOTMAN*.

Why truly, Sir, I cannot safely swear to her Face in a Morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Well, pr'ythee try what thou can'st do ; if thou can'st not guess, inquire her out, dost hear, Fellow ? And tell her, her Nephew, Sir *Wilfull Witwood*, is in the House.

*FOOTMAN*.

I shall, Sir.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Hold ye, hear me, Friend ; a Word with you in your Ear: Pr'ythee who art these Galants ?

*FOOTMAN*.

Really, Sir, I can't tell ; here comes so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.



SCENE XV.

*Sir WILFULL WITWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOOD, Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Sir *WILFULL*.

**O**ns, this Fellow knows less than a Starling ; I don't think a'knows his own Name..

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Mr. *Witwood*, your Brother is not behind-hand in Forgetfulness——I fancy he has forgot you too.

*WITWOOD.*

I hope so——The Devil take him that remembers first, I say. Sir



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Sir *WILFULL*.

Save you Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

For shame, Mr. *Witwoud*; why won't you speak to him?——And you, Sir.

*WITWOUD*.

*Petulant*, speak.

*PETULANT*.

And you, Sir.

Sir *WILFULL*.

No Offence, I hope. [*Salutes Marwood.*]

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

No sure, Sir.

*WITWOUD*.

This is a vile Dog, I see that already. No Offence! Ha, ha, ha! To him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke him.

*PETULANT*.

It seems as if you had come a Journey, Sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*]

Sir *WILFULL*.

Very likely, Sir, that it may seem so.

*PETULANT*.

No Offence! I hope, Sir.

*WITWOUD*.

Smoke the Boots, the Boots; *Petulant* the Boots; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *WILFULL*.

May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

*PETULANT*.

Sir, I presume upon the Information of your Boots.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Why, 'tis like you may, Sir: If you are not satisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will step to the Stable, you may inquire farther of my Horse, Sir.

*PETU-*

*PETULANT.*

Your Horse, Sir! Your Horse is an Ass, Sir!

Sir *WILFULL*.

Do you speak by way of Offence, Sir?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

The Gentleman's merry, that's all, Sir——S'lfe, we shall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horse and an Ass, before they find one another out.——You must not take any thing amiss from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it——If I am not mistaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Right, Lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, so I write myself; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the Lady *Wishfort* of this Mansion.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir *WILFULL*.

Hum! What, sure 'tis not——Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis——'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no——Yea but 'tis by the *Rekin*. Brother *Antony*! What *Tony*, i'faith! What, dost thou not know me? By'r Lady nor I thee. thou art so Becravated, and so Beperiwig'd——'Sheart why dost not speak? Art thou o'er-joy'd?

*WITWOUD*.

Odso Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Your Servant! Why yours, Sir. Your Servant again——'Sheart, and your Friend and Servant to that.——And a——(*puff*) and a Flap Dragon for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be so cold and so courtly!

*WITWOUD*.

No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir

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Sir *WILFULL*.

'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence. — A Pox, is this your Inns o'Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders, and your Betters.

*WITWOUND.*

Why, Brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as short as a *Shrewsbury Cake*, if you please. But I'll tell you 'tis not modish to know Relations in Town. You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers flabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants — 'Tis not the Fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir *WILFULL*.

The Fashion's a Fool; and you're a Fop, dear Brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this — By'r Lady I conjectur'd you were a Fop, since you began to change the Stile of your Letters, and write in a scrap of Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpœna*. I might expect this when you left off *Honour'd Brother*; and *hoping you are in good Health*, and so forth — To begin with a *Rat me, Knight, I'm so sick of a last Night's Debauch* — O'ds Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a Bottle, and so conclude — You cou'd write News before you were out of your Time, when you liv'd with honest *Purple-Nose* the Attorney of *Furnival's Inn* — You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends round the *Rekin*. We could have *Gazettes* then, and *Dawks's Letter*, and the *Weekly Bill*, 'till of late Days.

*PETULANT.*

'Slife, *Witwound*, were you ever an Attorney's Clerk? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*. Ha, ha, ha!

*WITWOUND.*

Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan,

Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; say, ay, I was glad to consent to that, Man, to come to *London*. He had the Disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound Prentice to a Felt-Maker in *Shrewsbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir *WILFUL*.

'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your Time; and now you may set up for yourself.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

You intend to Travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir *WILFUL*.

Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt Seas, if my Mind hold.

*PETULANT*.

And the Wind serve.

Sir *WILFUL*.

Serve or not serve, I shan't ask License of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Discourse to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam ---- Yes, I have settl'd my Concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see Foreign Parts. If an how that the Peace holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I thought you had design'd for *France* at all Adventures.

Sir *WILFUL*.

I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a Resolution----- because when I make it I keep it, I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do it: But I have Thoughts to tarry a small matter in Town, to learn somewhat of your *Lingo* first, before I cross the Seas. I'd gladly have



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a spice of your *French* as they say, whereby to hold Discourse in Foreign Countries.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Here's an Academy in Town for that use.

Sir *WILFULL*.

There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

*WITWOOD*.

Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* Skipper from a Whale-fishing.



S C E N E XVI.

[*To them*] Lady *WISHFORT* and *FAINALL*.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

**N**ephew, you are welcome.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Aunt, your Servant.

*FAINALL*.

Sir *Willfull*, your most faithful Servant.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Cousin *Fainall*, give me your Hand.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Cousin *Witwoud*, your Servant; Mr. *Petulant*, your Servant—— Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your Journey, Nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

Sir *WILFULL*.

I'm very well I thank you, Aunt—— However, I thank you for your courteous Offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the Fashion too, and have remem-

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remember'd to have forgot your Relations. Here's your Cousin *Tony*, belike, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of Offence.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O he's a Rallier, Nephew---My Cousin's a Wit: And your great Wits always rally their best Friends to choofe. When you have been Abroad, Nephew, you'll understand Raillery better. [*Fain. and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.*]

Sir *WILFULL*.

Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean time; and rail when that Day comes.



S C E N E XVII.

[ *To them* ] M I N C I N G.

M I N C I N G.

**M**E M, I am come to acquaint your Laship that Dinner is impatient.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Impatient? Why then belike it won't stay 'till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a Pair of Slippers?--My Man's with his Horses, I warrant.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Fy, fy, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off your Boots here---Go down into the Hall---Dinner shall stay for you--My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam,--Gentlemen will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I'll follow you, Madam,--before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

S C E N E



## SCENE XVIII.

Mrs. MARWOOD, FAINALL.

FAINALL.

WHY then *Foible's* a Bawd, an Arrant, Rank, Match-making Bawd. And I it seems am a Husband, a Rank-Husband; and my Wife a very Arrant, Rank-Wife, ---all in the Way of the *World*. 'Sdeath! to be a Cuckold by Anticipation, a Cuckold in Embrio! Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child. 'Sdeath! to be Out-witted, to be Out-jilted --- Out-Matrimony'd, --- If I had kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere somewhat --- but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be out-stripp'd by my Wife--- 'Tis Scurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Then shake it off; you have often wish'd for an Opportunity to part; --- and now you have it. But first prevent their Plot, --- the half of *Millamant's* Fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*.

FAINALL.

Damn him, that had been mine---had you not made that fond Discovery---That had been forfeited, had they been married. My Wife had added Lustre to my Horns, by that Increase of Fortune. I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Forehead had been furnish'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's Hall.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you still, if you can away with your Wife. And she's no worse than  
when

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when you had her—— I dare swear she had given up her Game, before she was marry'd.

*FAINALL.*

Hum ! That may be——

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

You married her to keep you ; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected ; why should you not keep her longer than you intended ?

*FAINALL.*

The Means, the Means.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Discover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct ; threaten to part with her---My Lady loves her, and will come to any Composition to save her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, just upon the Discovery of this Imposture. My Lady will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and sacrifice Neice, and Fortune, and all at that Conjunction. And let me alone to keep her warm ; if she shou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

*FAINALL.*

Faith, this has an Appearance.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

I'm sorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour a Match between *Millamant* and *Sir Wilfull*, that may be an Obstacle.

*FAINALL.*

O for that Matter leave me to manage him ; I'll disable him for that. He will drink like a *Dane* : After Dinner, I'll set his Hand in.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Well, how do you stand affected towards your Lady ?

*FAINALL.*

Why faith I'm thinking of it.---Let me see—— I am marry'd already ; so that's over——My Wife has play'd the Jade with me ——Well, that's over too——

I



I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time——Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain ; so there's an end of Jealousy. Weary of her, I am and shall be——No, there's no end of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repose. Now for my Reputation,——As to my own, I marry'd not for it ; so that's out of the Question——And as to my Part in my Wife's——Why she had parted with hers before ; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me ; 'tis against all Rule of Play, that I should lose to one, who has not where-withal to stake.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Besides you forget, Marriage is honourable.

*FAINALE.*

Hum ! Faith and that's well thought on ; Marriage is honourable, as you say ; and if so, wherefore should Cuckoldom be a Discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a Root ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Nay I know not ; if the Root be honourable, why not the Branches ?

*FAINALL.*

So, so, why this Point's clear.---Well, how do we proceed ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I will contrive a Letter which shall be deliver'd to my Lady at the time when that Rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown Hand——for the less I appear to know of the Truth, the better I can play the Incendiary. Besides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I could help it, because you know she knows some Passages——Nay I expect all will come out.---But let the Mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

*FAIN-*

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*FAINALL.*

If the worst come to the worst,---I'll turn my Wife to Grass-- I have already a Deed of Settlement of the best Part of her Estate ; which I wheedled out of her ; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

I hope you are convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now : You'll be no more Jealous ?

*FAINALL.*

Jealous, no---by this Kiss--let Husbands be Jealous ; but let the Lover still believe : Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his Pleasure, and prepare the Joy that follows, when he proves his Mistress true. But let Husbands Doubts convert to endless Jealousy ; or if they have Belief, let it corrupt to Superstition, and blind Credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll disown the Order. And since I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Crest.

*All Husbands must, or Pain, or Shame endure ;  
The Wife too jealous are, Fools too secure.*

*End of the Third Act.*



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

[SCENE *continues.*]

*Lady WISHFORT and FOIBLE.*

*Lady WISHFORT.*



S Sir *Rowland* coming, say'st thou, *Foible*?  
and are Things in Order?

*FOIBLE.*

Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-Lights  
in the Sconces; and plac'd the Footmen  
in a Row in the Hall, in their best Live-  
ries, with the Coachman and Postilion to fill up the  
Equipage.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

Have you pulvill'd the Coachman and Postilion, that  
they may not stink of the Stable, when Sir *Rowland*  
comes by?

*FOIBLE.*

Yes, Madam.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

And are the Dancers and the Music ready, that he  
may be entertain'd in all Points with Correspondence to  
his Passion?

*FOIBLE.*

All is ready, Madam.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

And---Well---and how do I look, *Foible*!

*FOIBLE.*

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*FOIBLE.*

Most killing well, Madam.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Well, and how shall I receive him? In what Figure shall I give his Heart the first Impression? There is a great deal in the first Impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him—No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie---ay, I'll lie down--I'll receive him in my little Dressing-Room. There's a Couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first Impression on a Couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow; with one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful Way—Yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surpris'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty Disorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a Levee from a Couch in some Confusion--It shews the Foot to Advantage, and furnishes with Blushes and recomposing Airs beyond Comparison. Hark! there's a Coach.

*FOIBLE.*

'Tis he, Madam.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O dear, has my Nephew made his Addressee to *Millicent*? I order'd him.

*FOIBLE.*

Sir *Willful* is set in to Drinking, Madam, in the Par-  
lour.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Odds my Life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—  
When they are together, then come to me *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland*.

SCENE





SCENE II.

*Mrs. MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.*

*FOIBLE.*

**M**Adam, I stay'd here, to tell your Ladyship that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir *Willfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

*MILLAMANT.*

No---What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuse myself.---Bid him come another time.

*There never yet was Woman made,  
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*

*[Repeating and walking about.]*

That's hard!

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to-day, *Millamant*, and the Poets.

*MILLAMANT.*

He? Ay, and filthy Verses---So I am.

*FOIBLE.*

Sir *Willfull* is coming, Madam. Shall I send Mr. *Mirabell* away?

*MILLAMANT.*

Ay, if you please, *Foible*, send him away,---Or send him hither,---just as you will, dear *Foible*.---I think I'll see him---Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

Thyrsis,

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*Thyrfis, a Youth of the inspir'd Train.*

[*Repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull*--Thou hast Philosophy to undergo a Fool, thou art marry'd and hast Patience--I would confer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your Proxy in this Affair; but I have Business of my own.



SCENE III.

[*To them*] Sir *W I L F U L L*.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

O Sir *Wilfull*, you are come at the critical Instant. There's your Mistress up to the Ears in Love and Contemplation; pursue your Point, now or never.

Sir *W I L F U L L*.

Yes; my Aunt will have it so-----I would gladly have been encourag'd with a Bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted;—But I hope, after a time, I shall break my Mind—that is upon further Acquaintance-----

*This while Mil-  
la. walks about  
Repeating to her-  
self.*

So for the present, Cousin, I'll take my Leave-----  
If so be you'll be so kind to make my Excuse, I'll return to my Company-----

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

O fy, Sir *Wilfull*! What, you must not be daunted.

Sir *W I L F U L L*:

Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that-----for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient 'till further Acquaintance, that's all-----your Servant.

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Mrs.

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Mrs. *FAINALL*.

Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an Opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the Door.



SCENE IV.

*Sir WILFULL, MILLAMANT.*

*Sir WILFULL.*

**N**AY, nay Cousin,----I have forgot my Gloves,----  
What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the Door indeed,  
I think-----Nay, Cousin *Fainall*, open the Door-----  
Pshaw, what a Vixon Trick is this?----Nay, now a'has  
seen me too-----Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it  
were-----I think this Door's enchanted-----

*Milla. [repeating.]*

*I pr'ythee spare me, gentle Boy,*

*Press me no more for that slight Toy.*

*Sir Will. Anan? Cousin, your Servant,*

*Milla. -----That foolish Trifle of a Heart*

*-----Sir Wilfull!*

*Sir WILFULL.*

Yes-----your Servant. No Offence I hope, Cousin.

*Milla. [repeating.]*

*I swear it will not do its Part,*

*Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy Power and Art.*

Natural, easy Suckling!

*Sir WILFULL.*

Anan? Suckling? No such Suckling neither, Cousin,  
nor Stripling: I thank Heav'n, I'm no Minor.

*MILLAMANT.*

Ah Rustic, ruder than Gothic.

Sir

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Sir *WILFULL*.

Well, well, I shall understand your *Lingo* one of these Days. Cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain *English*.

*MILLAMANT*.

Have you any Business with me, Sir *Wilfull*?

Sir *WILFULL*.

Not at present, Cousin-----Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a Walk with you.

*MILLAMANT*.

A Walk? What then?

Sir *WILFULL*.

Nay nothing ----- Only for the Walk's sake, that's all-----

*MILLAMANT*.

I nauseate walking; 'tis a Country Diversion; I lothe the Country and every thing that relates to it.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may-----Here are choice of Pastimes here in Town, as Plays and the like, that must be confest'd indeed.-----

*MILLAMANT*.

*Ab l'etourdie!* I hate the Town too.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Dear Heart, that's much ----- Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the Town, and others can't away with the Country, ----- 'tis like you may be one of those, Cousin.

*MILLAMANT*.

Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may. ----- You have nothing further to say to me?



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Sir *WILFULL*.

Not at present, Cousin-----'tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private—— I may break my Mind in some measure—— I conjecture you partly guess—— However that's as time shall try,—— But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

*MILLAMANT*.

If it is of no great Importance, Sir *Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little Business——

Sir *WILFULL*.

Enough, enough, Cousin: Yes, yes, all a case—— When you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now: All's one for that,—— Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say—— Cousin, your Servant—— I think this Door's lock'd.

*MILLAMANT*.

You may go this way, Sir.

Sir *WILFULL*.

Your Servant, then with your leave I'll return to my Company.

*MILLAMANT*.

Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

*Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous Boy.*



S C E N E V.

*MILLAMANT*, *MIRABELL*.

*MIRABELL*.

**L**ike *Daphne* she, as *Lovely* and as *Coy*.  
Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd,  
to

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to signify that here the Chace must end, and my Pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further? —

*MILLAMANT.*

Vanity! No — I'll fly and be follow'd to the last Moment, tho' I'm upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the Grate of a Monastery, with one Foot over the Threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay and afterwards.

*MIRABELL.*

What, after the last?

*MILLAMANT.*

O, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Ease; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Solicitation.

*MIRABELL.*

But do not you know, that when Favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious Solicitation, that they diminish in their Value, and that both the Giver loses the Grace, and the Receiver lessens his Pleasure?

*MILLAMANT.*

It may be in Things of common Application; but never sure in Love. O, I hate a Lover, that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty of his Mistress. There is not so impudent a Thing in Nature, as the saucy Look of an assured Man, confident of Success. The Pedantic Arrogance of a very Husband, has not so Pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my Will and Pleasure.

*MIRABELL.*

Would you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other 'till after Grace?

*MILLAMANT.*

Ah don't be impertinent — My dear Liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, must I bid you then Adieu? Ay h adieu—— My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *Sommeils du Matin*, adieu----I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—— Positively *Mirabell*, I'll lie a-bed in a Morning as long as I please.

*MIRABELL.*

Then I'll get up in a Morning as early as I please.

*MILLAMANT.*

Ah! Idle Creature, get up when you will—— And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd Names after I'm marry'd; positively I won't be call'd Names.

*MIRABELL.*

Names!

*MILLAMANT.*

Ay, as Wife, Spouse, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are so fulsomly familiar—— I shall never bear that—— Good *Mirabell* don't let us be familiar or fond; nor kiss before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go to *Hide-Park* together the first *Sunday* in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whispers; And then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first Week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well-bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

*MIRABELL.*

Have you any more Conditions to offer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reasonable.

*MIL-*

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*MILLAMANT.*

Trifles. ——— As Liberty to pay and receive Visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive Letters, without Interrogatories or wry Faces on your Part; to wear what I please; and choose Conversation with regard only to my own Taste; to have no Obligation upon me to converse with Wits that I don't like, because they are your Acquaintance; or to be intimate with Fools, because they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I please, dine in my Dressing-Room when I'm out of Humour, without giving a Reason. To have my Closet inviolate; to be sole Empress of my Tea-Table, which you must never presume to approach, without first asking Leave. And lastly, where-ever I am, you shall always knock at the Door before you come in. These Articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a Wife.

*MIRABELLE.*

Your Bill of Fare is something advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have I Liberty to offer Conditions ——— That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond Measure enlarg'd into a Husband.

*MILLAMANT.*

You have free leave, propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

*MIRABELLE.*

I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex: No the Friend to screen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make Trial of a mutual Secrecy. No Decoy-Duck to wheedle you a *fop-scrambling* to the Play in a Mask ——— Then bring you home in a pretended Fright, when you think you shall be found out ——— And rail at me for missing the Play, and disappointing the Frolick



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lick which you had to pick me up and prove my Constancy.

MILLAMANT.

Detestable *Imprimis*! I go to the Play in a Mask!

MIRABELL.

*Item*, I Article, that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I shall: And while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins and I know not what—Hogs Bones, Hares Gall, Pig-Water, and the Marrow of a roasted Cat. In short, I forbid all Commerce with the Gentlewoman in *what d'ye-call it* Court. *Item*, I shut my Doors against all Bawds with Baskets, and Penny-worths of *Mussin, China, Fans, Attasses, &c.* *Item*, when you shall be breeding—

MILLAMANT.

Ah! Name it not.

MIRABELL.

Which may be presum'd, with a Blessing on our Endeavours—

MILLAMANT.

Odious Endeavours!

MIRABELL.

I denounce against all strait Lacing, squeezing for a Shape, till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sagar-loaf; and instead of a Man-Child, make me Father to a Crooked-Billet. Lastly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-Table* I submit—But with *proviso*, that you exceed not in your Province; but restrain yourself to native and simple *Tea-Table* Drinks, as *Tea, Chocolate and Coffee*. As likewise to genuine and authoriz'd *Tea-Table-Talk*—Such as mending of Fashions, spoiling Reputations, railing at absent Friends, and so forth—But that on no Account you inroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and presume

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fume to drink Healths, or toast Fellows ; for Prevention of which, I banish all *Foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy*, all *Anniseed*, *Cinnamon*, *Citron* and *Barbadoe's-Waters*, together with *Ratafia* and the most noble Spirit of *Clary*.—But for *Coussip Wine*, *Poppy-Water*, and all *Dormitives*, those I allow—These *Provisos* admitted in other Things, I may prove a tractable and complying Husband.

MILLAMANT.

O horrid *Provisos* ! filthy strong Waters ! I toast Fellows, odious Men ! I hate your odious *Provisos*.

MIRABELL.

† Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your Hand upon the Contract ! and here comes one to be a Witness to the Sealing of the Deed.



SCENE VI.

[ *To them* ] Mrs. FAINALL.

MILLAMANT.

Fainall, what shall I do ? shall I have him ? I think I must have him,

Mrs. FAINALL.

Ay, ay, take him, take him ; what shou'd you do ?

MILLAMANT.

Well then—I'll take my Death, I'm in a horrid Fright—Fainall, I shall never say it—Well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain Terms : For I'm sure you have a Mind to him.

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*MILLAMANT.*

Are you? I think I have ——— and the horrid Man looks as if he thought so too ——— Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you ——— I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd ——— Here kiss my Hand tho' ——— So, hold your Tongue now, don't say a Word.

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

*Mirabell*, there's a Necessity for your Obedience; ——— You have neither time to talk nor stay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conscience if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover, time enough to return to *Sir Rowland*; who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair Way to succeed. Therefore spare your Exstasies for another Occasion, and slip down the back Stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

*MILLAMANT.*

Ay, go, go. In the mean time I suppose you have said something to please me.

*MIRABELL.*

I am all Obedience.



SCENE VII.

*MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL.*

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

**Y**onder *Sir Wilfull*'s drunk; and so noisy that my Mother has been forc'd to leave *Sir Rowland* to appease him; but he answers her only with Singing and Drinking ——— What they may have done by this time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

*MIL.*

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MILLAMANT.

Well; if *Mirabell* should not make a good Husband, I am a lost thing ; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. FAINALL.

So it seems ; for you mind not what's said to you.——  
If you doubt him, you had best take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

MILLAMANT.

How can you name that superannuated Lubber ? fo !



S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] WITWOUND *from drinking.*]

Mrs. FAINALL.

SO, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em ?  
WITWOUND.

Left 'em ? I could stay no longer- - - - - I have laugh'd like ten Christnings- - - - - I am tipsy with laughing- - - - - If I had staid any longer I should have burst- - - - - I must have been let out and piec'd in the Sides like an unfiz'd Camlet——Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd ; my Lady came in like a *Noli Prosequi*, and stopt the Proceedings.

MILLAMANT.

What was the Dispute ?

WITWOUND.

That's the Jest ; there was no Dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for Rage ; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting Apples.

SCENE





SCENE IX.

[*To them*] PETULANT *Drunk.*

WITWOUND.

NOW *Petulant*? all's over, all well? Gad my Head begins to whim it about—Why dost thou not speak, thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fish.

PETULANT.

Look you, Mrs. *Millamant*——If you can love me, dear Nymph----say it,----and that's the Conclusion——pass on, or pass off,——that's all.

WITWOUND.

Thou hast utter'd *Volumes, Folios*, in less than *Decimo Sexto*, my dear *Lacedæmonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an Epitomizer of Words.

PETULANT.

*Witwound*——You are an Annihilator of Sense.

WITWOUND.

Thou art a Retailer of Phrases and dost deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a Maker of Pincushions --- thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a Speaker of Short-hand.

PETULANT.

Thou art (without a Figure) just one half of an *Ass*, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half Brother, is the rest——A *Gemini* of *Asses* split, would make just four of you.

WITWOUND.

Thou dost bite, my dear Mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

PETU-

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*PETULANT.*

Stand off---I'll kiss no more Males,---I have kiss'd your *Twin* yonder in a Humour of Reconciliation, 'till he (*biccup*) rises upon my Stomach like a Radish.

*MILLAMANT.*

Eh! filthy Creature---what was the Quarrel?

*PETULANT.*

There was no Quarrel---there might have been a Quarrel.

*WITWOUND.*

If there had been Words enow between 'em to have express'd Provocation, they had gone together by the Ears like a pair of Castanets.

*PETULANT.*

You were the Quarrel.

*MILLAMANT.*

Me!

*PETULANT.*

If I have a Humour to quarrel, I can make less Matters conclude Premises,---If you are not handsom, what then; If I have a Humour to prove it?---If I shall have my Reward, say so; if not, fight for your Face the next time yourself---I'll go sleep.

*WITWOUND.*

Do, wrap thyself up like a *Woodlouse*, and dream Revenge---And hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow Morning, pen me a Challenge---I'll carry it for thee.

*PETULANT.*

Carry your Mistress's *Monkey a Spider*,---go flea Dogs, and read Romances---I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. *FAINALL.*

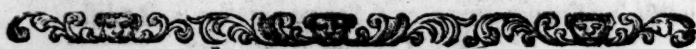
He's horridly Drunk---how came you all in this Pickle?

*WIT-*

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WITWOUND.

A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the Knight,---Your  
Husband's Advice ; but he sneak'd off.



S C E N E X.

Sir WILLFULL Drunk, Lady WISHFORT, WIT-  
WOUND, MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL.

Lady WISHFORT.

OUT upon't, out upon't ! at Years of Discretion,  
and comport yourself at this Rantipole rate !

Sir WILLFULL.

No Offence, Aunt.

Lady WISHFORT.

Offence ? As I'm a Person, I'm asham'd of you---  
Fogh ! how you stink of Wine ! D'ye think my Neice will  
ever endure such a *Borachio* ! you're an absolute *Borachio* !

Sir WILLFULL.

*Borachio* !

Lady WISHFORT.

At a time when you shou'd commence an Amour, and  
put your best Foot foremost ---

Sir WILLFULL.

'Sheart, an you grutch me your Liquor, make a  
Bill---Give me more Drink, and take my Purse.

Sings. *Pr'ythee fill me the Glass*

*'Till it laugh in my Face,*

*With Ale that is potent and mellow ;*

*He that whines for a Lasp*

*Is an ignorant Ass,*

*For a Bumper has not its Fellow.*

But

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But if you wou'd have me marry my Cousin——say the Word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull* will do't, that's the Word,—*Wilfull* will do't, that's my Crest—my Motto I have forgot.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

My Nephew's a little overtaken, Cousin——but 'tis with drinking your Health——O' my Word you are oblig'd to him——

Sir *WILFULL*.

*In Vino Veritas*, Aunt :——If I drunk your Health to-day, Cousin,—I am a *Borachio*. But if you have a Mind to be marry'd, say the Word, and send for the Piper, *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other Round——*Tony*, Ods-heart where's *Tony*?—*Tony*'s an honest Fellow, but he spits after a Bumper, and that's a Fault.

Sings. *We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, Boys.*

*Put the Glass then around with the Sun, Boys,  
Let Apollo's Example invite us;  
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,  
And that makes him so bright,  
That he's able next Morning to light us.*

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honest Soaker, he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, Aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*——your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort of topsy-turvy Fellows——If I had a Bumper I'd stand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em——A Match or no Match, Cousin, with the hard Name——Aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If she has her Maidenhead let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own Counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the nine Months End.

MILLA-



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M I L L A M A N T.

Your Pardon, Madam, I can stay no longer—Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, Cousin.



S C E N E XI.

*Lady WISHFORT, Sir WILFULL, Mr. WITWOUD, FOIBLE.*

*Lady WISHFORT.*

**S**MELLS! He wou'd poison a Tallow-Chandler and his Family. Beastly Creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel, quoth-a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*—for thou art not fit to live in a Christian Commonwealth, thou beastly Pagan.

*Sir WILFULL.*

*Turks!* no; no *Turks*, Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the Grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Mussulman* is a dry Stinkard——No Offence, Aunt. My Map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a Man as your Christian——I cannot find by the Map that your *Musti* is Orthodox——Whereby it is a plain Case, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and (*biccup*) Greek for Claret.

Sings. *To drink is a Christian Diversfon,  
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:*

*Let Mahometan Fools*

*Live by Heathenish Rules,*

*And be damn'd over Tea cups and Coffee.*

*But*

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*But let British Lads sing,  
Crown a Health to the King,  
And a Fig for your Sultan and Sophi.*

Ah, *Tony*!

[*Foible whispers Lady Wishfort.*

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Sir *Rowland* impatient? Good-lack! What shall I do with this beastly Tumbril? — Go lie down and sleep, you Sot — Or as I'm a Person, I'll have you bastinado'd with Broomsticks. Call up the Wenches with Broomsticks.

Sir *WILFUL*.

Ahey? Wenches, where are the Wenches?

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Dear Cousin *Witwoud* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of Moment that invades me with some Precipitation — You will oblige me to all Futurity.

*WITWOUD*.

Come, Knight — Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him — Will you go to a Cock-Match?

Sir *WILFUL*.

With a Wench, *Tony*? Is she a shake-bag, Sirrah? Let me bite your Cheek for that.

*WITWOUD*.

Horrible! He has a Breath like a Bag-pipe — Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian*?

Sir *WILFUL*.

Lead on, little *Tony* — I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*; Sirrah thou shalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy *Pig*.

—— *And a Fig for your Sultan and Sophi.*

Lady

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Lady *WISHFORT*.

This will never do. It will never make a Match—  
At least before he has been abroad.



S C E N E XII.

*Lady WISHFORT, WAITWELL disguis'd as for  
Sir ROWLAND.*

Lady *WISHFORT*.

**D**EAR Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with Confusion  
at the Retrospection of my own Rudeness. — I have  
more Pardons to ask than the *Pope* distributes in the Year  
of *Jubilee*. But I hope where there is likely to be so  
near an Alliance, — we may unbend the Severity of *Deco-  
rums* — and dispense with a little Ceremony.

*WAITWELL.*

My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Trans-  
port; ---and 'till I have the Possession of your adorable  
Person I am tantaliz'd on the Rack; and do but hang,  
Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

You have Excess of Gallantry, Sir *Rowland*; and  
press Things to a Conclusion, with a most prevailing  
Vehemence — But a Day or two for Decency of  
Marriage. —

*WAITWELL.*

For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will  
break my Heart — or if that should fail, I shall be  
poison'd. My Nephew will get an inkling of my De-  
signs, and poison me — and I would willingly starve him  
before I die — I would gladly go out of the World  
with

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with that Satisfaction,---That would be some Comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your Life, and the Accomplishment of your Revenge--- Not that I respect myself; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

*WAITWELL*.

Perfidious to you!

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O Sir *Rowland*, the Hours that he has dy'd away at my Feet, the Tears that he has shed, the Oaths that he has sworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the Trances and the Tremblings, the Ardors and the Extasies, the Kneelings and the Risings, the Heart-heavings and the Hand-gripings, the Pangs and the pathetic Regards of his protesting Eyes! Oh no Memory can register.

*WAITWELL*.

What, my Rival! Is the Rebel my Rival? a'dies.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

No, don't kill him at once, Sir *Rowland*, starve him gradually Inch by Inch.

*WAITWELL*.

I'll do't. In three Weeks he shall be bare-foot; in a Month out at Knees with begging an Alms.--- he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his Head, and then go out in a Stink like a Candle's End upon a Save-all.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Well, Sir *Rowland*, you have the Way,--- You are no Novice in the Labyrinth of Love--- You have the Clue----- But as I am a Person, Sir *Rowland*, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister Appetite, or Indigestion of Widowhood; nor impute my Complacency;



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cency to any Lethargy of Continence——I hope you d<sup>e</sup>  
not think me prone to any Iteration of Nuptials.——

*WAITWELL.*

Far be it from me——

Lady *WISHFORT.*

If you do, I protest I must recede——or think that I  
have made a Prostitution of Decorums, but in the Ve-  
hement of Compassion, and to save the Life of a Person  
of so much Importance——

*WAITWELL.*

I esteem it so——

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Or else you wrong my Condescension——

*WAITWELL.*

I do not, I do not——

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Indeed you do.

*WAITWELL.*

I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

If you think the least Scruple of Carnality was an In-  
gredient——

*WAITWELL.*

Dear Madam, no. You are all *Campfire* and *Frankin-  
sense*, all *Cbaſtity* and *Odour*.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Or that——



SCENE



SCENE XIII.

[ To them. ] FOIBLE.

FOIBLE.

M Adam, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who must deliver it into your own Hands.

Lady WISHFORT.

Sir Rowland, will you give me Leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Person who would suffer Racks in Honour's Cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly.



SCENE XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

WAITWELL.

FY, fy!—What a Slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any Cordial, I want Spirits.

FOIBLE.

What a washy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hour's Lying and Swearing to a fine Lady?

WAITWELL.

O, she is the Antidote to Desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no Appetite to  
Itera-

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Iteration of Nuptials — this eight and forty Hours —  
By this Hand, I'd rather be a Chairman in the Dog-days  
— than act Sir *Rowland* 'till this time to-morrow.



S C E N E XV.

[*To them*] Lady *WISHFORT* with a Letter.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

**C**ALL in the Dancers; — Sir *Rowland*, we'll sit, if  
you please, and see the Entertainment. [*Dance.*

Now with your Permission, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruse  
my Letter — I would open it in your Presence, because  
I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you  
uneasy I would burn it — speak if it does —  
but you may see, the Superscription is like a Woman's  
Hand.

*FOIBLE.*

By Heaven! Mrs. *Marwood's*. I know it. — My  
Heart akes — get it from her — [*To him.*

*WAITWELL.*

A Woman's Hand? No, Madam, that's no Woman's  
Hand, I see already. That's some Body whose Throat  
must be cut.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Nay, Sir *Rowland*, since you give me a Proof of your  
Passion by your Jealousy, I promise you I'll make a Re-  
turn, by a frank Communication — You shall see it —  
we'll open it together — look you here.

[*Reads*] — Madam, tho' unknown to you [*Look you*  
there, 'tis from no Body that I know.] — I have  
that

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*that Honour for your Character, that I think myself oblig'd  
to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir  
Rowland is a Cheat and a Rascal —*

O Heavens! what's this?

FOIBLE.

Unfortunate, all's ruin'd!

WAITWELL.

How, how; let me see, let me see--reading, *A  
Rascal and disguis'd and suborn'd for that Imposture — O  
Villany! O Villany! By the Contrivance of —*

Lady WISHFORT.

I shall faint, I shall die, oh!

FOIBLE.

Say 'tis your Nephew's Hand — Quickly, his Plot,  
swear it, swear it. — [To him.

WAITWELL.

Here's a Villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't  
you see it?

Lady WISHFORT.

Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

WAITWELL.

I told you at first I knew the Hand — A Woman's  
Hand? The Rascal writes a sort of a large Hand; your  
*Roman Hand* — I saw there was a Throat to be cut  
presently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew,  
I'd pistol him —

FOIBLE.

O Treachery! But are you sure, Sir *Rowland*, it is  
his Writing?

WAITWELL.

Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this Pearl  
of *India*? I have twenty Letters in my Pocket from him,  
in the same Character.

Lady WISHFORT.

How!

FOIBLE.



## F O I B L E.

O what Luck it is, Sir *Rowland*, that you were present at this Juncture! This was the Business that brought Mr. *Mirabell* disguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this Afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his Face.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

How, how!----I heard the Villain was in the House indeed; and now I remember, my Neice went away abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his Addresses.

## F O I B L E.

Then, then, Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladyship, to discompose you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland*.

*WAITWELL*.

Enough; his Date is short.

## F O I B L E.

No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the Law.

*WAITWELL*.

Law! I care not for Law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cause—My Lady shall be satisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it cost me my Life.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight; if you shou'd be kill'd I must never shew my Face; or hang'd,—O consider my Reputation, Sir *Rowland*—No, you shan't fight,—I'll go in and examine my Neice; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your Love not to fight.

*WAITWELL*.

I am charm'd, Madam, I obey. But some Proof you must let me give you;—I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Estate, and deliver that into your Hands.

Lady

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Lady *WISHFORT*.

Ay dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be some Comfort, bring the black Box.

*WAITWELL*.

And may I presume to bring a Contract to be sign'd this Night? May I hope so far?

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Discovery!

*WAITWELL*.

Dead or alive I'll come — and married we will be in spite of Treachery; ay, and get an Heir that shall defeat the last remaining Glimpse of Hope in my abandon'd Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow;

*Ere long you shall substantial Proof receive  
That I'm an arrant Knight —*

*F O I B L E.*

*— Or arrant Knave.*

*End of the Fourth Act.*



VOL. III.

F

ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

[SCENE continues.]

*Lady WISHFORT and FOIBLE.**Lady WISHFORT.*

OUT of my House, out of my House, thou  
*Viper*, thou *Serpent*, that I have foster'd; thou  
 bosom Traitors, that I rais'd from nothing  
 --- Begone, begone, begone, go, go, —  
 That I took from washing of old Gause  
 and weaving of dead Hair, with a bleak blue  
 Nose over a Chaffing-dish of starv'd Embers, and Dining  
 behind a Traverse Rag, in a shop no bigger than a Bird-  
 cage, — go, go, starve again, do, do.

*FOIBLE.*

Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again —  
 do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three penny-worth of  
 small Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under a Brandy-  
 feller's Bulk, or against a dead Wall by a Ballad-monger.  
 Go, hang out an old *Frisoneer gorget*, with a Yard of Yel-  
 low *Colberteen* again, do; an old gnaw'd Mask, two Rows  
 of Pins and a Child's Fiddle; A Glass Necklace, with the  
 Beads broken, and a quilted Night-cap with one Ear.  
 Go, go, drive a Trade — These were your Commo-  
 dities,

dities, you treacherous Trull, this was the Merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my House, plac'd you next myself, and made you Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Nest?

*FOIBLE.*

No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience — I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduc'd me; I am not the first, that he has wheedled with his dissembling Tongue; Your Ladyship's own Wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor Ignorant, defend myself? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he assur'd me your Ladyship should come to no Damage — Or else the Wealth of the *Indies* should not have brib'd me to conspire against so Good, so Sweet, so Kind a Lady as you have been to me.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

No Damage? What, to betray me, and marry me to a Cast-serving Man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hospital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage! O thou frontless Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Actress.

*FOIBLE.*

Pray do but hear me, Madam; he could not marry your Ladyship, Madam — No indeed his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was marry'd to me first, to secure your Ladyship. He could not have bedded your Ladyship; for if he had consummated with your Ladyship, he must have run the risk of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy — Yes indeed, I inquir'd of the Law in that case before I would meddle or make.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

What, then I have been your Property, have I? I have been convenient to you it seems, — while you were catering for *Mirabell*; I have been Broker for you? What, have you made a passive Bawd of me? — this exceeds



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all Precedent ; I am brought to fine Uses, to become a Botcher of second-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews* ! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's Place* you, as I'm a Person. Your Turtle is in Custody already. You shall Coo in the same Cage, if there be a Constable or Warrant in the Parish.

*FOIBLE.*

O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd, — a Bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell* Bride. Oh !



SCENE II.

*Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.*

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

POOR *Foible*, what's the matter ?

*FOIBLE.*

O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Constable ; I shall be had to a Justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp ; poor *Waitwell's* gone to Prison already.

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

Have a good Heart, *Foible* ; *Mirabell's* gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwood's* and my Husband's doing.

*FOIBLE.*

Yes, yes, I know it, Madam, she was in my Lady's Closet, and over-heard all that you said to me before Dinner. She sent the Letter to my Lady ; and that missing Effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this Plot to arrest *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the Papers ; and in the mean time *Mrs. Marwood* declared all to my Lady.

*Mrs.*

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Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

Was there no mention made of me in the Letter —  
My Mother does not suspect my being in the Confederacy :  
I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' she has told my  
Husband.

*F O I B L E*.

Yes, Madam ; but my Lady did not see that Part : We  
rifled the Letter before she read so far. Has that mis-  
chievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladyship then ?

Mrs *F A I N A L L*.

Ay, all's out, my Affair with *Mirabell*, every thing dis-  
cover'd. This is the last Day of our living together,  
that's my Comfort.

*F O I B L E*.

Indeed Madam, and so 'tis a Comfort if you knew all,---  
he has been even with your Ladyship ; which I cou'd have  
told you long enough since, but I love to keep Peace and  
Quietness by my good Will : I had rather bring Friends to-  
gether, then set them at Distance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and  
he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

Say'st thou so, *Foible* ? Can'st thou prove this ?

*F O I B L E*.

I can take my Oath of it, Madam, so can Mrs. *Mincing* :  
we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood*, to  
conceal something that passed in our Chamber one Evening  
when we were at *Hide-Park* ;---and we were thought to  
have gone a Walking : But we went up unawares, - -tho'  
we were sworn to Secrecy too ; Madam *Marwood* took a  
Book and swore us upon it : But it was but a Book of  
Poems. — So long as it was not a Bible Oath, we may  
break it with a safe Conscience.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

This Discovery is the most opportune Thing I cou'd  
wish — Now *Mincing* ?

F 3

SCENE



## S C E N E III.

[ *To them* ] M I N C I N G.

## M I N C I N G.

MY Lady wou'd speak with Mrs. *Foible*, *Mem*, Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has set your Spouse at Liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide yourself in my Lady's Clofet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Passion, at something Mr. *Fainall* has said; he swears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane, I vow. He says, *Mem*, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.Does you Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

## M I N C I N G.

Yes *Mem*, they have sent me to see if Sir *Wilfull* be sober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast Sum as Six Thousand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. *F A I N A L L*.

*Foible*, You must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

## F O I B L E.

Yes, yes, Madam.

## M I N C I N G.

O, yes, *Mem*, I'll vouch any thing for your Ladyship's Service, be what it will.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

*Mrs. FAINALL, Lady WISHFORT, Mrs. MARWOOD.*

*Lady WISHFORT.*

O My dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodness? To you I owe the timely Discovery of the false Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impostor Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an Intercessor with my Son-in-law, to save the Honour of my House, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter. Well Friend, You are enough to reconcile me to the bad World, or else I would retire to Deserts and Solitudes; and feed harmless Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the World, and retire by ourselves, and be Shepherdesses.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Let us first dispatch the Affair in Hand, Madam. We shall have Leisure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concern'd in the Treaty.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

O Daughter, Daughter, is it possible thou should'st be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh, and as I may say, another Me, and yet transgress the minute Particle of severe Virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to Iniquity, who have been cast in the direct Mold of Virtue? I have not only been a Mold, but a Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World.

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

I don't understand your Ladyship.

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*Lady*



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Lady *WISHFORT*.

Not understand? Why, have you not been Naught? Have you not been sophisticated? Not understand! Here I'm ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cucoldoms*. I must pawn my Plate and my Jewels, and ruin my Neice, and all little enough——

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

I am wrong'd and abus'd, and so are you. 'Tis a false Accusation, as false as Hell, as false as your Friend there, ay or your Friend's Friend, my false Husband.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

My Friend, Mrs. *Fainall*? Your Husband my Friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

I know what I mean, Madam, and so do you; and so shall the World at a Time convenient.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

I am sorry to see you so passionate, Madam. More Temper would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my Zeal to serve your Ladyship and Family, should admit of Misconstruction, or make me liable to Affronts. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O dear Friend, I'm so ashamed that you should meet with such Returns;-----you ought to ask Pardon on your Knees, ungrateful Creature; she deserves more from you, than all your Life can accomplish——O don't leave me destitute in this Perplexity;——No, stick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. *FAINALL*.

I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd — Stick to you? ay, like a Leach, to suck your best Blood --she'll drop off when she's full, Madam, you shan't pawn a Bodkin, nor  
part

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part with a Brass Counter, in Composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aspersions : I know my own Innocence, and dare stand a Trial.



S C E N E V.

*Lady WISHFORT, Mrs. MARWOOD.*

*Lady WISHFORT,*

WHY, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,——and I promise you her Education has been very unexceptionable——I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impress upon her tender Years a young Odium and Aversion to the very Sight of Men,——ay Friend, she wou'd ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a Man, 'till she was in her Teens. As I'm a Person 'tis true——She was never suffer'd to play with a Male child, tho' but in Coats; Nay, her very Babies were of the *Feminine Gender*,——O, she never look'd a Man in the Face, but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a Woman, by the help of his long Garments, and his sleek Face; 'till she was going in her Fifteen.

*Mrs. MARWOOD.*

'Twas much she shou'd be deceiv'd so long.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

I warrant you, or she would never have born to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures against Singing and Dancing, and such Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays; and prophane Music-meetings,

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where the lewd Trebles squeek nothing but Bawdy, and the Bases roar Blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obscene Play-Book— and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be Naught? What, a Whore? And thought it Excommunication to set her Foot within the Door of a Play-house. O dear Friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

Prove it, Madam? What, and have your Name prostituted in a public Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of Bauling Lawyers? To be usher'd in with an O *Yes* of Scandal; and have your Case open'd by an old fumbling Leacher in a Quoif like a Man-midwife, to bring your Daughter's Infamy to light; to be a Theme for legal Punsters, and Quiblers by the Statute; and become a Jest, against a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for a Jest in any Record; not even in *Dooms-Day-Book*: To discompose the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin*; while the good Judge, tickl'd with the Proceeding, simpers under a Gray Beard, and figes off and on his Cushion, as if he had swallow'd *Cantharides*, or sat upon *Cow-Itch*.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

And then to have my young Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes, like Prentices at a Conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before Drawers in an Eating-House.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Worse and worse.

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the Short-hand Writers

ters

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ters to the public Prefs; and from thence be transferr'd to the Hands, nay, into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounder-man's: And this you must hear 'till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some Days.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

O, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my Neice and her all-----any thing, every thing for Composition.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

Nay, Madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniences which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*, if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.



SCENE VI.

*FAINALL, Lady WISHFORT, Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Lady *WISHFORT*.

**A**Y, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood*: No, no, I do not doubt it.

*FAINALL*.

Well, Madam; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper Estate during Life; on Condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such Penalty as I think convenient.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Never to marry!

*FAIN-*



F A I N A L L.

No more Sir *Rowlands*——the next Imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

That Condition, I dare answer, my Lady will consent to, without Difficulty ; she has already but too much experienc'd the Perfidiousness of Men. Besides, Madam, when we retire to our Pastoral Solitude we shall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Ay, that's true ; but in case of Necessity ; as of Health, or some such Emergency——

F A I N A L L.

O, if you are Prescrib'd Marriage, you shall be consider'd ; I will only reserve to myself the Power to choose for you. If your Physic be wholsom, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife shall settle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made over already ; and for her Maintenance depend entirely on my Discretion.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

That is most inhumanly savage ; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muscovite* Husband.

F A I N A L L.

I learn'd <sup>it</sup> from his *Czarish* Majesty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, amongst other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at present practis'd in the Northern Hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my Wife, with that six thousand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. *Millamant's* Fortune in your Possession, and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last Will and Testament of your deceas'd Husband, Sir *Jonathan Wishfort*) by her Disobedience in contracting herself against your Consent or  
Know-

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Knowledge ; and by refusing the offer'd Match with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, which you, like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

My Nephew was *non Compos*; and could not make his Addresses.

*FAINALL*.

I come to make Demands——I'll hear no Objections.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

You will grant me Time to consider?

*FAINALL*.

Yes, while the Instrument is drawing, to which you must set your Hand 'till more sufficient Deeds can be perfected: Which I will take care shall be done with all possible Speed. In the mean while I will go for the said Instrument, and 'till my Return you may balance this Matter in your own Discretion.



SCENE VII.

*Lady WISHFORT, Mrs. MARWOOD.*

Lady *WISHFORT*.

**T**HIS Insolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; must I be subject to this merciless Villain?

Mrs. *MARWOOD*.

'Tis severe indeed, Madam; that you shou'd smart for your Daughter's Wantonness.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

'Twas against my Consent that she marry'd this Barbarian; but she wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out,

out.—Ah! her first Husband, my Son *Languish*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my Choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a Witness—I shall be mad, dear Friend; is there no Comfort for me; must I live to be confiscated at this Rebel-rate?----Here come two more of my *Egyptian* Plagues too.



## S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] MILLAMANT, Sir WILFULL.

Sir *WILFULL*.

**A**UNT, your Servant.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Out, *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir *WILFULL*.

I confess I have been a little in Disguise, as they say, —'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no Offence, Aunt—and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a Pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleasure you, I'm willing to marry my Cousin. So pray let's all be Friends, she and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witness.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

How's this, dear Neice? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

*MILLA*

*MILLAMANT.*

I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repose, Madam; and to convince you that I had no Hand in the Plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Person, and be a Witness that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*; and for the Contract that pass'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Resignation of it to your Ladyship's Presence;—He is without, and waits your Leave for Admittance.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Well, I'll swear I am something reviv'd at this Testimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor,——I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I see him I fear I shall turn to Stone, and petrify incessantly.

*MILLAMANT.*

If you disoblige him he may resent your Refusal, and insist upon the Contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Are you sure it will be the last time?—If I were sure of that——shall I never see him again?

*MILLAMANT.*

Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir *WILFUL.*

'Sheart, the Gentleman's a civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn Brothers and Fellow-Travellers.—We are to be *Pylades* and *Orestes*, he and I——He is to be my Interpreter in Foreign Parts. He has been Over-seas once already; and with *promise* that I marry my Cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me Company.——'Sheart, I'll call him in,——an I set



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set on't once, he shall come in ; and see who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the Door and hems.*]

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

This is precious Fooling, if it wou'd pass; but I'll know the Bottom of it.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

O dear *Marwood*, you are not going ?

Mrs. *MARWOOD.*

Not far, Madam ; I'll return immediately.



SCENE IX.

*Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, Sir WILFULL, MIRABELL.*

Sir *WILFULL.*

**L**OOK up, Man, I'll stand by you ; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you ;--- Besides---harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her Face is none of her own ; 'Sheart, an she shou'd, her Forehead wou'd wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream-Cheese ; but mum for that, Fellow-Traveller.

*MIRABELL.*

If a deep Sense of the many Injuries I have offer'd to so good a Lady, with a sincere Remorse, and a hearty Contrition, can but obtain the least Glance of Compassion, I am too happy, ——— Ah, Madam, there was a time ——— But let it be forgotten ——— I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high Place I once held, of sitting at your Feet ; nay kill me not, by turning from me in Disdain ——— I come not to plead for Favour ; ——— Nay,  
not

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not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity—I am going where I never shall behold you more.—

Sir *WILFULL*.

How, Fellow-Traveller!—You shall go by yourself then.

*MIRABELL*.

Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten—I ask no more.

Sir *WILFULL*.

By'r Lady a very reasonable Request, and will cost you nothing, Aunt,—Come, come, forgive and forget, Aunt; why you must, an you are a Christian.

*MIRABELL*.

Consider, Madam, in Reality, you cou'd not receive much Prejudice; it was an innocent Device; tho' I confess it had a Face of Guiltiness, it was at most an Artifice which Love contriv'd—And Errors which Love produces have ever been accounted *Venial*. At least think it is Punishment enough, that I have lost what in my Heart I hold most dear; that to your cruel Indignation, I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay all my Hopes of future Comfort.

Sir *WILFULL*.

An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be O' *the Quorum*,—An it were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again,---I wou'd I might never take Shipping—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-Glew, and that's hardly dry;—One doleful Sigh more from my Fellow-Traveller, and 'tis dissolv'd.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Well, Nephew, upon your Account——Ah, he has a false insinuating Tongue——Well, Sir, I will stifle my just Resentment, at my Nephew's Request——I  
will

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will endeavour what I can to forget,---but on *proviso* that you resign the Contract with my Neice immediately.

*MIRABELL.*

It is in Writing, and with Papers of Concern; but I have sent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all Acknowledgments for your transcendent Goodness.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue;--- When I did not see him, I cou'd have brib'd a Villain to his Assassination; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have so long lain smother'd in my Breast—

[*Aside.*



S C E N E X.

[*To them*] *FAINALL, Mrs. MARWOOD.*

*FAINALL.*

**Y**OUR Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expir'd. Here is the Instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

Lady *WISHFORT.*

If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My Neice exerts a lawful Claim, having match'd herself by my Direction to Sir *Wilfull*.

*FAINALL.*

That Sham is too gross to pass on me—tho 'tis impos'd on you, Madam.

*MILLAMANT.*

Sir, I have given my Consent.

*MIRABELL.*

And, Sir, I have resign'd my Pretensions.

Sir

Sir *WILFULL*.

And, Sir, I assert my Right; and will maintain it in  
Defiance of you, Sir, and of your Instrument. 'Sheart,  
an you talk of an Instrument, Sir, I have an old Fox by  
my Thigh shall hack your Instrument of *Ram Vellum* to  
Shreds, Sir. It shall not be sufficient for a *Mittimus* or a  
Taylor's Measure; therefore withdraw your Instrument,  
Sir, or by'r Lady I shall draw mine.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Hold, Nephew, hold.

*MILLAMANT*.

Good Sir *Wilfull* respite your Valour.

*FAINALL*.

Indeed? Are you provided of your Guard, with your  
single Beef-eater there? But I am prepar'd for you; and  
insist upon my first Proposal. You shall submit your own  
Estate to my Management, and absolutely make over my  
Wife's to my sole Use; as pursuant to the Purport and  
Tenor of this other Covenant.—I suppose, Madam, your  
Consent is not requisite in this Case; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*,  
your Resignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right—You  
may draw your Fox if you please, Sir, and make a  
*Bear-Garden* flourish somewhere else: For here it will not  
avail. This, my Lady *Wishfort*, must be subscrib'd, or  
your Darling Daughter's turn'd adrift, like a leaky Hulk  
to sink or swim, as she and the Current of this lewd  
Town can agree.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Is there no Means, no Remedy, to stop my Ruin?  
Ungrateful Wretch! Dost thou not owe thy Being, thy  
Subsistence to my Daughter's Fortune?

*FAINALL*.

I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my Pos-  
session.

*MIR A-*



*MIRABELL.*

But that you wou'd not accept of a Remedy from my Hands—I own I have not deserv'd you should owe any Obligation to me; or else perhaps I could advise —

Lady *WISHFORT.*

O what? what? to save me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay I'll consent to any Thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

*MIRABELL.*

Ay, Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only could have made me a Compensation for all my Services;—But be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this Savage Manner.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible,---Harkee, I'll break my Nephew's Match, you shall have my Neice yet, and all her Fortune; if you can but save me from this imminent Danger.

*MIRABELL.*

Will you? I take you at your Word. I ask no more, I must have leave for two Criminals to appear.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

Ay, ay, any Body, any Body.

*MIRABELL.*

*Foible* is one, and a Penitent.



SCENE



SCENE XI.

[To them] Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

O My Shame! [Mira. and Lady go to Mrs. Fain. and Foible] these corrupt Things are brought hither to expose me. [To Fainall.]

FAINALL.

If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World*. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one Tittle of my Terms, no, I will insist the more.

FOIBLE.

Yes indeed Madam, I'll take my Bible-Oath of it.

MINCING.

And so will I, *Mem*.

Lady WISHFORT.

O *Marwood*, *Marwood*, art thou false? My Friend deceive me? Hast thou been a wicked Accomplice with that profligate Man?

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Have you so much Ingratitude and Injustice, to give Credit against your Friend, to the Aspersions of two such mercenary Trulls?

MINCING.

Mercenary, *Mem*? I scorn your Words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue Garret; by the same Token, you swore us to Secrecy upon *Messalina's* Poems. Mercenary? No, if we would have been Mercenary, we shou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

FAIN.

*FAINALL.*

Go, you are an insignificant Thing—Well, what are you the better for this! Is this Mr. *Mirabell's* Expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, Thing, that was a Wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body shall be Naked as your Reputation.

*Mrs. FAINALL.*

I despise you, and defy your Malice—You haveaspers'd me wrongfully—I have prov'd your Falshood—Go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together—Perish.

*FAINALL.*

Not while you are worth a Groat, indeed my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

*Lady WISHFORT.*

Ah, Mr. *Mirabell*, this is small Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

*MIRABELL.*

O in good time—Your leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.



## S C E N E XII.

[To them] *WAITWELL with a Box of Writings.*

*Lady WISHFORT.*

O Sir *Rowland*—Well, Rascal.

*WAITWELL.*

What your Ladyship pleases—I have brought the Black-Box at last, Madam.

*MIRA-*

*MIRABELL.*

Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promise,  
Lady *WISHFORT.*

Ay, dear Sir.

*MIRABELL.*

Where are the Gentlemen?

*WAITWELL.*

At hand, Sir, rubbing their Eyes — just risen from  
Sleep.

*FAINALL.*

S'death! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private  
Concerns.



SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] *PETULANT, WITWOUD.*

*PETULANT.*

**H**OW now? what's the matter? whose Hand's out?

*WITWOUD.*

Hey-day! what, are you all got together, like Players  
at the End of the last Act?

*MIRABELL.*

You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requested your  
Hands as Witnesses to a certain Parchment.

*WITWOUD.*

Ay I do, my Hand I remember — *Petulant* set his  
Mark.

*MIRABELL.*

You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as shall  
appear — You do not remember, Gentlemen, any thing  
of what that Parchment contained —

[*Undoing the Box.*

*WIT.*



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WITWOUD.

No.

PETULANT.

Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

MIRABELL.

Very well; now you shall know——Madam, your Promise.

Lady WISHFORT.

Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honour.

MIRABELL.

Mr. Fainall, it is now Time that you shou'd know, that your Lady, while she was at her own Disposol, and before you had by your Insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended Settlement of the greatest Part of her Fortune——

FAINALL.

Sir ! pretended !

MIRABELL.

Yes, Sir. I say, that this Lady, while a Widow, having it seems receiv'd some Cautions respecting your Inconstancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from her own partial Opinion and Fondness of you she cou'd never have suspected——she did, I say, by the wholsom Advice of Friends, and of Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this same as her Act and Deed to me in Trust, and to the Uses within-mention'd. You may read if you please——[*holding out the Parchment.*] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may serve your Occasions.

FAINALL.

Very likely, Sir. What's here ? Damnation !

[*Reads.*] *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Estate real of Arabella Languish, Widow, in Trust to Edward Mirabell.*

Confusion !

MIRA-

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MIRABELL.

Even so, Sir; 'tis *the Way of the World*, Sir; of the Widows of the World. I suppose this Deed may bear an elder Date than what you have obtain'd from your Lady.

FAINALL.

Perfidious Fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd.——

[Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.

Sir WILFULL.

Hold, Sir; now you may make your *Bear-Garden* flourish somewhere else, Sir.

FAINALL.

*Mirabell*, you shall hear of this, Sir, be sure you shall.

——Let me pass, Oaf.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Madam, you seem to stifle your Resentment; you had better give it Vent.

Mrs. MARWOOD.

Yes, it shall have Vent——and to your Confusion, or I'll perish in the Attempt.



SCENE *The Last.*

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, Mrs. FAINALL, Sir WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUND, FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

Lady WISHFORT.

O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs. FAINALL.

Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious Friend, to whose Advice all is owing.

Vo L. III.

G

Lady

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your Promise--- and I must perform mine.—First I pardon for your fake Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*——The next thing is to break the Matter to my Nephew——and how to do that——

*MIRABELL.*

For that, Madam, give yourself no Trouble,----- let me have your Consent—Sir *Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Compassion upon Lovers, and generously engag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our Service; and now designs to prosecute his Travels.

Sir *WILFULL*.

'Sheart, Aunt, I have no mind to marry. My Cousin's a fine Lady, and the Gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my Resolution is to see Foreign Parts---I have set on't---and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two Gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

*PETULANT.*

For my Part, I say little——I think things are best; off or on.

*WITWOUND.*

I'gad I understand nothing of the Matter,——I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a Dancing School.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

Well Sir, take her; and with her all the Joy I can give you.

*MILLAMANT.*

Why does not the Man take me? Wou'd you have me give myself to you over again?

*MIRABELL.*

Ay, and over and over again; [*Kisses her Hand.*] I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my Fear.

Sir

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Sir *WILFULL*.

'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean time; that we who are not Lovers may have some other Employment, besides looking on.

*MIRABELL*.

With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wilfull*. What shall we do for Music?

*FOIBLE*.

O Sir, some that were provided for Sir *Rowland's* Entertainment are yet within Call. [*A Dance*.

Lady *WISHFORT*.

As I am a Person I can hold out no longer; — I have wasted my Spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have some Fears upon me yet, that my Son *Fainall* will pursue some desperate Course.

*MIRABELL*.

Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my Knowledge his Circumstances are such, he must of Force comply. For my Part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a Reunion: In the mean time, Madam, [*To Mrs. Fain.*] let me before these Witnesses restore to you this Deed of Trust; it may be a Means, well manag'd, to make you live easily together.

*From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed;*

*Lest mutual Falshood stain the Bridal-Bed:*

*For each Deceiwer to his Cost may find,*

*That Marriage Frauds too oft are paid in kind.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]







# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

**A**FTER our Epilogue this Crowd dismisses,  
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.  
But pray consider, ere you doom its Fall,  
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to please you all.  
There are some Critics so with Spleen diseas'd,  
They scarcely come inclining to be Pleas'd:  
And sure he must have more than mortal Skill,  
Who pleases any one against his Will.  
Then, all bad Poets we are sure are Foes,  
And how their Number's swell'd the Town well knows:  
In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit;  
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,  
But that they have been Damn'd for Want of Wit. }  
Since when, they by their own Offences taught,  
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.  
Others there are whose Malice we'd prevent;  
Such, who watch Plays with scurrilous Intent, }  
To mark out who by Characters are meant.  
And tho' no Perfect Likeness they can trace;  
Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.

*These*

## EPILOGUE.

*These with false Glosses feed their own Ill-nature,  
 And turn to Libel, what was meant a Satire.  
 May such malicious Fops this Fortune find,  
 To think themselves alone the Fools design'd:  
 If any are so arrogantly Vain,  
 To think they singly can support a Scene,  
 And furnish Fool enough to entertain.  
 For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,  
 That Satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,  
 As any one abstracted Fop to show.  
 For, as when Painters form a matchless Face,  
 They from each Fair one catch some diff'rent Grace;  
 And shining Features in one Portrait blend,  
 To which no single Beauty must pretend:  
 So Poets oft do in one Piece expose  
 Whole Belles Assemblées of Coquettes and Beaux.*





THE  
JUDGMENT  
OF  
PARIS:  
A  
MASQUE.

---

—*Vincis utramque Venus.*

Ov. Art. Am. L. r.

---

Printed in the Year 1753.



JUDGMENT

OF

THE



IN

THE

OF

THE



T H E

# Judgment of *Paris*.

---

*The SCENE is a Landskip of a beautiful Pasture supposed on Mount Ida. The Shepherd Paris is seen seated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip, &c. lying by him. While a Symphony is playing, Mercury descends with his Caduceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he sings.*

M E R C U R Y.



FROM high Olympus, and the Realms above,

Behold I come the Messenger of Jove;

His dread Commands I bear:

Shepherd, arise and hear;

Arise, and leave awhile thy rural Care:

Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,

And lay aside thy tuneful Reed;

For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

G 5

P A R I S.

154      *The Judgment of PARIS.*

*PARIS.*

O *Hermes*, I thy Godhead know,  
By thy winged Heels and Head.  
By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,  
And guides the Shades below.

Say wherefore dost thou seek this humble Plain,  
To greet a lowly Swain ?

What does the mighty Thunderer ordain ?

*MERCURY.*

This Radiant Fruit behold,  
More bright than burnish'd Gold ;  
Three Goddesses for this contend :

See now they descend,  
And this Way they bend.

Shepherd, take the Golden Prize,  
Yield it to the brightest Eyes.

*[Juno, Pallas, and Venus are seen at a Distance descending in several Machines.]*

*PARIS.*

O Ravishing Delight !

What Mortal can support the Sight ?

Alas ! too weak is human Brain,  
So much Rapture to sustain.

I faint, I fall ! O take me hence,  
Ere Exstasy invades my aking Sense :

Help me, *Hermes*, or I die,  
Save me from Excess of Joy.

*MERCURY.*

Fear not, Mortal ; none shall harm thee ;  
With my Sacred Rod I'll charm thee ;

Freely gaze and view all over,  
Thou may'st every Grace discover.

Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,  
Fear not, Mortal, none shall wound thee.

*The Judgment*    PARIS.    155

*In two* { Happy thou of Human Race,  
*Parts.* { Gods with thee would change their Place.  
*Paris.* { With no God I'd change my Place,  
          { Happy I of Human Race. [*Mercury ascends.*  
[*While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from her*  
*Machine ; after the Symphony she sings.*

JUNO.

Saturnia, Wife of thundring Jove, am I,  
Belov'd by him, and Empress of the Sky ;  
Shepherd, fix on me thy wondring Sight,  
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

[*Symphony for Pallas.*

PALLAS.

This way, Mortal, bend thy Eyes,  
Pallas claims the golden Prize ;  
A Virgin Goddess free from Stain,  
And Queen of Arts and Arms I reign.

[*Symphony for Venus.*

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,  
Let not Venus sue in Vain ;  
Venus rules the Gods above,  
Love rules them, and she rules Love.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am she.

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am she.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

JUNO and PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

VENUS.



156      *The Judgment of* PARIS.

V E N U S.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

*Chorus of* { Hither turn to me again,  
*all three.* { To me, to me, for I am she ;  
                  { Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

P A R I S.

I.

Distraught I turn, but I cannot decide;  
So equal a Title sure never was try'd.  
United, your Beauties so dazzle the Sight,  
That lost in Amaze,  
I giddily gaze,  
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heav'nly Fair,  
For Three at a time there's no Mortal can bear ;  
And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise,  
When each is undrest  
I'll judge of the best,  
For 'tis not a Face that must carry the Prize.

J U N O *sings alone.*

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,  
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,  
Not to follow Flocks design'd ;  
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,  
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,  
Joys in Circles Joys shall meet,  
Which way e'er thy Fancy's lead.

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,  
Toils of Empire Pleasures are ;  
Thou shalt only know Delight,  
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

*The Judgment of* PARIS. 157

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,  
For the Blessings I bestow,  
Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,  
Happy thou shalt reign below.

CHORUS.

*Let Ambition fire thy Mind,  
Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign,  
Not to follow Flocks design'd ;  
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.*

*PALLAS Sings alone.*

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raise,  
Waste not thus thy youthful Days,  
Piping, Toying,  
Nymphs decoying,  
Lost in wanton and inglorious Ease.

II.

Hark, Hark ! the glorious Voice of War  
Calls aloud, for Arms prepare :  
Drums are beating,  
Rocks repeating,  
Martial Music charms the joyful Air.

*(Symphony.)*

*PALLAS Sings.*

O what Joys does Conquest yield !  
When returning from the Field,  
O how glorious 'tis to see  
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory  
Laurel Wreaths his Head surrounding,  
Banners waving in the Wind,  
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,  
Every Voice in Chorus join'd.  
To me, kind Swain, the Prize resign,  
And Fame and Conquest shall be thine.

CHORUS

158 *The Judgment of PARIS.*

CHORUS.

*O how glorious 'tis to see  
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!*  
(Symphony.)

*VENUS Sings alone.*

Stay, lovely Youth, delay thy Choice;  
Take heed lest empty Names enthrall thee;  
Attend to *Cytherea's* Voice;  
Lo! I who am love's Mother call thee.  
Far from thee be anxious Care,  
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great:  
Empire's but a gilded Snare,  
And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.

One only Joy Mankind can know,  
And love alone can that bestow.

CHORUS.

*One only Joy, &c.*

*VENUS Sings.*

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving,  
Thus adorn'd with every Grace;  
*Venus'* self thy Form approving,  
Looks with Pleasure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,  
Circled in her yielding Arms!  
Should bright *Hellen* once behold thee,  
She'd surrender all her Charms.

III.

Fairest she, all Nymphs transcending,  
That the Sun himself has seen,  
Were she for the Crown contending,  
Thou wou'dst own her Beauty's Queen.

IV. Gentle

*The Judgment of PARIS.* 159

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading  
Can from thee the Prize obtain,  
Love himself thy Conquest aiding,  
Thou that Matchless Fair shalt gain.

*P A R I S.*

I yield, I yield. O take the Prize,  
And cease, O cease, th' enchanting Song;  
All Love's Darts are in thy Eyes,  
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.  
Forbear, O Goddess of Desire,  
Thus my ravish'd Soul to move;  
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,  
And be prohibitious to my Love.

*Here Paris gives to Venus the Golden Apple, Several Cupids descend, the three Graces alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call the Hours, who assemble; with all the Attendants on Venus. All join in a Circle round her, and sing the last grand Chorus, while Juno and Pallas ascend.*

GRAND CHORUS.

*Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves,  
Hither all ye Hours resort;  
Billing Sparrows, Cooing Doves;  
Come all the Train of Venus' Court.  
Sing all great Cytherea's Name;  
Over Empire, over Fame,  
Her Victory proclaim.*

*Sing, Sing and spread the joyful News around,  
The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty crown'd.*



SEME-



The following is a list of the  
 names of the persons who have  
 been elected to the office of  
 the President of the  
 Association for the year  
 1881-1882. The names are  
 given in the order in which  
 they were elected. The names  
 of the persons who have been  
 elected to the office of the  
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 they were elected. The names  
 of the persons who have been  
 elected to the office of the  
 President of the Association  
 for the year 1881-1882 are  
 given in the order in which  
 they were elected.



GRAND CHURCH  
 The following is a list of the  
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 they were elected.

GENE

S E M E L E.

A N

O P E R A.

---

*A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus,  
nullius rei bono auctori, & in hac re, sicut  
in omnibus, inconstantissimo.*

Seneca Ep. 99.

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Printed in the Year 1753.

2 E M E A

O P E R A



Printed in the year 1793



# ARGUMENT

Introductory to the

## OPERA of *SEMELE*.

**A**FTER Jupiter's *Amour* with Europa, the Daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia, he again incenses Juno by a new Affair in the same Family; viz. with Semele, Neice to Europa, and Daughter to Cadmus King of Thebes. Semele is on the Point of Marriage with Athamas; which Marriage is about to be solemniz'd in the Temple of Juno, Goddess of Marriages, when Jupiter by ill Omens interrupts the Ceremony; and afterwards transports Semele to a private Abode prepar'd for her. Juno, after many  
Con-



## ARGUMENT.

*Contrivances, at length assumes the Shape and Voice of Ino, Sister to Semele; by the help of which Disguise and artful Insinuations, she prevails with her to make a Request to Jupiter, which being granted must end in her utter Ruin.*

*This Fable is related in Ovid. Metam. L. 3. but there Juno is said to impose on Semele in the Shape of an old Woman, her Nurse. 'Tis hoped, the Liberty taken in substituting Ino instead of the old Woman will be excus'd: It was done because Ino is interwoven in the Design by her Love of Athamas; to whom she was marry'd, according to Ovid; and, because her Character bears a Proportion with the Dignity of the other Persons represented. This Reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a Thing intirely fictitious; and more especially being represented under the Title of an Opera, where greater Absurdities are every Day excus'd.*

*It was not thought requisite to have any Regard either to Rhyme or Equality of Measure, in the Lines of that Part of the Dialogue which was design'd for the Recitative Stile in Music. For as that Stile in Music is not confin'd to the strict Observation of Time and Measure, which is requir'd in the Composition of Airs and Sonatas, so  
neither*

## ARGUMENT.

neither is it necessary that the same Exactness in Numbers, Rhymes, or Measure, should be observed in Words design'd to be set in that manner, which must ever be observed in the Formation of Odes and Sonnets. For what they call Recitative in Music, it is only a more tuneable Speaking, it is a kind of Prose in Music; its Beauty consists in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural Accents of Words by more Pathetic or Emphatical Tones.



Persons

# Persons Represented.

*Jupiter.*

*Cadmus*, King of *Thebes*.

*Athamas*, A Prince of *Bæotia*, in Love with  
and design'd to marry *Semele*.

*Somnus*.

*Apollo*.

*Cupid*.

*Zephyrs*.

*Loves*.

Shepherds.

Satyrs.

*Juno*.

*Iris*.

*Semele*, Daughter to *Cadmus*, belov'd by  
and in Love with *Jupiter*.

*Ino*, Sister to *Semele*, in Love with *Athamas*.

Shepherdesſes.

Chief Priest of *Juno*, other Priests and  
Augurs.

S C E N E   B O E O T I A.

S E M E L E.



# SEMELE.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The SCENE is the Temple of J U N O, near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd ; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of J U N O is seen to bow.*

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, and INO.

### FIRST PRIEST.



Ehold ! auspicious Flashes rise ;  
Juno accepts our Sacrifice ;  
The grateful Odour swift ascends,  
And see, the Golden Image bends.

### FIRST and SECOND PRIEST.

Lucky Omens bless our Rites,  
And sure Success shall crown your Loves ;  
Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights  
Attend the Pair that she approves.

C A D.



C A D M U S.

Daughter, obey,  
Hear, and obey.  
With kind Consenting  
Ease a Parent's Care ;  
Invent no new Delay.

A T H A M A S.

O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;  
On this auspicious Day  
Invent no new Delay.

C A D M U S and A T H A M A S.

Hear, and obey ;  
Invent no new Delay  
On this auspicious Day.

S E M E L E [*apart.*]

Ah me!  
What Refuge now is left me ?  
How various, how tormenting,  
Are my Miseries !  
O *Jove* assist me.  
Can *Semele* forgo thy Love,  
And to a Mortal's Passion yield ?  
Thy Vengeance will o'ertake  
Such Perfidy.

If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.  
O *Jove*, in Pity teach me which to choose,  
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

A T H A M A S.

*See, she blushing turns her Eyes ;  
See, with Sighs her Bosom panting :  
If from Love those Sighs arise,  
Nothing to my Bliss is wanting.*

*Hymen haste, thy Torch prepare,  
Love already his has lighted,*

*One soft Sigh has cur'd Despair,  
And more than my past Pains requited.]*

I N O.

I N O.

Alas! she yields,  
 And has undone me:  
 I can no longer hide my Passion;  
 It must have Vent——  
 Or inward burning  
 Will consume me.  
 O *Athamas*——  
 I cannot utter it——

A T H A M A S.

On me fair *Ino* calls  
 With mournful Accent,  
 Her Colour fading,  
 And her Eyes o'erflowing!

I N O.

O *Semele*!

S E M E L E.

On me she calls,  
 Yet seems to shun me!  
 What would my Sister?  
 Speak——

I N O.

Thou hast undone me.

C A D M U S.

*Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,  
 And all our solemn Rites prophane?  
 Can he, or she, thy Woes relieve?  
 Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?*

I N O.

Of all, but all, I fear, in vain.

A T H A M A S.

Can I thy Woes relieve?

S E M E L E.

Can I assuage thy Pain?

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S and S E M E L E.

Of whom dost thou complain ?

I N O.

• Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

[It lightens, and Thunder is heard at a distance; then, a Noise of Rain; the Fire is suddenly extinguish'd on the Altar: The Chief-Priest comes forward.]

F I R S T P R I E S T.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs !

Some God averse our holy Rites controls.

O'erwhelm'd with sudden Night, the Day expires !

Ill-boding Thunder on the Right Hand rolls,

And Jove himself descends in Show'rs,

To quench our late propitious Fires.

C H O R U S of P R I E S T S.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs !

S E C O N D P R I E S T.

Again auspicious Flashes rise.

Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[Flames are again kindled on the Altar, and the Statue nods.]

T H I R D P R I E S T.

Again the sickly Flame decaying dies :

Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

[The Fire is again extinguish'd.]

A T H A M A S [apart.]

Thy Aid, Pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

S E M E L E [apart.]

Thee Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

[A loud-Clap of Thunder; the Altar sinks.]

F I R S T P R I E S T.

Cease, cease your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed ;

Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed :

This dreadful Conflict is of dire Prefage ;

Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending Rage.

[All

[ *All but the Priests come forward The Scene closes on the Priests, and shews to View the Front and Outside of the Temple. Cadmus leads off Semele, Attendants follow. Athamas and Ino remain.* ]



## S C E N E II.

A T H A M A S, I N O.

A T H A M A S.

O Athamas, what Torture hast thou born!  
And O, what hast thou yet to bear!  
From Love, from Hope, from near Possession torn,  
And plung'd at once in deep Despair.

I N O.

Turn, hopeless Lover, turn thy Eyes,  
And see a Maid bemoan,  
In flowing Tears and aking Sighs,  
Thy Woes, too like her own.

A T H A M A S,

She weeps !

The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,  
Weeps to behold my Misery !

So Semele wou'd melt  
To see another mourn.

Such unavailing Mercy is in Beauty found,  
Each Nymph bemoans the Smart  
Of every bleeding Heart,

But that where she herself inflicts the Wound.

I N O.

Ah me, too much afflicted !

A T H A M A S.

Can Pity for another's Pain  
Cause such Anxiety !

H 2

I N O.



I N O.

Cou'dst thou but guess  
 What I endure ;  
 Or cou'd I tell thee——  
 Thou, *Athamas*,  
 Wou'dst for a while  
 Thy Sorrows cease, a little cease,  
 And listen for a while  
 To my Lamenting.

A T H A M A S.

Of Grief too sensible  
 I know your tender Nature.  
 Well I remember,  
 When I oft have su'd  
 To cold, disdainful *Semele* ;  
 When I with Scorn have been rejected ;  
 Your tuneful Voice my Tale would tell,  
 In Pity of my sad Despair ;  
 And, with sweet Melody, compel  
 Attention from the flying Fair.

I N O.

Too well I see  
 Thou wilt not understand me.  
 Whence cou'd proceed such Tendernefs ?  
 Whence such Compassion ?  
 Insensible ! Ingrate !  
 Ah, no, I cannot blame thee :  
 For by Effects unknown before,  
 Who cou'd the hidden Cause explore ?  
 Or think that Love cou'd act so strange a Part,  
 To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart.

A T H A M A S.

Ah me, what have I heard !  
 She does her Passion own.

I N O.

I N O.

What, had I not despair'd,  
 You never shou'd have known.  
*You've undone me ;*  
*Look not on me ;*  
*Guilt upbraiding,*  
*Shame invading ;*  
*Look not on me ;*  
*You've undone me.*

A T H A M A S.

*With my Life I wou'd atone*  
*Pains you've born, to me unknown.*  
*Cease, cease to shun me.*

I N O.

*Look not on me,*  
*You've undone me.*

A T H A M A S.

*Cease, cease to shun me :*  
*Love, Love alone*  
*Has both undone.*

I N O, A T H A M A S.

*Love, Love alone,*  
*Has both undone.*



## S C E N E III.

[*To them*] Enter C A D M U S attended.

C A D M U S.

**A** H wretched Prince, doom'd to disastrous Love !  
 Ah me, of Parents most forlorn !  
 Prepare, O *Athamas*, to prove  
 The sharpest Pangs that e'er were born :  
 Prepare with me our common Loss to mourn.

H 3

A T H A-

## S E M E L E.

A T H A M A S.

Can Fate, or *Semele* invent  
Another, yet another Punishment?

C A D M U S.

Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haste,  
From *Juno's* Fane we fled;  
Scarce we the brazen Gates had pass'd,  
When *Semele* around her Head

With azure Flames was grac'd,  
Whose Lambent Glories in her Tresses play'd.

While this we saw with dread Surprise,  
Swifter than Lightning downwards tending,  
An Eagle stoopt, of mighty Size,

On Purple Wings descending;  
Like Gold his Beak, like Stars shone forth his Eyes,  
His Silver plummy Breast with Snow contending:

Sudden he snatch'd the trembling Maid,  
And soaring from our Sight convey'd,  
Diffusing ever as he lessening flew  
Celestial Odour, and Ambrosial Dew.

A T H A M A S.

O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!

I N O.

To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.



## S C E N E IV.

*Enter to them the Chief-Priest, with Augurs and other Priests.*

C A D M U S.

S E E, see, *Jove's* Priests and holy Augurs come:  
Speak, speak, of *Semele* and me declare the Doom.

F I R S T

# S E M E L E.

175

## FIRST AUGUR.

*Hail Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.*

*Cease your Mourning,*

*Joys returning,*

*Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.*

## SECOND AUGUR.

*Endless Pleasure, endless Love*

*Semele enjoys above;*

*On her Bosom Jove reclining,*

*Useless now his Thunder lies,*

*To her Arms his Bolts resigning,*

*And his Lightning to her Eyes.*

*Endless Pleasure, endless Love*

*Semele enjoys above.*

## FIRST PRIEST.

*Haste, haste, haste, to Sacrifice prepare,*

*Once to the Thunderer, once to the Fair:*

*Jove and Semele implore:*

*Jove and Semele like Honours share,*

*Whom Gods admire, let Men adore;*

*Haste, haste, haste, to Sacrifice prepare.*

*Chorus of Priests and Augurs.*

*Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.*

*Cease your Mourning,*

*Joys returning,*

*Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

End of the First Act.



H 4

ACT





## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The SCENE is a pleasant Country, the Prospect is terminated by a beautiful Mountain adorn'd with Woods and Water-falls. JUNO and IRIS descend in different Machines. JUNO in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks; IRIS on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.*

J U N O.

**I**RIS, impatient of thy Stay,  
 From Samos have I wing'd my Way,  
 To meet thy slow Return;  
 Thou know'st what Cares infest  
 My anxious Breast,  
 And how with Rage and Jealousy I burn:  
 Then why this long Delay?

I R I S.

With all his Speed not yet the Sun  
 Thro' half his Race has run,  
 Since I to execute thy dread Command  
 Have thrice encompass'd Seas and Land.

J U N O.

Say, where is Semele's Abode?  
 'Till that I know,  
 Tho' thou hadst on Lightning rode,  
 Still thou tedious art and-flow.

I R I S.

## I R I S.

Look where Citheron proudly stands,  
*Bæotia* parting from *Cecropian* Lands.  
 High on the Summit of that Hill,  
 Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eyes,  
 By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,  
 Behold a new-erected Palace rise.

*There from mortal Cares retiring,*  
*She resides in sweet Retreat;*  
*On her Pleasure, Jove requiring,*  
*All the Loves and Graces wait.*

*Thither Flora the Fair*  
*With her Train must repair,*  
*Her amorous Zephyr attending,*  
*All her Sweet's she must bring*  
*To continue the Spring,*  
*Which never must there know an Ending.*

*Bright Aurora, 'tis said,*  
*From her old Lover's Bed*  
*No more the gray Orient adorning,*  
*For the future must rise*  
*From fair Semele's Eyes,*  
*And wait 'till she wakes for the Morning.*

## J U N O.

No more —— I'll hear no more.  
 How long must I endure? ——  
 How long with Indignation burning,  
 From impious Mortals  
 Bear this Insolence!  
 Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;  
 Seize, destroy the curst Adulterers.

Scale proud *Citheron's* Top :  
 Snatch her, rear her in thy Fury,  
 And down, down to the Flood of *Acheron*  
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall :  
 Rolling down the Depths of Night,  
 Never more to behold the Light.

If I am own'd above,  
 Sister and Wife of *Jove* ;

(Sister at least I sure may claim,  
 Tho' Wife be a neglected Name.)

If I th' Imperial Scepter sway——I swear  
 By Hell——

Tremble thou Universe this Oath to hear,  
 Not one of curst *Agenor's* Race to spare.

I R I S.

Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount  
 What Obstacles you must surmount ;  
 With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,  
 Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard :  
 At each Approach they lash their forky Stings,  
 And clap their brazen Wings :  
 And as their scaly Horrors rise,  
 They all at once disclose  
 A thousand fiery Eyes,  
 Which never know Repose.

J U N O.

Hence *Iris*, hence away,  
 Far from the Realms of Day ;  
 O'er *Scythian* Hills to the *Meotian* Lake  
 A speedy Flight we'll take :  
 There *Somnus* I'll compel

His downy Bed to leave and silent Cell :  
 With Noise and Light I will his Peace molest,  
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing Rest,

'Till

'Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,  
And seals with Sleep the wakeful Dragon's Eyes.

[*They ascend.*]



## S C E N E II.

*The SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace of  
SEMELE; she is sleeping; LOVES and ZEPHYRS  
waiting.*

## C U P I D.

*SE E, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,  
Where weary and pleas'd, still panting she lies;  
While yet in her Mind she repeats the Delight,  
How sweet is the Slumber that steals on her Eyes!  
Come Zephyrs, come, while Cupid sings,  
Fan her with your silky Wings;  
New Desire  
I'll inspire,  
And revive the dying Flames;  
Dance around her,  
While I wound her,  
And with Pleasure fill her Dreams.*

[*A Dance of Zephyrs, after which Semele awakes,  
and rises.*]

## S E M E L E.

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?  
Why thy visionary Joys remove?  
O Sleep again deceive me,  
To my Arms restore my wandring Love.

S C E N E.





## S C E N E III.

*Two LOVES lead in JUPITER. While he meets and embraces S E M E L E, CUPID Sings.*

## C U P I D.

*SLEEP forfaking,  
Seize him waking;  
Love has fought him,  
Back has brought him;  
Mighty Jove tho' he be,  
And tho' Love cannot see,  
Yet by feeling about  
He has found him out,  
And has caught him.*

## S E M E L E.

*Let me not another Moment  
Bear the Pangs of Absence,  
Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,  
No more afflict me  
With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealousy.*

## J U P I T E R.

*Lay your Doubts and Fears aside,  
And for Joys alone provide;  
Tho' this Human Form I wear,  
Think not I Man's Falshood bear,  
You are Mortal, and require  
Time to rest and to respire.*

*Nor was I absent,  
Tho' a while withdrawn,  
To take Petitions*

*From*

From the needy World.  
While Love was with thee  
I was present ;  
Love and I are one.

S E M E L E.

*If chearful Hopes  
And chilling Fears,  
Alternate Smiles,  
Alternate Tears,  
Eager Panting,  
Fond Desiring,  
With Grief now fainting,  
Now with Bliss expiring ;  
If this be Love, not you alone,  
But Love and I are one.*

B O T H.

*If this be Love, not you alone,  
But Love and I are one.*

S E M E L E.

Ah me !

J U P I T E R.

Why sighs my Semele ?  
What gentle Sorrow  
Swells thy soft Bosom ?  
Why tremble those fair Eyes  
With interrupted Light ?  
Where hov'ring for a Vent,  
Amidst their humid Fires,  
Some new-form'd Wither appears.  
Speak, and obtain:

S E M E L E.

At my own Happiness  
I sigh and tremble ;  
Mortals whom Gods affect  
Have narrow Limits set to Life,  
And cannot long be blest'd.

Or

Or if they could——  
A God may prove inconstant.

J U P I T E R.

Beware of Jealousy :  
Had *Juno* not been jealous,  
I ne'er had left *Olympus*,  
Nor wander'd in my Love.

S E M E L E.

*With my Frailty don't upbraid me,  
I am Woman as you made me,  
Causeless doubting or despairing,  
Rashly trusting, idly fearing.*

*If obtaining  
Still complaining ;  
If consenting  
Still repenting ;  
Most complying  
When denying,*

*And to be follow'd, only flying.  
With my Frailty don't upbraid me,  
I am Woman as you made me.*

J U P I T E R.

Thy Sex of *Jove's* the Master-piece,  
Thou, of thy Sex, art most excelling.  
Frailty in thee is Ornament,  
In thee Perfection.  
Giv'n to agitate the Mind,  
And keep awake Mens Passions ;  
To banish Indolence,  
And dull Repose,  
The Foes of Transport  
And of Pleasure.

S E M E L E.

Still I am mortal,  
Still a Woman ;

And

And ever when you leave me,  
 Tho' compass'd round with Deities  
 Of Loves and Graces,  
 A Fear invades me,  
 And conscious of a Nature  
 Far inferior,  
 I seek for Solitude,  
 And shun Society.

JUPITER. [*apart.*]  
 Too well I read her Meaning,  
 But must not understand her.  
 Aiming at Immortality  
 With dangerous Ambition,  
 She wou'd dethrone *Saturnia*;  
 And reigning in my Heart  
 Would reign in Heav'n.

Lest she too much explain,  
 I must with Speed amuse her;  
 It gives the Lover double Pain,  
 Who hears his Nymph complain,  
 And hearing must refuse her.

S E M E L E.

Why do you cease to gaze upon me?  
 Why musing turn away?  
 Some other Object  
 Seems more pleasing.

JUPITER.  
*Thy needless Fears remove,*  
*My fairest, latest, only Love.*  
 By my Command,  
 Now at this Instant,  
 Two winged Zephyrs  
 From her downy Bed

Thy



## S E M E L E.

Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear ;  
 And both together  
 Waft her hither  
 Thro' the balmy Air.

S E M E L E.

Shall I my Sister see !  
 The dear Companion  
 Of my tender Years.

J U P I T E R.

See, she appears,  
 But sees not me ;  
 For I am visible  
 Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,  
 And with Welcomes greet her.

Now all this Scene shall to *Arcadia* turn,

The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains ;  
 There without the Rage of Jealousy they burn,  
 And taste the Sweets of Love without its Pains.



## S C E N E IV.

JUPITER retires. SEMELE and INO meet and embrace. The SCENE is totally changed, and shews an open Country. Several Shepherds and Shepherdesses Enter. SEMELE and INO having entertain'd each other in dumb Shew, sit and observe the Rural Sports, which end the Second Act.

ACT



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The SCENE is the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard. Then the Music changes to a different Movement.*

J U N O and I R I S.

J U N O.



S O M N U S, awake,  
Raife thy reclining Head;

I R I S.

Thyself forsake,  
And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead:

S O M N U S [*waking.*]

*Leave me, loathsome Light;*

*Receive me, silent Night.*

*Lethe; why does thy lingring Current cease?*

*O murmur, murmur me again to Peace.*

[Sinks down again.]

I R I S.

Dull God, can'st thou attend the Water's Fall,  
And not hear *Saturnia* call!

J U N O.

Peace, *Iris*, Peace, I know how to charm him:

*Pasithea's* Name alone can warm him:

J U N O,

## S E M E L E.

JUNO, IRIS.

*Only Love on Sleep has Pow'r ;**O'er Gods and Men**Tho' Somnus reign,**Love alternate has his Hour.*

JUNO.

*Somnus, arise,**Disclose thy tender Eyes ;**For Pasithea's Sight**Endure the Light :**Somnus, arise.*

SOMNUS [rising.]

*More sweet is that Name**Than a soft purling Stream ;**With Pleasure Repose I'll forsake,**If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.*

JUNO.

*My Will obey,**She shall be thine.**Thou with thy softer Pow'rs**First Jove shalt captivate,**To Morpheus then give Order,**Thy various Minister,**'That with a Dream in Shape of Semelè,**But far more beautiful,**And more alluring,**He may invade the sleeping Deity ;**And more to agitate**His kindling Fire,**Still let the Phantom seem**To fly before him,**That he may wake impetuous,**Furious in Desire ;**Unable to refuse whatever Boon**Her Coyness shall require.*

SOMNUS.

S O M N U S.

I tremble to comply.

J U N O.

To me thy leaden Rod resign,  
To charm the Centinels  
On Mount *Citheron* ;  
Then cast a Sleep on mortal *Ino*,  
That I may seem her Form to wear  
When I to *Semele* appear.  
Obey my Will, thy Rod resign,  
And *Pasithea* shall be thine.

S O M N U S.

All I must grant, for all is due  
To *Pasithea*, Love, and you.

J U N O.

Away let us haste,  
Let neither have Rest,  
'Till the sweetest of Pleasures we prove ;  
'Till of Vengeance possess'd  
I doubly am bless'd,  
And thou art made happy in Love.

[*Ex. Juno and Iris.*

[*Somnus retires within his Cave, the Scene  
changes to Semele's Apartment.*



S C E N E II.

S E M E L E [ *alone.* ]

S E M E L E.

[ *Love and am lov'd, yet more I desire ;  
Ah, how foolish a Thing is Fruition !  
As one Passion cools, some other takes Fire,  
And I'm still in a longing Condition.*

*What'er*



*Whate'er I possess  
 Soon seems an Excess.  
 For something untry'd I petition;  
 Tho' daily I prove  
 The Pleasures of Love,  
 I die for the Joys of Ambition.*



## S C E N E III.

*Enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirrour in her Hand.*

JUNO [*apart.*]  
 THUS shaped like *Ino*,  
 With Ease I shall deceive her,  
 And in this Mirrour she shall see  
 Herself as much transform'd as me.  
 Do I some Goddess see!  
 Or is it *Semele*?

[*To her.*]

S E M E L E.  
 Dear Sister, speak,  
 Whence this Astonishment?  
 JUNO.  
 Your Charms improving  
 To Divine Perfection,  
 Shew you were late admitted  
 Amongst Celestial Beauties.  
 Has *Jove* consented?  
 And are you made Immortal?

S E M E L E.  
 Ah no, I still am mortal;  
 Nor am I sensible  
 Of any Change or new Perfection.

JUNO.

J U N O. [*Giving her the Glass.*]

*Behold in this Mirrour  
Whence comes my Surprise ;  
Such Lustre and Terror  
Unite in your Eyes,*

*That mine cannot fix on a Radiance so bright ;  
'Tis unsafe for the Sense, and too slipp'ry for Sight.*

S E M E L E. [*Looking in the Glass*]

*O Extasy of Happiness !  
Celestial Graces  
I discover in each Feature !*

*Myself I shall adore,  
If I persist in gazing ;  
No Object sure before  
Was ever half so pleasing.*

*How did that Glance become me !  
But take this flatt'ring Mirrour from me.*

*Yet once again let me view me.*

*Ah charming all o'er !*

[*Offering the Glass, withdraws her Hand again.*  
*Here — bold, I'll have one Look more.*  
*Tho' that Look I were sure would undo me.*

J U N O. [*Taking the Glass from her.*]

*Be wise as you are beautiful,  
Nor lose this Opportunity.  
When Jove appears,  
All ardent with Desire,  
Refuse his proffer'd Flame  
'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.*

S E M E L E.

*Can that avail me ?*

J U N O.

*Unknowing your Intent,  
And eager for possessing,  
He unawares will grant  
The nameless Blessing.*

*But*

*But bind him by the Stygian Lake,  
Lest Lower-like his Word he break.*

S E M E L E.

But how shall I attain  
To Immortality?

J U N O.

Conjure him by his Oath  
Not to approach your Bed  
In Likeness of a Mortal,  
But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,  
In Pomp of Majesty,  
And heav'nly Attire;

As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,  
And with ineffable Delights  
Fills her incircling Arms,  
And pays the Nuptial Rites.

By this Conjunction  
With entire Divinity  
You shall partake of heav'nly Essence,  
And thenceforth leave this mortal State  
To reign above,

Ador'd by *Jove*,  
In spite of jealous *Juno's* Hate.

S E M E L E.

*Thus let my Thanks be paid,  
Thus let my Arms embrace thee;  
And when I'm a Goddess made,  
With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.*

J U N O.

Rich Odours fill the fragrant Air,  
And *Jove's* Approach declare.  
I must retire——

S E M E L E.

Adieu——Your Counsel I'll pursue.

J U N O

J U N O [*Apart.*]

And sure Destruction will insue.

Vain wretched Fool — [*To her.*] Adieu. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

JUPITER enters, offers to embrace SEMELE; she looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

JUPITER.

COME to my Arms, my lovely Fair,  
Sooth my uneasy Care:

In my Dream late I woo'd thee,

And in vain I pursu'd thee,

For you fled from my Pray'r,

And bid me despair.

Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair.

S E M E L E.

Tho'tis easy to please ye,

And hard to deny;

Tho' Possessing's a Blessing

For which I could die,

I dare not, I cannot comply.

JUPITER.

When I languish with Anguish,

And tenderly sigh,

Can you leave me, deceive me,

And scornfully fly?

Ah fear not; you must not deny.

S E M E L E, JUPITER.

I dare not, I cannot comply.

Ah fear not; you must not deny.

JUP.



## J U P I T E R.

O Semele,  
 Why art thou thus insensible?  
 Were I a Mortal,  
 Thy barbarous disdain  
 Would surely end me,  
 And Death at my Complaining  
 In Pity would befriend me.

## S E M E L E.

I ever am granting,  
 You always complain;  
 I always am wanting,  
 Yet never obtain.

## J U P I T E R.

Speak, speak your Desire,  
 I'm all over Fire.  
 Say what you require,  
 I'll grant it—now let us retire.

## S E M E L E.

Swear by the Stygian Lake.

## J U P I T E R.

By that tremendous Flood I swear,  
 Ye Stygian Waters hear,  
 And thou Olympus shake,  
 In witness to the Oath I take.

[Thunder at a Distance, and underneath.

## S E M E L E.

You'll grant what I require?

## J U P I T E R.

I'll grant what you require.

## S E M E L E.

Then cast off this human Shape which you wear,  
 And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear;

When

*When next you desire I should charm ye.*

*As when Juno you bless,*

*So you me must carest,*

*And with all your Omnipotence arm ye.*

J U P I T E R.

*Ah ! take heed what you press,*

*For beyond all Redress,*

*Should I grant what you wish, I shall harm ye.*

S E M E L E.

*I'll be pleas'd with no less,*

*Than my Wish in Excess :*

*Let the Oath you have taken alarm ye :*

*Haste, haste, and prepare,*

*For I'll know what you are ;*

*So with all your Omnipotence arm ye.*



S C E N E V.

*She withdraws, J U P I T E R remains pensive and dejected.*

J U P I T E R.

**A** H whither is she gone ! unhappy Fair !  
Why did she wish ? — Why did I rashly swear ?

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,*

*She must a Victim fall.*

Anon, when I appear

The mighty Thunderer,

Arm'd with inevitable Fire,

She needs must instantly expire.

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,*

*She must a Victim fall.*

My softest Lightning yet I'll try,  
 And mildest melting Bolt apply :  
 In vain——for she was fram'd to prove  
 None but the lambent Flames of Love.

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,  
 She must a Victim fall.*



## S C E N E VI.

*JUNO appears in her Chariot ascending.*

JUNO.

*Above Measure  
 Is the Pleasure  
 Which my Revenge supplies.  
 Love's a Bubble  
 Gain'd with Trouble,  
 And in possessing dies.  
 With what Joy shall I mount to my Heav'n again,  
 At once from my Rival and Jealousy freed!  
 The Sweets of Revenge make it worth while to reign,  
 And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.*

*[She ascends.]*



S C E N E



## S C E N E VII.

*The SCENE opening discovers SEMELE lying under a Canopy, leaning pensively. While a mournful Symphony is playing she looks up and sees JUPITER descending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is slow. Flashes of Lightning issue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the Air.*

S E M E L E.

**A** H me! too late I now repent  
My Pride and impious Vanity.

He comes! far off his Lightnings scorch me.

—— I feel my Life consuming:

I burn, I burn——I faint——for Pity I implore——

O help, O help——I can no more. [Dies.

*As the Cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived just over the Canopy of Semele, a sudden and great Flash of Lightning breaks forth, and a Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one Instant Semele with the Palace and the whole present Scene disappears, and Jupiter re-ascends swiftly. The Scene totally changed represents a pleasant Country, Mount Citheron closing the Prospect.*



## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS and INO.*

I N O.

**O** F my ill-boding Dream  
Behold the dire Event.

I 2

C A D.



CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

O Terror and Astonishment!

I N O.

How I was hence remov'd,  
 Or hither how return'd, I know not:  
 So long a Trance withheld me.  
 But *Hermes* in a Vision told me  
 (As I have now related)  
 The Fate of *Semele*;  
 And added, as from me he fled,  
 That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* should wed.

C A D M U S.

Be *Jove* in every thing obey'd.

[Joins their Hands.]

A T H A M A S.

Unworthy of your Charms, myself I yield;  
 Be *Jove's* Commands and yours fulfill'd.

C A D M U S.

See from above the belying Clouds descend,  
 And big with some new Wonder this Way tend.



## S C E N E IX.

*A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron, which opening, discovers A P O L L O seated in it as the God of Prophecy.*

A P O L L O.

**A** Pollo comes to relieve your Care,  
 And future Happiness declare.

*From tyrannous Love all your Sorrows proceed.  
 From tyrannous Love you shall quickly be freed.*

From

*From Semele's Ashes a Phoenix shall rise,  
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:*

*A God he shall prove  
More mighty than Love,  
And a Sovereign Juice shall invent,  
Which Antidote pure  
The sick Lover shall cure,  
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.*

*Then Mortals be merry, and scorn the blind Boy;  
Your Hearts from his Arrows strong Wine shall defend:  
Each Day and each Night you shall revel in Joy,  
For when Bacchus is born, Love's Reign's at an End.*

## C H O R U S.

*Then Mortals be merry, &c.  
Dance of Satyrs.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

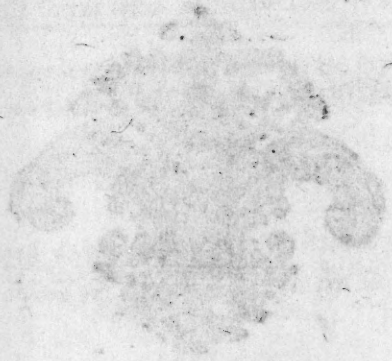


17

FORM 1

Form 1 is a form used for the purpose of recording the results of the examination of a specimen of a substance, and is filled out by the analyst.

The form is divided into two main parts, the first of which is for the recording of the results of the examination, and the second of which is for the recording of the details of the specimen.



FORM 1

# P O E M S

U P O N

*Several Occasions.*

---

*Minuentur atrae  
Carminē cura.*

H O R.



Printed in the Year 1753.





Printed in the Year 1753



# EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

*CHARLES*

Lord *HALIFAX*, &c.



O You, my Lord, my Muse her Tri-  
bute pays

Of various Verse, in various rude  
Essays ;

To You, she first address'd her early Voice,  
By Inclination led, and fix'd by Choice ;  
To you, on whose Indulgence she depends,  
Her few collected Lays she now commends.

## E P I S T L E.

By no one Measure bound, her Numbers range,  
And unresolv'd in Choice, delight in Change;  
Her Songs to no distinguish'd Fame aspire,  
For, now, she tries the Reed, anon, attempts the  
Lyre;

In high *Parnassus* she no Birthright claims,  
Nor drinks deep Draughts of *Heliconian* Streams;  
Yet near the sacred Mount she loves to rove,  
Visits the Springs, and hovers round the Grove.  
She knows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,  
And fears to fall from an *Icarian* Height:  
Yet, she admires the Wing that safely soars,  
At Distance follows, and its Track adores,  
She knows what Room, what Force, the Swan requires,  
Whose tow'ring Head above the Clouds aspires,  
And knows as well, it is Your Lowest Praise,  
Such Heights to reach with equal Strength and Ease.

O had Your Genius been to Leisure born,  
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!  
*Albion* in Verse with ancient *Greece* had vy'd,  
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, seven States  
divide.

But such, ev'n such Renown, too dear had cost,  
Had we the Patriot in the Poet lost.  
A true Poetic State we had deplor'd,  
Had not Your Ministry our Coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, tho' Your Exalted Name  
Stands foremost in the fairest List of Fame,

Tho'

## EPISTLE.

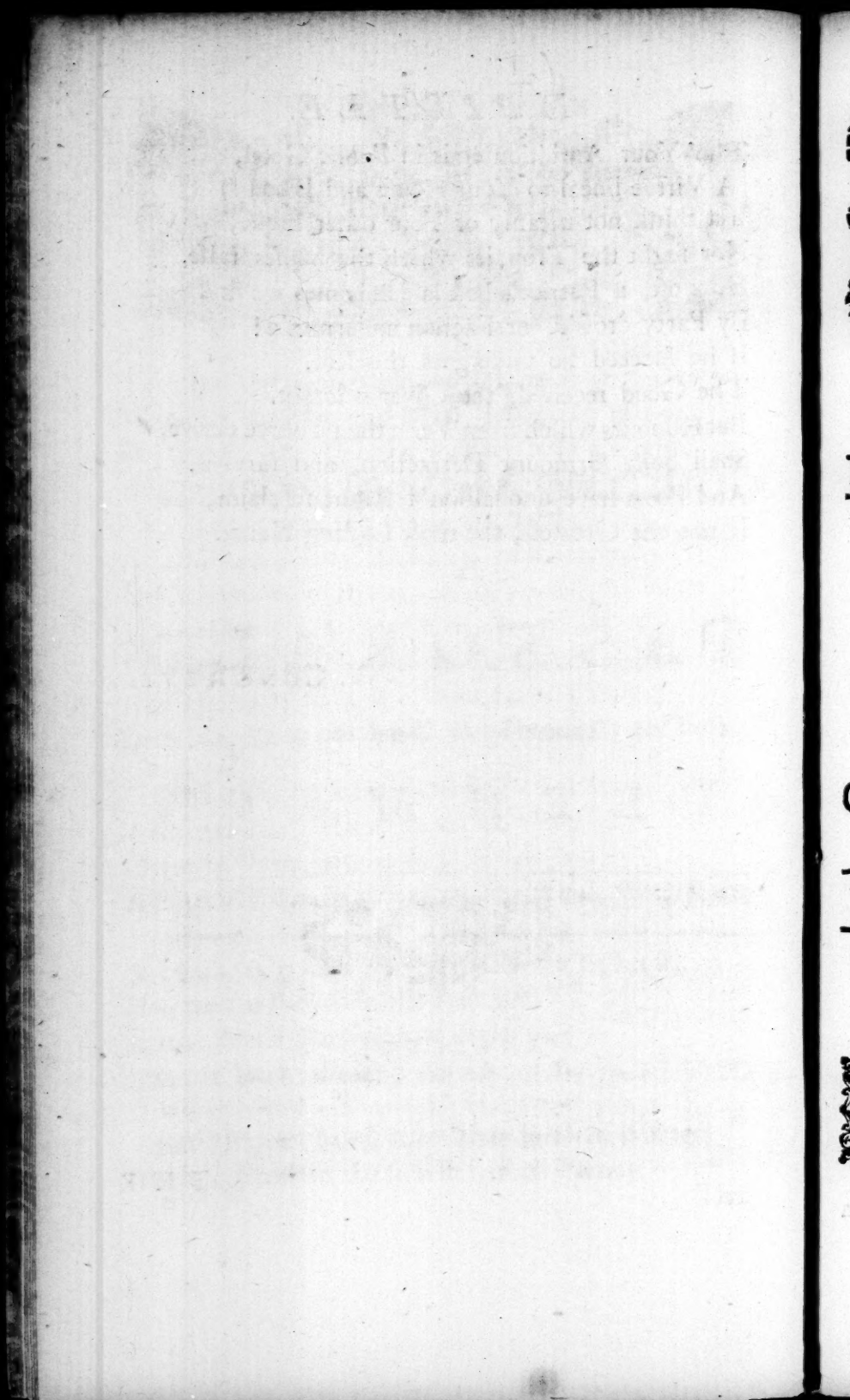
Tho' Your Ambition ends in Public Good,  
(A Virtue lineal to Your House and Blood :)  
Yet think not meanly of Your other Praise,  
Nor slight the Trophies which the Muses raise.  
How oft, a Patriot's best laid Schemes we find  
By Party cross'd, or Faction undermin'd!  
If he succeed he undergoes this Lot,  
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot.  
But Honours which from Verse their Source derive,  
Shall both surmount Detraction, and survive:  
And Poets have unquestion'd Right to claim,  
If not the Greatest, the most Lasting Name.

W. CONGREVE.



THE







THE  
Mourning Muse of *Alexis*.  
A  
PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of

QUEEN MARY.

---

*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.* Virg.

---

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

**B**ehold, *Alexis*, see this Gloomy Shade,  
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made ;  
Where, no glad Beams of Light can ever play,  
But Night succeeding Night excludes the Day ;  
Where,

Where, never Birds with Harmony repair,  
 And lightsome Notes, to cheer the Dusky Air,  
 To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,  
 By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel*.

No Violet here, nor Daisy e'er was seen,  
 No sweetly budding Flower, nor springing Green,  
 For fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,  
 Here, baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.  
 Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss,  
 We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *Albion's* Loss;  
 Of *Albion's* Loss, and of *Pastora's* Death,  
 Begin thy mournful Song, and raise thy tuneful Breath.

## A L E X I S.

Ah Woe too great! Ah Theme, which far exceeds  
 The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!

O could I sing in Verse of equal Strain,  
 With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain;  
 Or melting Words, and moving Numbers chuse,  
 Sweet as the British *Colin's* mourning Muse;  
 Could I like him, in tuneful Grief excel,  
 And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrol*;  
 Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of Skill,)  
 And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill;  
 The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,  
 And hollow Rocks *Pastora's* Name repeat;  
 Each whistling Wind, and murmur'ing Stream should tell  
 How Lov'd she liv'd, and how Lamented fell.

## M E N A L C A S.

Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Laurel crown'd,  
 And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,  
 Yet would not all thy Art avail, to show  
 Verse worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:  
 But such true Passion in thy Face appears,  
 In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears,  
 Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,  
 As shall supply all Skill, if not exceed,

Then

Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,  
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express ;  
In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,  
And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs, lament.

A L E X I S.

Wild be my Words, *Menalcas*, wild my Thought,  
Artless as Nature's Notes, in Birds untaught ;  
Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains,  
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.  
And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,  
By whom inspir'd, I sung at *Comus*' Feast ;  
While in a Ring, the Jolly Rural Throng  
Have sat and smil'd to hear my chearful Song :  
Begone, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,  
My Pipe, no longer now thy Pow'r obeys ;  
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,  
Thy springing Laurels, all to Cypress turn ;  
Wound with thy dismal Cries the tender Air,  
And beat thy snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair ;  
Far hence, in utmost Wilds, thy Dwelling chase,  
Begone *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,*

*And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

No more, these Woods shall with her Sight be bless'd,  
Nor with her Feet, these Flow'ry Plains be press'd ;  
No more, the Winds shall with her Tresses play,  
And from her balmy Breath steal Sweets away ;  
No more, these Rivers chearfully shall pass,  
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face ;  
While on their Banks the wondring Flocks have stood,  
Greedy of Sight, and Negligent of Food.

No more, the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight  
Her Ears, no more with Dances please her Sight ;  
Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,  
To bless the Joyous Day, that gave her Birth :

Loft



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Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,  
For ever lost with her, in endless Night :  
In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,  
Death in Eternal Shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,  
Stray all ye Flocks, and desert be ye Plains,  
Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Cryſtal Floods,  
Fade all ye Flowers, and wither all ye Woods.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

Within a diſmal Grot which Damps ſurround,  
'All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholſom Ground ;  
The Marble weeps, and with a ſilent Pace,  
Its trickling Tears diſtil upon her Face.  
Fally ye weep, ye Rocks, and falſly mourn !  
For never will you let the Nymph return !  
With a feign'd Grief the faithleſs Tomb relents,  
And like the *Crocodile* its Prey laments.

O ſhe was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind !  
Never in Nature were ſuch Beauties join'd :  
Without all ſhining ; and within, all white ;  
Pure to the Senſe, and pleaſing to the Sight ;  
Like ſome rare Flow'r, whoſe Leaves all Colours yield,  
And opening, is with ſweeteſt Odours fill'd.  
As loſty Pines o'er-top the lowly Reed,  
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed,  
To which excelling Height, ſhe bore a Mind  
Humble, as Offers bending to the Wind.  
Thus excellent ſhe was——

Ah wretched Fate ! She was, but is no more.  
Help me, ye Hills and Valleys, to deplore.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

From that bleſt Earth, on which her Body lies,  
May blooming Flow'rs with fragrant Sweets ariſe :

Let

Let *Myrrha* weeping Aromatic Gum,  
And ever-living Laurel, shade her Tomb.  
Thither, let all th' industrious Bees repair,  
Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Honey there :  
Thither, let *Fairies* with their Train resort,  
Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,  
There in unusual Wailings waste the Night,  
And watch her, by the fiery Glow-worms Light.

There, may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,  
Nor Holly Bush, nor bitter Elder's Bough ;  
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,  
And distant Dens receive each howling Beast ;  
Let Wolves be gone, be Ravens put to flight,  
With hooting Owls, and Bats that hate the Light.

But let the sighing Doves their Sorrows bring,  
And Nightingales in sweet Complainings sing ;  
Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,  
And sick'ning at her Tomb, make haste to die,  
That they may help to sing her Elegy.  
Let *Echo* too, in Mimic Moan deplore,  
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more !

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

And see, the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,  
And heavy Mists obscure the burden'd Air :  
A sudden Damp o'er all the Plain is spread,  
Each Lily folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.  
On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,  
And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moisture bears.  
Their Wings the Feather'd Airy People droop,  
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills  
Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.  
The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,  
And each, with streaming Eyes, supplies his wanting Urn.

The

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The *Fauns* forsake the Woods, the *Nymphs* the Grove,  
And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove ;  
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,  
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden Hair.

With their sharp Nails, themselves the *Satyrs* wound,  
And tug their shaggy Beards, and bite with Grief the Ground.

Lo *Pan* himself, beneath a blasted Oak  
Dejected lies, his Pipe in Pieces broke.  
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild despair,  
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare.

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears  
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears,  
See, how she wrings her Hands, and beats her Breast,  
And tears her useless Girdle from her Waste :  
Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves,  
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo, *Love* himself, with heavy Woes oppress !  
See, how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast ;  
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,  
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings ;  
Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass,  
And all with Tears bedews his Beauteous Face,  
With Tears, which from his folded Lids arise,  
And even *Love* himself has weeping Eyes.  
All Nature mourns ; the Floods and Rocks deplore,  
And cry with me *Pastora* is no more !

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,  
And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn ;  
The Birds, in Songs, their Sorrows can disclose,  
And Nymphs and Swains, in Words, can tell their Woes.  
But oh ! behold that deep and wild Despair,  
Which neither Winds can show, nor Floods, nor Air.

See the Great *Shepherd*, Chief of all the Swains,  
Lord of these Woods, and wide-extended Plains,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the Ground, and close to Earth his Face,  
Scalding with Tears th' already faded Grass;  
To the cold Clay he joins his throbbing Breast,  
No more within *Pastora's* Arms to rest!  
No more! For those once soft and circling Arms  
Themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.  
Cold are those Lips, which he no more must kiss,  
And cold that Bosom, once all downy Bliss;  
On whose soft Pillows, lull'd in sweet Delights,  
He us'd, in Balmy Sleep, to lose the Nights.

Ah! where is all that Love and Fondness fled?  
Ah! where is all that tender Sweetness laid?  
To Dust must all that Heav'n of Beauty come!  
And must *Pastora* moulder in the Tomb!  
Ah Death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,  
Than wildest Wolves, or savage Tigers are;  
With Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd,  
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

" But see, *Menalcas*, where a sudden Light,  
" With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my Sight:  
" And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,  
" Shewing all Radiant bright the Sacred Ground.  
" While from her Tomb, behold a Flame ascends  
" Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends!  
" On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight  
" Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light;  
" Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,  
" And fixing there, a glorious Star remains:  
*Fairest it shines of all that light the Skies,  
As once on Earth were seen PASTORA's Eyes.*





To the KING,  
On the taking of *NAMURE*.  
IRREGULAR ODE.

*Præfenti tibi Maturos largimur Honores :  
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Hor. ad Augustum.

I.

OF Arms and War my Muse aspires to Sing,  
And strike the Lyre upon an untry'd String;  
New Fire informs my Soul, unfelt before;  
And, on new Wings, to Heights unknown I soar.  
O Pow'r unseen! by whose Resistless Force  
Compell'd, I take this Flight, direct my Course;  
For Fancy, wild and pathless Ways will choose,  
Which Judgment, rarely, or with Pain, pursues.  
Say, Sacred Nymph, whence this great Change proceeds;  
Why scorns the lowly Swain his Oaten Reeds,  
Daring aloud to strike the Sounding *Lyre*,  
And sing Heroic Deeds;  
Neglecting Flames of Love, for Martial Fire?

II.

*William*, alone, my Feeble Voice can raise;  
What Voice so weak, that cannot sing his Praise!  
The list'ning World each Whisper will befriend  
That breathes his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend.  
The hov'ring Winds on downy Wings shall wait around,  
And catch, and waft to Foreign Lands, the flying Sound.  
Ev'n I will in his Praise be heard;  
For by His Name my Verse shall be preferr'd.

Born

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Born like a Lark upon this Eagle's Wing,  
High as the Spheres, I will his Triumph sing;  
High as the Head of *Fame*; *Fame* whose exalted Size,  
From the deep Vale extends, up to the vaulted Skies \*;  
A thousand talking Tongues the Monster bears,  
A thousand waking Eyes, and ever-open Ears;  
Hourly she stalks, with Huge Gigantic Pace,  
Meas'ring the Globe, like Time, with constant Race:  
Yet shall she stay, and bend to *William's* Praise:  
Of Him, her thousand Ears shall hear triumphant Lays,  
Of him her Tongues shall talk, on Him her Eyes shall gaze;

III.

But lo, a Change astonishing my Eyes!  
And all around, behold new Objects rise!  
What Forms are these I see? and whence?  
Beings substantial? or does Air condense,  
To clothe in visionary Shape my various Thought?  
Are these by Fancy wrought!  
Can strong Ideas strike so deep the Sense!  
O sacred Poesy! O boundless Power!  
What Wonders dost thou trace, what hidden Worlds explore.  
Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide circling Sky,  
What is not sought and seen, by thy all-piercing Eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry Lawns the Prospect made,  
And flowing Brooks beneath a Forest's shade;  
A Lowing Heifer, Loveliest of the Herd,  
Stood feeding by; while two fierce Bulls prepar'd  
Their Armed Heads for Fight; by Fate of War, to prove  
The Victor worthy of the Fair One's Love.  
Unthought Prefage, of what met next my View!  
For soon the shady Scene withdrew.

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\* *Virg. Æn.* 4.

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And now, for Woods, and Fields, and springing  
Flow'rs ;  
Behold a Town arise, Bulwark'd with Walls, and lofty  
Tow'rs !

Two Rival Armies all the Plain o'erspread,  
Each in Battalia rang'd, and shining Arms array'd :  
With eager Eyes, beholding both from far,  
*Namure*, the Prize and Mistress of the War.

V.

Now, Thirst of Conquest, and Immortal Fame,  
Does ev'ry Chief and Soldier's Heart inflame.  
Defensive Arms, the *Gallic* Forces bear ;  
While Hardy *Britons* for the Storm prepare :  
For Fortune had, with partial Hand, before  
Resign'd the Rule to *Gallia's* Pow'r.  
High on a Rock the mighty Fortrefs stands,  
Founded by Fate ; and wrought by Nature's Hands.  
A wondrous Task it is th' Ascent to gain,  
Thro' craggy Cliffs, that strike the Sight with Pain,  
And nod impending Terrors o'er the Plain.  
To this, what Dangers Men can add, by Force or Skill,  
(And great is Human Force and Wit in Ill)  
Are join'd ; on ev'ry side, wide gaping Engines wait,  
Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate ;  
Ready to hurl Destruction from above,  
In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of *Jove*.  
Thus fearful, does the Face of adverse Pow'r appear ;  
But *British* Forces are unus'd to fear :  
Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if *William* were not there.

VI.

But hark, the Voice of War ! Behold the Storm begin !  
The Trumpet's Clangor speaks in loud Alarms,  
Mingling shrill Notes with dreadful Din  
Of Cannons burst, and rattling clash of Arms.

Clamours from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to Earth  
rebound,  
Distinction, in promiscuous Noise is drown'd,  
And *Echo* lost in one continu'd Sound.  
Torrents of Fire from Brazen Mouths are sent,  
Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent;  
Such Flames the Gulphs of *Tartarus* disgorge,  
So vaulted *Ætna* roars from *Vulcan's* Forge;  
Such were the Peals from thence, such the vast Blaze that  
broke,

Redning with horrid Gloom, the dusky Smoke,  
When the huge *Cyclops* did with molding Thunder sweat,  
And Massive Bolts on repercussive Anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this Rage, behold, where *William* stands,  
Undaunted, Undismay'd!  
With Face serene, dispensing dread Commands;  
Which heard with Awe, are with Delight obey'd,  
A thousand fiery Deaths around him fly;  
And burning Balls his harmless by:  
For ev'ry Fire his sacred Head must spare,  
Nor dares the Lightning touch the Laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded *Briton* feels the Rage  
Of Missive Fires that fester in each Limb,  
Which dire Revenge alone has Pow'r t'assuage;  
Revenge makes Danger dreadful seem.  
And now, with desp'rate Force, and fresh Attack,  
Thro' obvious Deaths, resistless Way they make;  
Raising high Piles of Earth, and heap on heap they lay,  
And then ascend; resembling thus (as far  
As Race of Men inferior, may)  
The fam'd Gigantic War.  
When those tall Sons of Earth, did Heav'n aspire;  
(A Brave, but impious Fire!)

Up-



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Uprooting Hills, with most stupendous Hale,  
 To form the High and Dreadful Scale.  
 The Gods, with Horror and Amaze look down,  
 Beholding Rocks from their firm Basis rent ;  
 Mountain on Mountain thrown,  
 With threatening hurl, that shook th' Æthereal Firmament !  
 Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create ;  
 Ev'n *Jove* desponding sat,  
 'Till *Mars* with all his Force collected, stood,  
 And pour'd whole *War* on the rebellious Brood ;  
 Who tumbling Headlong from th' *Empyrean* Skies,  
 O'erwhelm'd those Hills, by which they thought to rise.  
*Mars*, on the Gods did then his Aid bestow,  
 And now in Godlike *William* storms, with equal Force

IX.

[below.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken Pace,  
 And hardy Breasts oppos'd to Danger's Face.  
 With daring Feet, on springing Mines they tread  
 Of secret Sulphur, in dire Ambush laid.  
 Still they proceed ; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring Earth  
 Trembles to give the dread Irruptions Birth.  
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,  
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd Foe.  
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy Walls !  
 See, how the *Britons* rise ; see the retiring *Gauls* !  
 Now from the Fort, behold the yielding Flag is spread,  
 And *William's* Banner on the Breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant Shouts, from every Voice !  
 The Skies with Acclamations ring !  
 Hark, how around, the Hills rejoice,  
 And Rocks reflected *Io's* sing !  
 Hautboys and Fifes and Trumpets join'd,  
 Heroic Harmony prepare,  
 And charm to Silence every Wind,  
 And glad the late Tormented Air.

Far

Far, is the sound of Martial Music spread,

Echoing thro' all the *Gallic* Host.

Whose numerous Troops the dreadful Storm survey'd :

But they with Wonder, or with Awe dismay'd,

Unmov'd beheld the Fortrefs lost.

*William*, their num'rous Troops with Terror fill'd,

Such wondrous Charms can Godlike Valour show !

Nor the wing'd *Perseus*, with Petrific Shield

Of *Gorgon's* Head, to more Amazement charm'd his Foe.

Nor, when on soaring Horse he flew, to aid

And save from Monster's Rage, the Beauteous Maid ;

Or more Heroic was the Deed ;

Or she to surer Chains decreed,

Than was *Namure* ; 'till now by *William* freed.

XI.

Descend, my Muse, from thy too daring height,

Descend to Earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd Wing ;

For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted Flight,

And dost with Pain of Triumphs sing.

More fit for thee, resume thy rural Reeds ;

For War let more *Harmonious Harps* be strung :

Sing thou of Love, and leave Great *William's* Deeds

To *Him* who sung the *Boyne* ; or *Him* to whom he Sung.

# The BIRTH of the MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

Horat.

DESCEND, Celestial Muse! thy Son inspire  
Of thee to sing ; infuse thy Holy Fire.

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K

Be-

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Belov'd of Gods and Men, thyself disclose ;  
 Say, from what Source thy Heav'nly Pow'r arose,  
 Which from unnumb'ed Years deliv'ring down  
 The Deeds of Heroes deathless in Renown,  
 Extends their Life and Fame to Ages yet unknown.

*Time* and the *Muse* set forth with equal Pace ;  
 At once the Rivals started to the Race :  
 And both at once the destin'd Course shall end,  
 Or both to all Eternity contend.

One to preserve what t'other cannot save,  
 And rescue Virtue rising from the Grave.

To thee, O *Montague*, these Strains are sung,  
 For thee my Voice is tun'd, and speaking Lyre is strung ;  
 For ev'ry Grace of ev'ry *Muse* is thine,  
 In thee their various Fires united shine,  
 Darling of *Phæbus* and the tuneful Nine !  
 To thee alone I dare my Song commend,  
 Whose Nature can forgive, and Pow'r defend,  
 And shew by Turns the Patron and the Friend.

Begin, my *Muse*, from *Jove* derive thy Song,  
 Thy Song of right does first to *Jove* belong :  
 For thou thyself art of Celestial Seed,  
 Nor dare a Sire inferior boast the Breed.

When first the Frame of this vast Ball was made,  
 And *Jove* with Joy the finish'd Work survey'd ;  
 Vicissitude of Things, of Men and States,  
 Their Rise and Fall were destin'd by the Fates.  
 Then *Time* had first a Name ; by firm Decree  
 Appointed Lord of all Futurity.

Within whose ample Bosom Fates repose  
 Causes of Things, and secret Seeds inclose,  
 Which ripening there, shall one Day gain a Birth,  
 And force a Passage thro' the teeming Earth.  
 To him they give, to rule the spacious Light,  
 And bound the yet unparted Day and Night ;

To wing the Hours that whirl the rolling Sphere,  
To shift the Seasons, and conduct the Year,  
Duration of Dominion and of Pow'r  
To him prescribe, and fix each fated Hour.  
This mighty Rule, to *Time* the Fates ordain,  
But yet to hard Conditions bind his Reign,  
For ev'ry beauteous Birth he brings to Light,  
(How good soe'er and grateful in his sight,)  
He must again to Native Earth restore,  
And all his Race with Iron Teeth devour.  
Nor good, nor Great shall 'scape his hungry Maw,  
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid Law.

Not yet, the loosen'd Earth aloft was slung,  
Or pois'd amid the Skies in Balance hung;  
Nor yet, did Golden Fires the Sun adorn,  
Or borrow'd Lustre silver *Cynthia's* Horn;  
Nor yet, had *Time* Commission to begin,  
Or Fate the many-twisted Web to spin;  
When all the Heav'nly Host assembled came,  
To view the World yet resting on its Frame;  
Eager they press, to see the Sire dismiss  
And roll the Globe along the vast Abyss.

When deep revolving Thoughts the God retain,  
Which for a Space suspend the promis'd Scene.  
Once more his Eyes on *Time* intentive look,  
Again, inspect Fate's universal Book.  
Abroad the wondrous Volume he displays,  
And present views the Deeds of future Days.

A beauteous Scene adorns the foremost Page,  
Where Nature's Bloom presents the Golden Age.  
The Golden Leaf to Silver soon resigns,  
And fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly shines.  
Of baser Brass, the next denotes the Times,  
An impious Page deform'd with deadly Crimes.  
The Fourth yet wears a worse and browner Face,  
And adds to Gloomy Days an Iron Race.



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He turns the Book, and ev'ry Age reviews,  
Then all the Kingly Line his Eye pursues :  
The First of Men, and Lords of Earth design'd,  
Who under him should govern Human-kind.  
Of future Heroes, there, the Lives he reads,  
In search of Glory spent, and Godlike Deeds;  
Who Empires found, and goodly Cities build,  
And savage Men compel to leave the Field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd,  
When Lo ! but thence a Narrow Space remov'd,  
And hungry *Time* has all the Scene defac'd,  
The Kings destroy'd, and laid the Kingdoms waste ;  
Together all in Common Ruins lie,  
And but anon and ev'n the Ruins die.

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, Compassion found,  
To see Great Actions in Oblivion drown'd ;  
And forward search'd the Roll, to find if Fate  
Had no Reserve to spare the Good and Great.  
Bright in his View the *Trojan* Heroes shine,  
And *Ilian* Structures rais'd by Hands Divine ;  
But *Ilium* soon in Native Dust is laid,  
And all her boasted Pile a Ruin made :  
Nor Great *Aeneas* can her Fall withstand,  
But flies, to save his Gods, to foreign Land.  
The *Roman* Race succeed the *Dardan* State,  
And first, and second *Cæsar*, Godlike Great.  
Still on to after-days his Eyes descend,  
And rising Heroes still the Search attend.  
Proceeding thus, he many Empires pass'd ;  
When fair *Britannia* fix'd his Sight at last.

Above the Waves she lifts her Silver Head,  
And looks a *Venus* born from Ocean's Bed.  
For rolling Years, her happy Fortunes smile,  
And Fates propitious bless the beauteous Isle ;  
To Worlds remote, she wide extends her Reign,  
And wields the Trident of the stormy Main.

Thus

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Thus on the Base of Empire firm she stands,  
While bright *Eliza* rules the willing Lands,  
But soon a lowring Sky comes on apace,  
And Fate revers'd shews an ill omen'd Face.  
The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horror fills,  
And cloudy Veils involve her shining Hills;  
Of Greatness pass'd no Footsteps she retains,  
Sunk in a Series of Inglorious Reigns.  
She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame,  
Of Honours lost, and her diminish'd Name:  
Conscious, she seeks from Day to shrowd her Head,  
And glad wou'd shrink beneath her Oozy Bed.

Thus far, the Sacred Leaves *Britannia's* Woes  
In shady Draughts and dusky Lines disclose.  
Th' ensuing Scene revolves a Martial Age,  
And ardent Colours gild the glowing Page.

Behold! of radiant Light an Orb arise,  
Which kindling Day, restores the darken'd Skies:  
And see! on Seas the beamy Ball descends,  
And now its Course to fair *Britannia* bends:  
Along the foamy Main the Billows bear  
The floating Fire, and waft the shining Sphere.  
Hail, happy Omen! Hail, auspicious Sight!  
Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.  
For see a Prince, whom dazling Arms array,  
Pursuing closely, plows the wat'ry Way,  
Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea.

*Britannia*, rise; awake, O Fairest Isle,  
From Iron Sleep; again thy Fortunes smile.  
Once more look up, the Mighty Man behold,  
Whose Reign renews the former Age of Gold.  
The Fates at length the blissful Web have spun,  
And bid it round in endless Circles run.  
Again, shall distant Lands confess thy Sway,  
Again, the wat'ry World thy Rule Obey;

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Again, thy Martial Sons shall thirst for Fame,  
 And win in foreign Fields a deathless Name;  
 For *William's* Genius ev'ry Soul inspires,  
 And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires.  
 Already, see, the Hostile Troops retreat,  
 And seem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.  
 Already routed Foes his Fury feel,  
 And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.  
 The haughty *Gaul*, who well, 'till now, might boast  
 A matchless Sword and unresisted Host,  
 At his foreseen Approach the Field forsakes;  
 His Cities tremble, and his Empire shakes.  
 His tow'ring Ensigns long had aw'd the Plain,  
 And Fleets audaciously usurp'd the Main;  
 A gath'ring Storm he seem'd, which from afar  
 Teem'd with a Deluge of destructive War.  
 'Till *William's* stronger Genius soar'd above,  
 And down the Skies the daring Tempest drove.  
 So from the radiant Sun retires the Night,  
 And western Clouds shot thro' with orient Light.  
 So when th' assuming God, whom Storms obey,  
 To all the warring Winds at once gives way,  
 The frantic Brethren ravage all around,  
 And Rocks, and Woods, and Shores their Rage resound;  
 Incumbent o'er the Main, at length they sweep  
 The liquid Plains, and raise the peaceful Deep:  
 But when superior *Neptune* leaves his Bed:  
 His Trident shakes, and shews his awful Head;  
 The madding Winds are hush'd, the Tempests cease,  
 And every rolling Surge resides in Peace.  
 And now the Sacred Leaf a Landskip wears,  
 Where, Heav'n serene, and Air unmov'd appears.  
 The *Rose* and *Lily* paint the verdant Plains,  
 And *Palm* and *Olive* shade the Sylvan Scenes.  
 The peaceful *Thames* beneath his Banks abides,  
 And soft, and still, the Silver Surface glides.

The

The Zephyrs fan the Fields, the whisp'ring Breeze  
With fragrant Breath remurmurs thro' the Trees.  
The warbling Birds applauding new-born Light,  
In wanton Measures wing their airy Flight.

Above the Floods the finny Race repair,  
And bound aloft, and bask in upper Air;  
They gild their scaly Backs in *Phœbus'* Beams,  
And scorn to skim the Level of the Streams.  
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous Face,  
And blooms and ripens with the Fruits of Peace.

No more the lab'ring Hind regrets his Toil,  
But chearfully manures the grateful Soil;  
Secure the Glebe a plenteous Crop will yield,  
And golden *Ceres* grace the waving Field.  
Th' advent'rous Man who durst the Deep explore,  
Oppose the Winds, and tempt the shelly Shore,  
Beneath his Roof now tastes unbroken Rest,  
Enough with Native Wealth and Plenty blest.

No more the forward Youth pursues Alarms,  
Nor leaves the Sacred Arts for stubborn Arms.  
No more the Mothers from their Hopes are torn,  
Nor weeping Maids the promis'd Lover mourn.  
No more the Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries,  
Torment the patient Air, and pierce the Skies.  
But peaceful Joys the prosp'rous Times afford,  
And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose Arms alone sustain'd the Toil,  
And propp'd the nodding Frame of *Britain's* Isle;  
By whose illustrious Deeds, her Leaders fir'd,  
Have Honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,  
With equal Sway will Virtue's Laws maintain,  
And Good, as Great, in awful Peace shall reign;  
For his Example still the Rule shall give,  
And those it taught to conquer, teach to Live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds  
Succeeding Leaves; and brighter still beholds;



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The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,  
 Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.  
 Th'Eternal paus'd——  
 Nor would *Britannia's* Fate beyond explore ;  
 Enough he saw besides the coming Store.  
 Enough the Hero had already done,  
 And round the wide Extent of Glory run :  
 Nor further now the shining Path pursues,  
 But like the Sun the same bright Race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have Pow'r !  
 Or *Time* unequally such Worth devour !  
 Then, wherefore shall the Brave for Fame contest ?  
 Why is this Man distinguish'd from the Rest ?  
 Whose soaring Genius now sublime aspires,  
 And deathless Fame the due Reward requires.  
 Approving Heav'n th'exalted Virtue views,  
 Nor can the Claim which it approves refuse.

The Great Creator soon the Grant resolves,  
 And in his mighty Mind the Means revolves.  
 He thought ; Nor doubted once, again to chuse,  
 But spake the Word, and made th'immortal *Muse*.  
 Ne'er did his Pow'r produce so bright a Child,  
 On whose Creation Infant Nature smil'd.  
 Perfect at first, a finish'd Form she wears,  
 And Youth perpetual in her Face appears.  
 Th'assembled Gods, who long expecting staid,  
 With new Delight gaze on the lovely Maid,  
 And think the wish'd-for World was well delay'd.  
 Nor did the Sire himself his Joy disguise,  
 But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his Eyes.  
 Intent a Space, at length he Silence broke,  
 And thus the God the Heav'nly Fair bespoke.

*To thee, Immortal Maid, from this bless'd Hour,  
 O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded Pow'r.  
 Thou from Oblivion shalt the Hero save ;  
 Shalt raise, revive, immortalize the Brave.*

To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his Fame;  
 To thee, the Cæsars their eternal Name;  
 Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,  
 And long as Time, in Sacred Verse survive.  
 And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest Theme;  
 The first of Men, Mature for Endless Fame,  
 Thy future Songs shall grace, and all thy Lays,  
 Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's Praise.  
 On his Heroic Deeds thy Verse shall rise;  
 Thou shalt diffuse the Fires that he supplies.  
 Thro' him thy Songs shall more sublime aspire;  
 And he, thro' them, shall deathless Fame acquire:  
 Nor Time, nor Fate his Glory shall oppose,  
 Or blast the Monuments the Muse bestows.

This said; no more remain'd. Th' *Ethereal* Host  
 Again impatient Crowd the Crystal Coast.  
 The Father, now, within his spacious Hands,  
 Encompass'd all the mingled Mass of Seas and Lands;  
 And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous Sphere,  
 He Lanch'd the World to float in ambient Air.

On Mrs. *Arabella* Hunt, Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,  
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,  
 And ev'ry ruder Gasp of *Breath*  
 Be calm, as in the *Arms* of Death.  
 And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,  
 Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,

K 5

Be

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Be still ; gently, ah gently, leave,  
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.  
Stir not a Pulse, and let my *Blood*,  
That turbulent, unruly Flood,

Be softly staid :

Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.  
Go, rest, unnecessary Springs of Life,  
Leave your officious Toil and Strife ;  
For I would hear her Voice, and try  
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,  
And listen to her Healing Strains.

A wond'rous *Balm* between her Lips she wears,  
Of Sov'reign Force to soften Cares ;  
And this through ev'ry Ear she can impart,  
(By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.

Swiftly the gentle Charmer flies,  
And to the tender Grief soft *Air* applies,  
Which, warbling Mystic Sounds,  
Cements the bleeding Panther's Wounds.  
But ah ! beware of clam'rous Moan :

Let no unpleasing Murmur, or harsh Groan,  
Your slighted Loves declare :

Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,  
For even they will be too boist'rous here.  
Hither let nought but sacred *Silence* come,  
And let all saucy Praise be dumb.

III.

And lo ! *Silence* himself is here ;  
Methinks I see the Midnight God appear,  
In all his downy Pomp array'd,  
Behold the rev'rend *Shade* :

An ancient Sigh he sits upon,  
Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,  
And purposely annihilated for his Throne :

Beneath,

Beneath, two soft transparent Clouds do meet,  
In which he seems to sink his softer Feet.

A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,

*Stol'n* from a Lover in Despair,

Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap

In *Fluid* Folds his *Visionary Shape*.

A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,

Where curling Mists supply the Want of Hairs:

While the still Vapors, which from Poppies rise,

Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,

And *Silence* now is drown'd

In Extasy of Sound.

How on a sudden the still *Air* is charm'd,

As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!

And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,

Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

See how the Heav'nly Choir

Come flocking to admire,

And with what Speed and Care,

Descending *Angels* cull the thinnest *Air*!

Haste then, come all th' Immortal Throng,

And listen to her Song;

Leave your lov'd Mansions, in the Sky,

And hither, quickly hither fly;

Your Loss of Heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,

While she Sings, 'tis Heaven here.

V.

See how they croud, see how the little Cherubs skip!

While others sit around her Mouth, and sip

Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.

Those Lips, where in Surprise of *Bliss* they rove;

For ne'er before did Angels taste

So exquisite a Feast,

Of Music and of Love.

Prepare



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Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,  
 Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,  
 And with her Voice in Chorus join,  
 Her Voice, which next to yours is most divine.  
 Bless the glad Earth with Heav'nly Lays,  
 And to that Pitch th' eternal *Accents* raise,  
 Which only *Breath* inspir'd can reach,  
 To Notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach :  
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess,  
 Are wrapt in sweet Forgetfulness  
 Of all, of all, but of the present Happiness :  
 Wishing for ever in that State to lie,  
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.



*Priam's* LAMENTATION and PETITION  
 to *Achilles*, for the Body of his  
 Son *Hector*.

Translated from the Greek of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα θανήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλύμπου  
 Ἑρμείας —————

---

Argument Introductory to this Translation.

*Hector's Body* (after he was Slain) remain'd still in the Possession of *Achilles* ; for which *Priam* made great Lamentation. *Jupiter* had Pity on him, and sent *Iris* to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to  
 Achil-

Achilles's Tent ; and how he should there ransom the Body of his Son. Priam accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian Camp, accompany'd by no Body but his Herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's Command, meets him by the Way, in the Figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his Misfortunes, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobserv'd, through the Guards, and to the Door of Achilles's Tent ; which having perform'd, he discover'd himself a God, and giving him a short Instruction, how to move Achilles to Compassion, flew up to Heaven.

SO spake the God, and Heav'nward took his Flight :  
When Priam from his Chariot did alight ;

Leaving *Idæus* there, alone he went  
With Solemn Pace into *Achilles'* Tent.

Heedless, he pass'd thro' various Rooms of State,  
Until approaching where the Hero sate ;

There at a Feast, the good old *Priam* found  
*Jove's* best belov'd, with all his Chiefs around :

Two only were t'attend his Person plac'd,  
*Automedon* and *Alcymus* ; the rest

At greater Distance, greater State express'd.

*Priam*, unseen by these, his Way pursu'd,  
And first of all was by *Achilles* view'd.

About his Knees his trembling Arms he cast,

And agonizing grasp'd and held 'em fast ;

Then caught his Hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close,

Those Hands, th' inhuman Authors of his Woes ;

Those Hands, whose unrelenting Force had cost

Much of his Blood (for many Sons he lost.)

But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,

And seeking Refuge, does from Justice run ;

Entring some House, in haste, where he's unknown,

Creates Amazement in the Lookers-on ;

So

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So did *Achilles* gaze, surpris'd to see  
The Godlike *Priam's* Royal Misery;  
All on each other gaz'd, all in surpris  
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their Eyes :  
'Till he at length the solemn Silence broke;  
And thus the venerable Suppliant spoke.

Divine *Achilles*, at your Feet behold  
A prostrate King, in Wretchedness grown old :  
Think on your Father, and then look on me,  
His hoary Age and helpless Person see ;  
So furrow'd are his Cheeks, so white his Hairs,  
Such, and so many his declining Years ;  
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)  
Cou'd you imagine such, his Misery !  
Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,  
And neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waste ;  
Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful Foe,  
Who will no Mercy, no Compassion show,  
Ent'ring his Palace, sees him feebly fly,  
And seek Protection, where no Help is nigh.  
In vain, he may your fatal Absence mourn,  
And wish in vain for your delay'd Return ;  
Yet, that he hears you live, is some Relief ;  
Some Hopes alleviate his Excess of Grief ;  
It glads his Soul to think, he once may see  
His much-lov'd Son ; wou'd that were granted me !  
But I, most wretched I ! of all bereft !  
Of all my Worthy Sons, how few are left !  
Yet fifty goodly Youths I had to boast,  
When first the *Greeks* invaded *Ilium's* Coast :  
Nineteen, the joyful Issue of one Womb,  
Are now, alas ! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb.  
Merciless War this Devastation wrought,  
And their strong Nerves to Dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my Hope,  
My Age's Comfort, and his Country's Prop ;

*Hector,*

*Hector*, my Darling, and my last Defence,  
 Whose Life alone, their Deaths could recompense :  
 And, to complete my Store of countless Woe,  
 Him you have slain——of him bereav'd me too !  
 For his sake only, hither am I come ;  
 Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endless Sum ;  
 All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,  
 A worthless Ransom for so brave a Son.

Fear the just Gods, *Achilles* ; and on me  
 With Pity look, think you your Father see ;  
 Such as I am, he is ; alone in this,  
 I can no Equal have in Miseries ;  
 Of all Mankind, most wretched and forlorn,  
 Bow'd with such Weight, as never has been born ;  
 Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom  
 The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come ;  
 With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's Bane,  
 And kiss those Hands, which have my Children slain.  
 He spake.——

Now, Sadness o'er *Achilles*' Face appears,  
*Priam* he views, and for his Father fears ;  
 That, and Compassion melt him into Tears.  
 Then, gently with his Hand he put away  
 Old *Priam*'s Face ; but he still prostrate lay,  
 And there with Tears, and Sighs, afresh begun  
 To mourn the Fall of his ill-fated Son,  
 But Passion different ways *Achilles* turns,  
 Now, he *Patroclus*, now, his Father mourns :  
 Thus, both, with Lamentations fill'd the Place,  
 'Till Sorrow seem'd to wear one common Face.

}





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The LAMENTATIONS of *Hecuba*,  
*Andromache*, and *Helen*, over the  
dead Body of *Hector*.

Translated from the *Greek of Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦώς δ' ἤ κεγκόπιε πλῆϊ ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

---

Connection of this with the former Translation.

*Priam, at last, moves Achilles to Compassion, and after having made him Presents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the Morning, and advises him to haste away with the Body, lest Agamemnon should be inform'd of his being in the Camp: He himself helps to harness the Mules and Horses, and conveys him safely, and without Noise, Chariot and all, from among the Grecian Tents; then flies up to Heav'n, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the Body toward Troy.*

**N**OW did the Saffron Morn her Beams display,  
Gilding the Face of Universal Day;  
When mourning *Priam* to the Town return'd;  
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;  
The Mules beneath the mangled Body go,  
As bearing (now) unusual Weight of Woe.  
To *Pergamus*' high top *Cassandra* flies,  
Thence she afar the sad Procession spies:  
Her Father and *Idæus* first appear,  
Then *Hector*'s Corps extended on a Bier;

At

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At which, her boundless Grief loud Cries began,  
And, thus lamenting, thro' the Streets she ran :

*Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all !*

*Behold the Godlike Hector's Funeral !*

*If e'er you went with Joy, to see him come*

*Adorn'd with Conquest and with Laurels home,*

*Assemble now, his Ransom'd Body see,*

*What once was all your Joy, now all your Misery !*

She spake, and straight the num'rous Crowd obey'd,

Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City staid ;

Common Consent of Grief had made 'em one,

With clam'rous Moan to Scæa's Gate they run,

There the lov'd Body of their *Hector* meet,

Which they, with loud and fresh Lamentings, greet.

His Rev'rend Mother, and his Tender Wife,

Equal in Love, in Grief had equal Strife :

In Sorrow they no Moderation knew,

But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew ;

There strove the rolling Wheels to hold, while each

Attempted first his breathless Corps to reach :

Aloud they beat their *Breasts*, and tore their *Hair*,

Rending around with Shrieks the suffering Air.

Now had the Throng of People stopt the Way.

Who would have there lamented all the Day,

But *Priam* from his Chariot rose, and spake,

*Trojans, enough ; Truce with your Sorrows make ;*

*Give way to me, and yield the Chariot Room ;*

*First let me bear my Hector's Body home.*

*Then mourn your fill.* At this the Croud gave way,

Yielding, like Waves of a divided Sea.

*Idæus* to the Palace drove, then laid

With Care, the Body on a Sumptuous Bed,

And round about were skilful Singers plac'd,

Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad Notes express'd

Their Moan ; *All* in a Chorus did agree

Of Universal, Mournful Harmony.

When,

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When, first, *Andromache* her Passion broke,  
And thus, (close pressing his pale Cheeks) she spoke.

*ANDROMACHE'S Lamentation.*

O my lost Husband ! let me ever mourn  
Thy early Fate, and too untimely Urn :  
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,  
And thou in Ashes must with them be laid.  
Why is my Heart thus miserably torn !  
Why am I thus distress'd ! why thus forlorn !  
Am I that wretched Thing, a *Widow* left ?  
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft !  
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone ;  
Alas, my Child ! where can an Infant run ?  
Unhappy Orphan ! thou in Woes art nurs'd ;  
Why were you born ?——I am with Blessings curs'd !  
For long ere thou shalt be to Manhood grown,  
Wide Desolation will lay waste this Town :  
Who is there now that can Protection give,  
Since He, who was her Strength, no more doth live ?  
Who of her Rev'rend Matrons will have Care ?  
Who save her Children from the Rage of War ?  
For *He* to *all* Father and Husband was,  
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows* by his Loss.  
Soon will the *Grecians*, now insulting come,  
And bear us Captives to their distant Home ;  
I, with my Child, must the same Fortune share,  
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War :  
'Mongst base-born Wretches he his Lot must have,  
And be to some inhuman Lord, a Slave.  
Else some avenging *Greek*, with Fury fill'd,  
Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd  
By *Hector's* Hand, on him will vent his Rage,  
And with his Blood his thirsty Grief assuage ;

For

For many fell by his relentless Hand;  
 Biting that Ground, which with their Blood was stain'd.

Fierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,  
 And never did his Foe in Battle spare;  
 Thence come these Sufferings, which so much have cost,  
 Much Woe to all, but sure to me the most.  
 I saw him not, when in the Pangs of Death,  
 Nor did my Lips receive his latest Breath;  
 Why held he not to me his dying Hand?  
 And why receiv'd not I his last Command?  
 Something he would have said, had I been there,  
 Which I should still in sad Remembrance bear;  
 For I could never, never Words forget,  
 Which Night and Day, I should with Tears repeat.

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around  
 A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.  
 Then *Hecuba*, who long had been oppress'd  
 With boiling Passions in her aged Breast,  
 Mingling her Words with Sighs and Tears, begun  
 A Lamentation for her Darling Son.

### HECUBA'S Lamentation.

*Hector*, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear  
 Than all my other num'rous Issue were;  
 O my last Comfort, and my best lov'd!  
 Thou, at whose Fall, ev'n *Jove* himself was mov'd,  
 And sent a God his dread Commands to bear,  
 So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar Care!  
 From fierce *Achilles'* Chains thy Corps was freed;  
 So kind a Fate was for none else decreed:  
 My other Sons, made Pris'ners by his Hands,  
 Were sold like Slaves, and shipt to foreign Lands.  
 Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,  
 And dragg'd, when dead, about *Patroclus'* Tomb,

His



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His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy Hands had slain :  
 And yet that Cruelty was us'd in vain,  
 Since all could not restore his Life again.  
 Now fresh and glowing, even in Death thou art,  
 And fair as he who fell by *Phæbus'* Dart.

Here weeping *Hecuba* her Passion stay'd,  
 And Universal Moan again was made ;  
 When *Helen's* Lamentation hers supply'd,  
 And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

*HELEN'S Lamentation.*

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,  
 No *Brother* there had half so large a Part !  
 Not less than twenty Years are now pass'd o'er,  
 Since first I landed on the *Trojan* Shore ;  
 Since I with Godlike *Paris* fled from Home ;  
 (Wou'd I had dy'd before that Day had come !)  
 In all which time (so gentle was thy Mind)  
 I ne'er could charge thee with a Deed unkind ;  
 Not one untender Word, or Look of Scorn,  
 Which I too often have from others born.  
 But you from their Reproach still set me free,  
 And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty ;  
 If by my Sisters, and the Queen revil'd  
 (For the good King, like you, was ever mild)  
 Your Kindness still has all my Grief beguil'd.  
 Ever in Tears let me your Loss bemoan,  
 Who had no Friend alive, but you alone :  
 All will reproach me now, where-e'er I pass,  
 And fly with Horror from my hated Face.

This said ; she wept, and the vast Throng was mov'd,  
 And with a general Sigh her Grief approv'd.  
 When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning Crowd)  
 Rose from his Seat, and thus he spake aloud.

*Cease*

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*Cease your Lamentings, Trojans, for a while,  
And fell down Trees to build a Fun'ral Pile ;  
Fear not an Ambush by the Grecians laid,  
For with Achilles twelve Days Truce I made.*

He spake, and all obey'd as with one Mind,  
Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen join'd ;  
Forth from the City all the People went,  
And nine Days Space was in that Labour spent ;  
The Tenth, a most stupendous *Pile* they made,  
And on the Top the manly *Heſtor* laid,  
Then gave it Fire ; while all, with weeping Eyes,  
Beheld the rolling Flames and Smoke ariſe.  
All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd ;  
But when the Roſy Morn with Day return'd,  
About the *Pile* the thronging People came,  
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining Flame.  
His *Brothers* then, and Friends ſearch'd ev'ry where,  
And gathering up his Snowy Bones with Care,  
Wept o'er 'em ; when an Urn of Gold was brought,  
Wrapt in ſoft Purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,  
In which the Sacred *Aſhes* were interr'd,  
Then o'er his Grave a *Monument* they rear'd.  
Mean time, ſtrong Guards were plac'd, and careful Spies,  
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent Surpriſe.  
The Work once ended, all the vaſt Reſort  
Of mourning People went to *Priam's* Court ;  
There they reſreſh'd their weary Limbs with Reſt,  
Ending the Fun'ral with a ſolemn Feaſt.



Paraphrase upon *H O R A C E*,

O D E XIX. L I B. I.

*Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c.*

I.

**T**HE Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,  
 With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine  
 And wanton Ease, conspires  
 To make my Heart its Peace resign,  
 And re-admit Love's long rejected Fires.  
 For beautiful *Glyceria* I burn,  
 The Flames so long repell'd with double Force return :  
 Matchless her Face appears, and shines more bright  
 Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light ;  
 Her very Coyness warms ;  
 And with a grateful Sullenness she charms :  
 Each Look darts forth a thousand Rays,  
 Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,  
 My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes ! she comes ! she rushes in my Veins !  
 At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns !  
*Cyprus* no more with her Abode is blest,  
 I am her Palace, and her Throne my *Breast*.  
 Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,  
 Or *Parthian Archers*, who in Flying fight,  
 And make rough War their Sport ;  
 Such idle Themes no more can move,  
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import,  
 And what's of high Import, but Love ?

Vervain

Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;  
With Wine of Two Years old, your Cups be fill'd:  
After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,  
The Goddeſs may incline her Heart to yield.

---

S T A N Z A S.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Lib. II. Ode XIV.

*Eheu Fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,  
Labuntur Anni, &c.*

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,  
This Pious Artifice.

Not all theſe Pray'rs and Alms can buy  
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity*.

*Eternity!* that boundleſs Race,

Which *Time* himſelf can never run:

(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace)

Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand Years are done,  
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.

Fix'd are thoſe Limits, which preſcribe  
A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath;  
And tho' thou cou'dſt for Sacrifice lay down  
Millions of other Lives to ſave thy own,

'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe  
One Supernumerary Gaſp from Death.

II.

In vain thy inexhauſted Store

Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r;

Thy Honours, Titles, all muſt fail,

Where Piety itſelf can nought avail.

The



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The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,  
 Must all be huddled to the Grave,  
 With the most Vile and Ignominious Slave,  
 And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.  
 In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,  
 In vain he is secure from Wounds of Arms.  
 In vain avoids the faithless Seas,  
 And is confin'd to Home and Ease,  
 Bounding his Knowledge, to extend his Days.  
 In vain are all those *Arts* we try,  
 All our Evasions, and Regret to die :  
 From the Contagion of Mortality,  
 No Clime is pure, no Air is free :  
 And no Retreat  
 Is so Obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas ! thou must, my Friend ;  
 (The very Hour thou now dost spend  
 In studying to avoid, brings on thy End)  
 Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life ;  
 Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,  
 And all the much-lov'd Offspring of her Womb,  
 To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.  
 All must be left, and all be lost ?  
 Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,  
 Shall not afford  
 Room for the stinking Carcase of its Lord.  
 Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grotts and Bow'rs,  
 Thy costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,  
 Nought shalt thou save ;  
 Or but a Sprig of Rosemary shalt have,  
 To wither with thee in the Grave :  
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid  
 Their Transitory Master Dead.

IV. Then

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting Heir,  
A joyful Mourning wear :  
And Riot in the Waste of that Estate  
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.  
All thy hid Stores he shall unfold,  
And set at large thy Captive Gold.  
That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee  
To Vaults and Prisons; shall again be free :  
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,  
Again shall rise,  
Again its sparkling Surface show,  
And free as Element profusely flow.  
With such high Food he shall set forth his Feasts,  
That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests ;  
And pamper'd Prelates see  
Themselves out-done in *Luxury*.

---

In Imitation of *H O R A C E*,

O D E IX. L I B. I.

*Vides ut alta, &c.*

I.

**B**LESS me, 'tis cold ! how chill the *Air* !  
How naked does the World appear !  
But see (big with the Offspring of the North)  
The teeming Clouds bring forth :  
A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain  
Falls, to new-clothe the Earth again.  
Behold the Mountain-Tops, around,  
As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd :

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And

242 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

And lo ! how by Degrees  
The universal Mantle hides the Trees,  
In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,  
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky :  
Trembling the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow  
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go  
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,  
Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,  
And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.  
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air ;  
Let chearful Fires *Sol's* feeble Beams repair ;  
Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine ;  
Let's drink, 'till our own Faces shine,  
'Till we like Suns appear,  
To Light and warm the Hemisphere.  
Wine can dispense to all both Light and Heat,  
They are with Wine incorporate :  
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,  
Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix ;  
Let that but in Abundance flow,  
And let it Storm and Thunder, Hail and Snow,  
'Tis Heav'n's Concern ; and let it be  
The Care of Heaven still, for me.  
Those Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough the Seas,  
Great *Jove* can, if he please,  
With one commanding Nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom ;  
That is not ours, which is to come.  
The present Moment's all our Store :  
The next, should Heav'n allow,  
Then this will be no more :  
So all our Life is but one Instant *Now*.

Look

Look on each Day you've past  
To be a mighty Treasure won ;  
And lay each Moment out in haste ;  
We're sure to live too fast,  
And cannot live too soon.  
Youth does a Thousand Pleasures bring,  
Which from decrepid Age will fly ;  
The Flow'rs that flourish in the Spring,  
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting Boy, invites  
To revel, while you may, in soft Delights :  
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,  
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.  
Slowly she promises at Night to meet,  
But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet,  
To gloomy Groves and Shades obscure she flies,  
There vails the bright Confession of her Eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,  
Would more unwillingly depart,  
And in soft Sighs conveys  
The Whispers of her Heart.  
Still she invites, and still denies,  
And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude ;  
Then from her Ravisher she flies,  
But flies to be pursu'd :  
If from his Sight she does herself convey,  
With a feign'd Laugh she will herself betray,  
And cunningly instruct him in the Way.





S O N G.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,  
And very fain would have been at her ;  
But when I strove most my great Passion to break,  
Still then, I said least of the Matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I wou'd try  
Some way my poor Heart to recover :  
But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,  
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Cælia* be kind then ; and since your own Eyes  
By Looks can command Adoration,  
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise  
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd speak,  
The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;  
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make  
A very good end of this Wooing.

---

The RECONCILIATION.

R E C I T A T I V E.

FAIR *Cælia* Love pretended,  
And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r,  
Where *Damon* long attended  
Beyond the promis'd Hour.

At

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At length impatient growing  
Of anxious Expectation,  
His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,  
He vented thus his Passion.

O D E.

To all the Sex deceitful,  
A long and last Adieu ;  
Since Women prove ungrateful,  
As oft as Men prove true.  
The Pains they cause are many,  
And long and hard to bear,  
The Joys they give (if any)  
Few, short, and unsincere.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But Celia now repenting  
Her breach of Assignment,  
Arriy'd with Eyes consenting  
And sparkling Inclination.  
Like Citherea smiling,  
She blush'd, and laid his Passion ;  
The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,  
And sung this Recantation.

P A L I N O D E.

How engaging, how endearing,  
Is a Lover's Pain and Care !  
And what Joy the Nymph's appearing,  
After Absence or Despair !  
Women wise increase Desiring,  
By contriving kind Delays ;  
And advancing, or retiring,  
All they mean is more to please.

A B S E N C E.

A Las ! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he proves,  
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves !  
In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,  
And think on Hours that will no more return !  
Oh ! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try,  
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.

---

S O N G.

F A L S E though she be to me and Love,  
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge ;  
For still the Charmer I approve,  
Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met,  
They could not always last ;  
And though the present I regret,  
I'm grateful for the past.

---

SONG in DIALOGUE.  
For TWO WOMEN.

I.  
I Lov e, and am belov'd again,  
Strepson no more shall sigh in vain ;

I've

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I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,  
And all my Coynefs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,  
Yet still my *Thyrsis* shall complain;  
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,  
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Fasting.

2. And both will tire with often Tasting,

When they find the Bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind Possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Blessing.

Chorus of both,

*Then let us beware how far we consent,  
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;*

*'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire:*

*And granting Desire,*

*We feed not the Fire,*

*But make it more quickly expire.*

---

S O N G.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;  
That *Cloe's* false and common;  
I always knew (at least believ'd)

She was a very Woman;

As such, I lik'd, as such, caress'd,

She still was constant when possess'd,

She could do more for no Man.

L 4

II. But



## II.

But oh ! her Thoughts on others ran,  
 And that you think a hard thing ;  
 Perhaps, she fancy'd you the Man,  
 And what care I one Farthing ?  
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind ;  
 I take her Body, you her Mind,  
 Who has the better Bargain ?

---

## The PETITION.

**G**Rant me, gentle Love, said I,  
 One dear Blessing ere I die ;  
 Long I've born excess of Pain,  
 Let me now some Bliss obtain.  
 Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,  
 When angry, thus the God reply'd.  
 Blessings greater none can have,  
 Art thou not *Amynta's* Slave ?  
 Cease, fond Mortal, to implore,  
 For Love, Love himself's no more.

---

## S O N G.

## I.

**C**Ruel *Amynta*, can you see  
 A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd ?  
 Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,  
 But through your Eyes the Conquest made.

## II. In

II.

In Ambush there the Traitor lay,  
Where I was led by faithless Smiles :  
No Wretches are so lost as they,  
Whom much Security beguiles.

---

S O N G.

I.

SE F, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes !  
And now the Sun begins to rise ;  
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks  
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

II.

With Light united, Day they give,  
But different Fates ere Night fulfil :  
How many by his Warmth will live !  
How many will her Coldness kill !

---

*Occasion'd on a LADY's having writ  
VERSES in Commendation of a POEM  
which was written in Praise of another  
LADY.*

HARD is the Task, and bold th' adventurous Flight  
Of him, who dares in Praise of Beauty write ;  
For when to that high Theme our Thoughts ascend,  
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.  
And he, who praising Beauty, does no Wrong,  
May boast to be successful in his Song :

L 5

But

250 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

But when the Fair themselves approve his Lays,  
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,  
His wide Ambition knows no farther Bound,  
Nor can his Muse with brighter Fame be crown'd.

---

E P I G R A M.

*Written after the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA  
HUNT, under her Picture drawn playing  
on a Lute.*

WERE there on Earth another Voice like thine,  
Another Hand so blest with Skill Divine !  
The late afflicted World some Hopes might have,  
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

---

S O N G.

I.

Pious *Celinda* goes to Pray'rs,  
If I but ask the Favour ;  
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,  
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,  
Or else had Hopes to win her ;  
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,  
Or I of her a Sinner.

A

# HYMN to HARMONY.

In Honour of

St. CECILIA's Day, MDCCI.

Set to Music by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O *Harmony*, to thee we sing,  
To thee the grateful Tribute bring  
Of Sacred Verse, and sweet resounding Lays;  
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praise.

All Hail to thee

All-pow'rful *Harmony*!

Wise Nature owns thy undisputed Sway,  
Her wondrous Works resigning to thy Care:  
The Planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,  
And tuneful Roll, unerring in their way,  
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.

CHORUS.

All Hail to thee

All pow'rful *Harmony*!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony*, with awful Sound  
Could penetrate th' Abyss profound,  
Explore the Realms of ancient Night,  
And search the living Source of unborn Light.  
Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,  
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.  
Then didst thou, *Harmony*, give Birth  
To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;

Then



252 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Then all those shining Worlds above  
In Mystic Dance began to move  
Around the radiant Sphere of Central Fire,  
A never ceasing, never silent Choir.

C H O R U S.

*Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,  
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddess, first cou'dst tell  
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;  
And didst to Heav'nly Minds reveal  
The secret force of tuneful Sound.  
When first *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,  
Thou didst the God inspire;  
When first the vocal Shell he strung,  
To which the Muses sung:

Then first the Muses sung; melodious Strains *Apollo* plaid,  
And Music first begun by thy auspicious Aid.

Hark, hark, again *Urania* sings!  
Again *Apollo* strikes the trembling Strings!  
And see, the list'ning Deities around  
Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.

C H O R U S.

*Hark, hark, again Urania sings!  
Again Apollo strikes the trembling Strings!  
And see, the list'ning Deities around  
Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.*

IV.

Descend *Urania*, Heav'nly Fair!  
To the Relief of this afflicted World repair;  
See how with various Woes oppress'd,  
The wretched Race of Men is worn;  
Consum'd with Cares, with Doubts distress'd,  
Or by conflicting Passions torn.

Reason

Reason in vain employs her Aid,  
The furious Will on fancy waits;  
While Reason still by Hopes or Fears betray'd,  
Too late advances, or too soon retreats.  
Music alone with sudden Charms can bind  
The wandering Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.

CHORUS.

*Music alone with sudden Charms can bind  
The wandering Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.*

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, ye Sacred Nine,  
Your Instruments and Voices join;  
Harmony, Peace, and sweet Desire,  
In ev'ry Breast inspire.

Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,  
And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart.  
Appease the wrathful Mind,

To dire Revènge and Death inclin'd:  
With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood assuage,  
And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.  
'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;  
And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.  
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,  
By Music lull'd to pleasing Rest.

CHORUS.

*'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;  
And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.  
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,  
By Music lull'd to pleasing Rest.*

VI.

Ah, sweet Repose, too soon expiring!  
Ah, foolish Man, new Toils requiring!  
Curs'd Ambition, Strife pursuing,  
Wakes the World to War and Ruin,

254 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

See, see, the Battle is prepar'd !  
Behold the Hero comes !  
Loud Trumpets with shrill Fifes are heard ;  
And hoarse resounding Drums.

War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,  
The Harmony of Peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

*War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,  
The Harmony of Peace destroys.*

VII.

See the forsaken Fair, with streaming Eyes  
Her parting Lover mourn ;  
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,  
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong Nights,  
Bewailing past Delights  
That may no more, no never more return.

O sooth her Cares

With softest sweetest Airs,

'Till Victory and Peace restore

Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,

Within her folding Arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

*Let Victory and Peace restore*

*Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,*

*Within her folding Arms to rest,*

*Thence never to be parted more,*

*No never to be parted more.*

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly fair !  
Now to thy Native Skies repair,  
And rule again the Starry Sphere,  
*Cecilia* comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,  
To ease the World of Care.

*Cecilia,*

*Cecilia*, more than all the Muses skill'd !  
Phœbus himself to her must yield,  
And at her Feet lay down  
His Golden Harp and Laurel Crown.  
The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd  
In the deep Organ's more majestic Sound.  
In Peels the swelling Notes ascend the Skies ;  
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,  
And lasting as her Name,  
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,  
Th' immortal Music never dies.

Grand C H O R U S.

*Cecilia*, more than all the Muses skill'd,  
Phœbus himself to her must yield,  
And at her Feet lay down  
His Golden Harp and Laurel Crown.  
The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd  
In the deep Organ's more majestic Sound.  
In Peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies ;  
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,  
And lasting as her Name,  
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,  
Th' immortal Music never dies.





# V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

GRACE Lady GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, Intituled,

*RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.*

**A**fter a painful Life in Study spent,  
 The learn'd themselves their Ignorance lament ;  
 And aged Men, whose Lives exceed the space,  
 Which seems the Bound prescrib'd to mortal Race,  
 With Hoary Heads, their short Experience grieve,  
 As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.  
 So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,  
 So frail is Life, and fruitless Human Pain !  
 Who-e'er on this reflects, and then beholds,  
 With strict Attention, what this Book unfolds,  
 With Admiration struck, shall question Who  
 So very long could live, so much to know ?  
 For so complete the finish'd Piece appears,  
 That Learning seems combin'd with Length of Years ;  
 And both improv'd by purest Wit, to reach  
 At all that Study, or that Time can teach.  
 But to what height must his Amazement rise !  
 When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes  
 Again to view the foremost op'ning Page,  
 And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age  
 Of Her beholds, in whose pure Mind arose  
 Th' Æthereal Source from whence this Current flows !  
 When Prodigies appear, our Reason fails,  
 And Superstition o'er Philosophy prevails.

Some

Some heav'nly Minister we straight conclude,  
Some Angel-Mind with Female Form indu'd,  
To make a short Abode on Earth, was sent,  
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)  
And having left her bright Example here,  
Was quick recall'd and bid to disappear.  
Whether around the Throne, Eternal Hymns  
She Sings, amid the Choir of Seraphims ;  
Or some refulgent Star informs, and guides,  
Where she, the blest Intelligence, presides ;  
Is not for us to know who here remain ;  
For 'twere as Impious to inquire, as Vain :  
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,  
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

---

## E P I T A P H

*Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of  
Stanton Harcourt, Esq; and ROBERT  
his Son.*

**T**HIS peaceful Tomb does now contain  
Father and Son, together laid ;  
Whose living Virtues shall remain,  
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.  
What Man shou'd be, to Ripeness grown,  
And finish'd Worth shou'd do, or shun,  
At full was in the Father shown ;  
What Youth cou'd promise, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both destroy'd  
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud :  
First seiz'd those Sweets we had enjoy'd,  
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

To

To Mr. *D R Y D E N*,On his Translation of *P E R S I U S*.

**A**S when of Old Heroic Story tells  
 Of Knights imprison'd long by Magic Spells,  
 'Till future Time the destin'd Hero send,  
 By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end;  
 Such seems this Work, and so reserv'd for thee,  
 Thou great Revealer of dark Poesy.

Those sullen Clouds, which have, for Ages past,  
 O'er *Persius*' too-long suff'ring Muse been cast,  
 Disperse and fly before thy Sacred Pen,  
 And, in their room, bright tracks of Light are seen.  
 Sure *Phæbus*' self thy swelling Breast inspires,  
 The God of Music, and Poetic Fires:  
 Else whence proceeds this great Surprise of Light!  
 How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of Night!

Our Wonder now does our past Folly show,  
 Vainly Contemning what we did not know:  
 So, Unbelievers impiously despise  
 The Sacred Oracles, in Mysteries.  
*Persius*, before, in small Esteem was had,  
 Unless, what to Antiquity is paid;  
 But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,  
 (So far, our Ignorance our Faith mislead)  
 'Till you, *Apollo's* darling Priest, thought fit  
 To place it in the Poet's Sacred Writ.

As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's Face,  
 For more than its intrinsic Worth will pass:  
 So your bright Image, which we here behold,  
 Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.  
 To you, we all this following Treasure owe,  
 This *Hippocrene*, which from a Rock did flow.

Old Stoic Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,  
Polish'd by you, in Modern Brilliant shines;  
And as before, for *Perfius*, our Esteem  
To his Antiquity was paid, not him:  
So now, whatever Praise from us is due,  
Belongs not to Old *Perfius*, but the New.  
For still Obscure, to us no Light he gives;  
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So, stubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,  
'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal;  
But thro' your Skill, from those small Seeds of Fire,  
Bright Flames arise, which never can expire.



THE ELEVENTH

SATIRE of JUVENAL.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all Manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant Luxury used by the Romans, in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular Invektive against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the height of Men of great Estates and Quality.*  
He



260 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

*He shews us, the miserable End of such Spendthrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the Greatest Men, in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remissness, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman State. He instances some lewd Practices at Feasts, and by the bye, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery consist with their principal Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all Cares and Disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of Pleasures for the future.*

**I**F Noble <sup>(1)</sup> *Atticus* make splendid Feasts,  
And with expensive Food indulge his Guests;  
His Wealth and Quality support the Treat:  
Nor is it *Luxury* in him, but *State*.

But when poor <sup>(2)</sup> *Rutilus* spends all he's worth,  
In hopes of setting one good Dinner forth;  
'Tis downright Madness: for what greater *Fests*,  
Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feasts*?

But *Rutilus* is now notorious grown,  
And proves the common Theme of all the Town.

A Man, in his full Tide of youthful Blood,  
Able for Arms, and for his Country's good;  
Urg'd <sup>(3)</sup> by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice,  
But following his own inglorious Choice:  
'Mongst common *Fencers*, practises the Trade,  
That End debasing, for which Arms were made;  
*Arms* which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford,  
But his *Disgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.

Many

Many there are of the same (+) wretched Kind,  
Whom their despairing Creditors may find  
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin  
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine;  
Such, whose sole Bliss, is Eating; who can give  
But that one Brutal Reason why they live.  
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these,  
The poorest Wretch, is still most hard to please;  
And he whose thin transparent Rags declare  
How much his tatter'd Fortune wants repair,  
Wou'd ransack ev'ry *Element*, for Choice;  
Of ev'ry Fish and Fowl, at any Price;  
If bought from far, it very dear has cost,  
It has a Flavour then, which pleases most,  
And he devours it with a greater Gust.

In Riot thus, while Mony lasts, he lives,  
And that exhausted, still new Pledges gives;  
Till forc'd of mere Necessity, to eat,  
He comes to pawn his Dish, to buy his Meat.  
Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he spares,  
Not what his Mother's Sacred Image bears;  
The broken (5) Relic, he with speed devours,  
As he would all the rest of's Ancestors,  
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,  
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal*.  
Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,  
The Stings of Hunger, soon, and Want he feels;  
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve  
Fencers, for miserable Scraps, or starve.

Imagine now, you see a plenteous Feast:  
The Question is, at whose Expence 't's drest.  
In great (6) *Ventidius*, we the *Bounty* prize;  
In *Rutilus* the *Vanity* despise.  
Strange Ignorance! That the same Man, who knows  
How far yond' Mount above this Molehill shows,

Sho'd

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Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,  
 Between small Incomes and a vast Estate !  
 From Heav'n, to Mortals, sure, that Rule was sent,  
 Of *Know thyself*, and by some God was meant  
 To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,  
 Through all the various Courses which we steer.  
*Thersites*, (7) tho' the most presumptuous *Greek*;  
 Yet durst not for *Achilles'* Armour speak ;  
 When scarce (8) *Ulysses* had a good Pretence,  
 With all th' advantage of his *Eloquence*.  
 Whoe'er attempts weak Causes to support,  
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't ;  
 And not mistake strong Lungs and Impudence,  
 For Harmony of Words and Force of Sense ;  
*Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill ;*  
*A Wise Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.*  
 If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,  
 Devote thyself to Thrift, not *Luxury* ;  
 And wisely make that kind of Food thy Choice,  
 To which Necessity confines thy Price.  
 Well may they fear some miserable End,  
 Whom Gluttony and Want, at once attend ;  
 Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd *All*,  
 Both Land and Stock, Int'rest and Principal :  
 Well may they fear, at length, vile (9) *Pollio's* Fate,  
 Who sold his very Ring to purchase Meat ;  
 And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongst common Slaves now stands,  
 Begging an Alms, with undistinguish'd Hands.  
 Sure sudden Death to such shou'd welcome be,  
 On whom, each added Year heaps Misery,  
 Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy.  
 But there are steps in Villany, which these  
 Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.  
 Many they borrow, and from all that lend,  
 Which, never meaning to restore, they spend ;

But

But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,  
 Left *Rome* should grow too warm, from thence they run :  
 For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,  
 For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,  
 Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,  
 From Crouds, and Noise, and Business to retreat.  
 One only Grief such Fugitives can find ;  
 Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind ;  
 The Plays and loose Diversions of the Place,  
 But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.  
 Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,  
 That out of Count'nance *Virtue's* fled from Earth ;  
 Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,  
 She's with <sup>(10)</sup> *Astrea* gone, not to return.

This Day, my <sup>(11)</sup> *Perseus*, thou shalt perceive  
 Whether, myself I keep those Rules I give,  
 Or else, an unsuspected *Glutton* live ;

If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence, I prize  
 In public, yet in private gormandize.

*Evander's* <sup>(12)</sup> Feast reviv'd, to Day thou'lt see,  
 The poor *Evander*, I, and thou shalt be  
*Alcidus* <sup>(13)</sup> and *Aeneas* both to me.

Mean time, I send you now your Bill of Fare ;  
 Be not surpris'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer :  
 For nothing from the Shambles I provide,  
 But from my own small Farm, the tend'rest Kid  
 And fattest of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,  
 That ne'er had Nourishment but from the Teat ;  
 No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,  
 Scarce Grass ; its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.

Next that, shall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,  
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly Country-Maid.  
 The largest Eggs, yet warm within their Nest,  
 Together with the Hens which laid 'em, drest ;  
 Clusters of Grapes, preserv'd for half a Year,  
 Which plump and fresh as on the Vines appear ;

Apples



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Apples of a ripe Flavour, fresh and fair;  
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian Pear,  
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,  
Light of Digestion now, and fit for use.

Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore  
Accounted Riot in a Senator:

When the good <sup>(14)</sup> *Curius* thought it no Disgrace,  
With his own Hands, a few small Herbs to dress;  
And from his little Garden cull'd a Feast,  
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;  
For scarce a Slave, but has to Dinner now,  
The well-dress'd <sup>(15)</sup> Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous Treat,  
On Birth-days, Festivals, or Days of State;  
A salt, dry Flich of Bacon to prepare:  
If they had fresh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!  
Which rarely happen'd: And 'twas highly priz'd  
If <sup>(16)</sup> ought was left of what they sacrific'd.  
To Entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come  
The Worthiest and the Greatest Men in Rome;  
Nay, seldom any at such Treats were seen,  
But those who had at least thrice <sup>(17)</sup> *Consuls* been;  
Or the <sup>(18)</sup> *Dictator's* Office had discharg'd,  
And now from Honourable Toil enlarg'd,  
Retir'd to husband and manure their Land,  
Humbling themselves to those they might command.  
Then might y'have seen the good old Gen'ral haste,  
Before th' appointed <sup>(19)</sup> Hour, to such a Feast;  
His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,  
Proud of the Conquest of some stubborn Field.  
'Twas then, when pious *Consuls* bore the Sway,  
And Vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,  
Our <sup>(20)</sup> *Censors* then were subject to the Law,  
E'en Pow'r itself, of Justice stood in awe.  
It was not then, a Roman's anxious Thought,  
Where largest Tortoise-Shells were to be bought,

Where

Where Pearls might of the greatest Price be had,  
 And shining Jewels to adorn his <sup>(21)</sup> Bed,  
 That he at vast Expence might loll his Head.  
 Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;  
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply, as he din'd.  
 The Soldier then, in <sup>(22)</sup> *Grecian* Arts unskill'd,  
 Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field;  
 If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he brought,  
 With Jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,  
 To glorious Trappings straight the Plate he turn'd,  
 And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horse adorn'd;  
 Or else a Helmet for himself he made,  
 Where various warlike Figures were inlaid:  
 The *Roman Wolf*, suckling the <sup>(23)</sup> Twins was there,  
 And *Mars* himself, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,  
 Hov'ring above his Crest, did dreadful show,  
 As threatning Death to each resisting Foe.  
 No use of Silver, but in Arms, was known;  
 Splendid they were in War, and there alone,  
 No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were dress'd,  
 No sweating Slaves, with massive Dishes press'd;  
 Expensive Riot was not understood,  
 But Earthen Platters held their homely Food.  
 Who wou'd not envy them, that Age of Bliss,  
 That sees with Shame the *Luxury* of This?  
*Heaven unwearied then, did Blessings pour,*  
*And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous Hour;*  
*Mankind were then familiar with the God,*  
*He snuff'd their Incense with a gracious Nod;*  
*And would have still been bounteous, as of Old,*  
*Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.*  
 His Golden <sup>(24)</sup> Statues, hence the God have driv'n:  
 For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,  
 'Tis Gold we worship, though we pray to Heav'n.  
 Woods of our own afforded Tables then,  
 Tho' none can please us now but from *Japan*.

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Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have  
 The nicest Dish his Appetite can crave ;  
 But let it on an Oaken Board be set,  
 His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat :  
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,  
 Either your *Venson's* rank, or <sup>(25)</sup> *Ointments* stink.  
 Order some other Table to be brought,  
 Something, at great Expence in *India* bought,  
 Beneath whose *Orb*, large yawning *Panthers* lie,  
 Carv'd on rich Pedestals of <sup>(26)</sup> *Ivory* :  
 He finds no more of that offensive Smell,  
 The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.  
 An Iv'ry Table is a certain Whet ;  
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,  
 As if new Vigour to his Teeth were sent,  
 By *Sympathy* from those o'th' *Elephant*.

But such fine Feeders are no Guests for me :  
 Riot agrees not with Frugality ;  
 Then that unfashionable Man am I,  
 With me they'd starve, for want of *Ivory* :  
 For not one Inch does my whole House afford,  
 Not in my very *Tables*, or *Chefs-board* ;  
 Of Bone, the Handles of my Knives are made,  
 Yet no ill Taste from thence affects the Blade,  
 Or what I carve ; nor is there ever left  
 Any unsav'ry *Haut-goût* from the Haft.

A hearty Welcome, to plain wholsom Meat,  
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state ;  
 No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,  
 Such as by skilful <sup>(27)</sup> *Trypherus* are taught :  
 In whose fam'd Schools the various Forms appear  
 Of *Fishes*, *Beasts*, and all the Fowls o'th' Air ;  
 And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn  
 How to dissect, and the nice Joints discern ;  
 While all the Neighbours are with Noise oppress'd,  
 From the harsh Carving of his *wooden Feast*.

On me attends a raw unskillful Lad,  
 On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,  
 At once my *Carver*, and my <sup>(28)</sup> *Ganymede* ;  
 With diligence he'll serve us while we Dine,  
 And in plain Beechen Vessels, fill our Wine.  
 No beauteous Boys I keep, from <sup>(29)</sup> *Phrygia* brought,  
 No *Catamites*, by shameful *Pandars* taught :  
 Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,  
 Unskill'd in any but their Mother-tongue ;  
 Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,  
 With honest Faces, though with uncurl'd Hair.  
 This Day thou shalt my Rural Pages see,  
 For I have drest 'em both to wait on thee.  
 Of Country Swains they both were born, and one  
 My *Ploughman's* is, t'other my *Shepherd's* Son ;  
 A chearful Sweetness in his Looks he has,  
 And Innocence unartful in his Face :  
 Tho' sometimes Sadness will o'er-cast the Joy,  
 And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy ;  
 His Absence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,  
 And with his Eyes look Wishes to return,  
 Longing to see his tender Kids again,  
 And feed his Lambs upon the flow'ry Plain ;  
 A modest Blush he wears, not form'd by Art,  
 Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart.  
 Such Looks, such Bashfulness, might well adorn  
 The Cheeks of Youths that are more Nobly born ;  
 But Noblemen those humble Graces scorn.  
 This Youth, To-day shall my small Treat attend,  
 And only he with Wine shall serve my Friend,  
 With Wine from his own Country brought and made  
 From the same Vines, beneath whose fruitful Shade  
 He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.  
 But you, perhaps, expect a modish Feast,  
 With am'rous Songs and <sup>(30)</sup> wanton Dances grac'd ;



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When sprightly Females, to the Middle bare,  
 Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and frisk in Air;  
 Whose pliant Limbs in various Postures move,  
 And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.  
 Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action stir,  
 And jaded Lust springs forward with this Spur.  
 Virtue (31) would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,  
 Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold;  
 A needful Help, to make 'em both approve  
 The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.  
 In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,  
 And turns their mutual Lothing to Desire.  
 But she, who by her Sex's Charter, must  
 Have double Pleasure paid, feels double Lust;  
 Apace she warms, with an immoderate Heat,  
 Strongly her Bosom heaves, and Pulses beat;  
 With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips she lies,  
 With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,  
 Sucking in Passion both at Ears and Eyes.  
 But this becomes not me, nor my Estate;  
 These are the vicious Follies of the Great.  
 Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,  
 Whose Marble Floors with drunken Spawlings shine;  
 Let him lascivious Songs and Dances have,  
 Which or to see, or hear, the lewdest Slave,  
 The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,  
 With bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.  
 But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;  
 What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:  
 The Fruits which Murder, Cards or Dice afford,  
 A *Vestal* ravish'd or a *Matron* whor'd,  
 Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.  
 But my poor Entertainment is design'd  
 T' afford you Pleasures of another kind:  
 Yet with your Taste your Hearing shall be fed,  
 And *Homer's* sacred Lines, and *Virgil's* read;

Either

Either of whom does all Mankind excel,  
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.  
It matters not with what ill Tone they're sung,  
Verse so sublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,  
Thy Jealousies and Fears, and while you may,  
To Peace and soft Repose, give all the Day.  
From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill  
Be free, be all uneasy Passions still.

What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,  
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all Night)  
Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,  
And having quench'd her Flame, come breathless home,  
Fleck'd in her Face, and with disorder'd Hair,  
Her Garments ruffled, and her Bosom bare ;  
With Ears still tingling, and her Eyes on fire,  
Half drown'd in Sin, still burning in Desire :  
Whilst you are forc'd to wink and seem content,  
Swelling with Passion, which you dare not vent ;  
Nay, if you wou'd be free from Night-alarms,  
You must seem fond, and doting on her Charms,  
Take her (the last of Twenty) to your Arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,  
At th' Entrance of my Threshold be forgot ;  
All thy Domestic Grievs at home be left,  
The Wife's Adult'ry, with the Servants Theft ;  
And (the most racking Thought, which can intrude)  
Forget false Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at home begin,  
While (32) *Megalenſian* Shows are in the (33) *Circus* seen :  
There (to the Bane of Horses) in high State  
The (34) *Prætor* sits, on a Triumphal Seat ;  
Vainly with Ensigns, and with Robes adorn'd,  
As if with Conquest, from the Wars return'd.  
This Day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,  
Without Offence to such a num'rous Crowd,

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To say all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* sweat;  
*Echo's* already do their Shouts repeat:  
 Methinks I hear the Cry ——— *Away, away,*  
*The* (35) *Green harte won the Honour of the Day.*  
 Oh, shou'd these Sports be but one Year forborn,  
*Rome* would in Tears her lov'd Diversion mourn;  
 For that would now a Cause of (36) Sorrow yield,  
 Great as the Loss of (37) *Cannæ's fatal Field,*  
 Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,  
 But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.  
 On Beds of *Roses* laid, let us repose,  
 While round our Heads refreshing Ointment flows:  
 Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phæbus' Rays,*  
 And live this Day devoted to our Ease.  
 Early To-day we'll to the *Bath* repair,  
 Nor need we now the common (38) Censure fear:  
 On *Festivals*, it is allow'd no Crime  
 To Bathe, and Eat, before the usual Time:  
 But that continu'd, wou'd a lothing give,  
 Nor could you thus a Week together live:  
 For frequent Use would the Delight exclude:  
*Pleasure's a Toil, when constantly pursu'd.*

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Explanatory NOTES on the foregoing  
 SATIRE.

1 **A**tticus. *The Name of a very eminent Person in Rome:*  
*But here it is meant to signify any one of great*  
*Wealth and Quality.*

2 Rutilus. *One who by his own extravagant Gluttony,*  
*was at length reduc'd to the most shameful Degree of Poverty.*  
*This, likewise, is here made use of as a common Name to all*  
*beg-*

*beggarly Gluttons, such whose unreasonable Appetites remain after their Estates are consum'd.*

3 Urg'd by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice.

*Sometimes Persons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of Nero, to practise the Trade of Fencing, and to fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diversion; otherwise, seldom any but common Slaves or condemn'd Malefactors were so employ'd: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Person, who either voluntarily, or forc'd by his own Extravagance, for a Livelihood (like Rutilus) apply'd himself to that wretched Trade.*

Restrain'd by no Advice.

*Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to such a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was suffer'd to undertake it, and not advised, or commanded by the Magistracy, to the contrary.*

4 Of the same wretched kind, viz.

*Reduc'd to Poverty by riotous living.*

5 The broken Relict.

*Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discover'd to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.*

6 Ventidius. A noble Roman, who liv'd Hospitably.

7 Therfites. An Impudent, Deform'd, Ill-Tongu'd Fellow (as Homer describes him, Iliad 2.) who accompany'd the Grecian Army to the Siege of Troy: where he took a Privilege often to rail and snarl at the Commanders. Some relate that at last Achilles, for his Sauciness, kill'd him with a Blow of his Fist. Therefore we are not to understand Juvenal, here, as relating a Matter of Fact; but Therfites is used here, to signify any Body of the same Kind; As before, Atticus and Rutilus. The Meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses in contending for Achilles his Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. Dryden in his Tragedy of Truth found too late.



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8 Ulysses. *The most Eloquent of all the Grecian Princes. After Achilles's Death, Ajax a fam'd Grecian Warrior pretended to his Armour; Ulysses oppos'd him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. Ovid. Metam. 13.*

9 Pollio. *Brought to that pass, by his Gluttony, that he was forc'd to sell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Distinction, worn by the Roman Knights.*

10 Astræa. *The Goddess of Justice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age,*

*Ultima Cœlestium Terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.*

11 Persicus. *Juvenal's Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addresses this Satire.*

12 Evander. *A Prince of Arcadia, who unluckily killing his Father, forsook his own Country, and came into Italy; settling in that Place, where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil Æn. 8. tells us that he entertain'd both Hercules and Æneas, when he was in a low Condition.*

13 Alcides. *Hercules, so called from his Grandfather Alcæus.*

14 Curius Dentatus. *A Great Man who had been three times Consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.*

15 *A Dish in great Esteem among the Romans.*

*Nil Vulva pulchrius ampla. Horat.*

16 *If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Flesh remain'd to spare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.*

17 Consul. *By the Tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus, (the last Roman King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulsion, they assembled, and resolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Persons, who were to be chosen every Year anew, and whom they call'd Consuls.*

18 Dictator. *Was a General chosen upon some emergent Occasions; his Office was limited for six Months; which Time expired, (if Occasion were) they chose another, or continu'd the*

the same, by a new Election. The Dictator differ'd in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 Before th' appointed Hour.

It was accounted Greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three o'Clock, Afternoon. But upon Festival Days, it was permitted them, to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excusable in old People.

20 Censors. Were two great Officers, Part of whose Business was to inspect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Misdemeanors: And in former Days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The Manner of the Romans Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoise-shells, Pearls, and Ivory.

22 Grecian Arts. The Romans copied their Luxury from the Greeks; the Imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this Saying, with so much Indignation in our Poet, Sat. 3.

Non possum ferre, Quirites,  
Græcam Urbem

23 Romulus and Remus. Twins, and Founders of the Roman Empire; who the Poets feign were nurs'd by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being Lupa.

24 Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.

25 The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet Ointments; at their Feasts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great Esteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.

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27 Trypherus. *There were in Rome Professors of the Art of Carving, who taught publicly in Schools. Of this kind Trypherus was the most famous.*

28 Ganymede. *Cup-bearer.*

29 Phrygia. *Whence pretty Boys were brought to Rome, and sold publicly in the Markets, to vile Uses.*

30 *An usual Part of the Entertainment, when Great Men feasted, to have wanton Women dance after a lascivious Manner.*

31 *Virtue would shrink to hear this Lewdness told, Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold.*

*These Lines in Juvenal,*

*Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,*

*Quod pudeat narrâsse aliquem præsentibus ipsis.*

*in some late Editions, are plac'd nearer the latter End of this Satire: And in the Order of this Translation, wou'd so have follow'd after Line 349, viz.*

*Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,*

*But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.*

*But I have continued 'em in this Place after Lubin. Besides the Example of the Learned Holiday for the same Position; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Sense both before and after. For the Megalensian Games consisting chiefly of Races, and such like Exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary Cause of Shame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifest Immodesty, for them to lie by their Husbands, and see the lewd Actions of their own Sex, in the Manner describ'd.*

32 *Megalensian Shows. Games in Honour of Cybèle, the Mother of the Gods. She was called μεγάλη μήτηρ, Magna Mater, and from thence these Games Megalefia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six Days.*

33 *Circus. The Place where these Games were celebrated.*

34 *Prætor. An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sberiff.*

*He*

He was to oversee these Sports, and sat in great State, while they were acting; to the Destruction of many Horses, which were spoiled in running the Races.

35 The Green have won the Honour of the Day.

In running the Races in the Circus, with Horses in Chariots; there were four distinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a kind of Russet Red, White, and Blue. One of these Factions was always favoured by the Court, and at this Time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward Domitian added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate Fondness the Romans had for such Shows.

37 Cannæ. A small Town, near which Hannibal obtain'd a great Victory over the Romans: In that Battle were slain 40000 Men, and so many Gentlemen, that he sent three Bushels full of Rings to Carthage, as a Token of his Victory.

38 See the Notes at Fig. 19.

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# P R O L O G U E.

T O

Q U E E N M A R Y.

U P O N

*Her Majesty's coming to see the Old Batchelor after having seen the Double-Dealer.*

**B**Y this repeated Act of Grace, we see  
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;  
And while thus honour'd our proud Stage appears,  
We seem to rival Ancient Theatres.

Thus



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Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers Age,  
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.

Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell ;  
But this we know, our Audience will excel :  
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, seen  
So fair a Circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses Land been over-cast,  
And many rough and stormy Winters past ;  
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of Night,  
Of Heat depriv'd, and almost void of Light :  
While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,  
Has struggled strongly with the killing Cold :  
So does it still through Opposition grow,  
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow :  
But when shot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,  
On ev'ry side the gath'ring Winds appear,  
And Blasts destroy the Fruit, which Frosts wou'd spare. }  
But now, new Vigour and new Life it knows,  
And Warmth that from this Royal Presence flows.

O wou'd She shine with Rays more frequent here !  
How Gay wou'd, then, this drooping Land appear !  
Then, like the Sun, with Pleasure she might view  
The smiling Earth, cloth'd by her Beams anew.  
O'er all the *Meads*, shou'd various Flowers be seen  
Mix'd with the Laurel's never-fading Green, }  
The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.



# EPILOGUE.

AT THE

*Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, with an Italian Pastoral: Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

Whatever future Fate our House may find,  
At present we expect you shou'd be kind:  
Inconstancy itself can claim no Right,  
Before Enjoyment and the Wedding Night.  
You must be fix'd a little ere you range,  
You must be true 'till you have Time to change.  
A Week at least; one Night is sure too soon:  
But we pretend not to a Honey Moon.  
To Novelty we know you can be true,  
But what, alas! or who, is always new?  
This Day, without Presumption, we pretend  
With Novelty entire you're entertain'd;  
For not alone our House and Scenes are new,  
Our Song and Dance, but ev'n our Actors too.  
Our Play itself has something in't uncommon,  
Two faithful Lovers, and *one* constant Woman.  
In sweet *Italian* Strains our Shepherds sing,  
Of harmless Loves our painted Forests ring  
In Notes, perhaps less Foreign than the *Thing*.  
To Sound and Show at first we make Pretence,  
In Time we may regale you with some Sense,  
But that, at present, were too great Expence.  
We only fear the Beaux may think it hard,  
To be to Night from smutty Jests debarr'd:  
But in good Breeding, sure, they'll once excuse  
Ev'n Modesty, when in a Stranger Muse.

The

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The Day's at hand, when we shall shift the Scene,  
And to yourselves shew your dear selves again :  
Paint the Reverse of what you've seen To-day,  
And in bold Strokes the vicious Town display.

---

P R O L O G U E

T O

PYRRHUS *King of EPIRUS.*

OUR Age has much improv'd the Warrior's Art ;  
For Fighting, now, is thought the weakest Part ; }  
And a good Head, more useful than a Heart.  
This Way of War, does our Example yield ;  
That Stage will win, which longest keeps the Field.  
We mean not Battle, when we bid Defiance ;  
But starving one another to Compliance.  
Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,  
And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.  
And there, in Truth, depends the great Decision :  
They conquer, who cut off the Foe's Provision.  
Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruises, keep a Pother ;  
Our War and Trade, is to out-wit each other.  
But hold : Will not the Politicians tell us,  
That both our Conduct, and our Foresight, fail us,  
To raise Recruits, and draw new Forces down,  
Thus, in the dead Vacation of the Town ?  
To muster up our Rhimes, without our Reason,  
And forage for an Audience out of Season ?  
Our Author's Fears must this false Step excuse ;  
'Tis the first Flight of a just-feather'd Muse :

Th'Occ

Th' Occasion ta'en, when Critics are away ;  
Half Wits and Beaux, those rav'nous Birds of Prey.  
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their Wrath,  
Mauling, in mild Lampoon, th' intriguing *Bath*.  
Thus does our Author his first Flight commence ;  
Thus, against Friends at first, with Foils we fence :  
Thus prudent *Gimerack* try'd if he were able  
(Ere he'd wet Foot) to swim upon a Table.  
Then spare the Youth : or if you'll damn the Play,  
Let him but first have his ; then take your Day.

---

## EPILOGUE

T O

O R O O N O K O.

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

**Y**OU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts,  
To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts.  
We weep, and laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,  
Like Rain and Sunshine mixt, in *April* Weather.  
Your different Tastes divide our Poet's Cares :  
One Foot the Sock, t'other the Buskin wears :  
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,  
Like *Volscius*, Hip-hop, in a single Boot.  
Critics, he knows, for this may damn his Books :  
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for Cooks.  
Tho' Errant-Knights of late no Favour find,  
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.

To



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To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make Profession :  
 We Damsels fly, to save our Reputation :  
 So they, their Valour show, we, our Discretion.  
 To Lands of Monsters, and fierce Beasts they go.  
 We to those Islands where rich Husbands grow :  
 Tho' they're no Monsters, we may make 'em so.  
 If they're of *English* Growth, they'll bear't with Patience :  
 But save us from a Spouse of *Oroonoko's* Nations !  
 Then bless your Stars, you happy *London* Wives,  
 Who love at large, each Day, yet keep your Lives :  
 Nor envy poor *Imoinda's* doting Blindness,  
 Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of Kindness.  
 Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such Charms,  
 Had she once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.  
 Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding :  
 Poor Soul ! she wanted some of our Town Breeding.  
 Forgive the *Indian's* Fondness of her Spouse ;  
 Their Law no Christian Liberty allows :  
 Alas ! they make a Conscience of their Vows !  
 If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault ;  
 Then damn the Heathen School, where she was taught.  
 She might have learn'd to Cuckold, Jilt and Sham,  
 Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

---

PROLOGUE *to the* Husband  
 his own Cuckold,

*A Comedy written by Mr. J. Dryden, Junior.*

THIS Year has been remarkable two ways,  
 For blooming Poets, and for blasted Plays.  
 We've been by much appearing Plenty mock'd,  
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.

Our

Our Authors too, by their Success of late,  
Begin to think Third Days are out of Date.  
What can the Cause be, that our Plays won't keep,  
Unless they have a Rot some Years like Sheep?  
For our Parts, we confess we're quite ashamed  
To read such weekly Bills of Poets damn'd.  
Each Parish knows 'tis but a mournful Case  
When Christnings fall, and Funerals increase.  
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,  
There will be Writers which will ne'er be read.  
Why will you be such Wits, and write such Things?  
You're willing to be Wasps, but want the Stings.  
Let not your Spleen provoke you to that Height,  
'Odslife you don't know what you do, Sirs, when you  
write.

You'll find that *Pegasus* has Tricks, when try'd,  
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;  
Ladies and all, I'faith, now get astride.  
Contriving Characters, and Scenes, and Plots,  
Is grown as common now, as knitting Knots;  
With the same Ease, and Negligence of Thought,  
The charming Play is writ, and Fringe is wrought.  
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,  
When Ladies leave, that Beaux will take the Trade:  
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd stop,  
But shou'd they write, we must e'en shut up Shop.  
How shall we make this Mode of Writing sink?  
A Mode, said I? 'Tis a Disease, I think,  
A stubborn Tetter that's not cur'd with Ink.  
For still it spreads, 'till each th' Infection takes,  
And seizes ten for one that it forsakes.

Our Play to-day is sprung from none of these,  
Nor should you Damn it, tho' it does not please,  
Since born without the Bounds of your four Seas.  
For if you grant no Favour as 'tis new,  
Yet as a Stranger, there is something due:

From

From *Rome* (to try its Fate) this Play was sent;  
 Start not at *Rome*, for there's no Popery meant;  
 Tho' there the Poet may his Dwelling chuse,  
 Yet still he knows his Country claims his Muse.  
 Hither an Offering his First-born he sends,  
 Whose good, or ill Success, on you depends.  
 Yet he has hope some Kindness may be shown,  
 As due to greater Merit than his own,  
 And begs the Sire may for the Son atone.  
 There's his last Refuge, if the Play don't take,  
 Yet spare young *Dryden* for his Father's sake.

# P R O L O G U E

To the COURT,

*On the QUEEN's Birth-Day, 1704.*

THE happy Muse, to this high Scene prefer'd,  
 Hereafter shall in loftier Strains be heard;  
 And soaring to transcend her usual Theme,  
 Shall sing of Virtue and Heroic Fame.  
 No longer shall she toil upon the Stage,  
 And fruitless War with Vice and Folly wage;  
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,  
 And Shapes she wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:  
 While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,  
 And break the Mirror that reflects their Shame.  
 Henceforth She shall pursue a nobler Task,  
 Shew her bright Virgin Face, and scorn the *Satyr's* Mask.  
 Happy her future Days! which are design'd  
 Alone to paint the Beauties of the Mind.

By

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By just Originals to draw with Care,  
And Copy from the Court a faultless Fair :  
Such Labours with Success her Hopes may crown,  
And shame to Manners an incorrigible Town.

While this Design her eager Thought pursues,  
Such various Virtues all around she views,  
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuse.  
Yet still ambitious of the daring Flight,  
ONE only awes her with Superior Light.  
From that Attempt the Conscious Muse retires,  
Nor to Inimitable Worth aspires ;  
But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial Ray  
That first inviven'd this Auspicious Day :  
On that bright Star, to whose Indulgent Pow'r  
We owe the Blessings of the Present Hour.  
Concurring Omens of propitious Fate  
Bore, with One Sacred Birth, an equal Date :  
Whence we derive whatever we possess,  
By Foreign Conquest, or Domestic Peace.

Then *Britain*, then thy Dawn of Bliss begun :  
Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun !  
Then was it doom'd whose Councils shou'd succeed ;  
And by whose Arm the Christian World be freed ;  
Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,  
And then the Battle won at *Blenheim's* Glorious Field.





THE  
T E A R S  
OF  
*AMARYLLIS* for *AMYNTAS*.  
A  
P A S T O R A L,  
Lamenting the DEATH of the  
Late Lord Marquis of *BLANFORD*.

Inscrib'd to the  
Right Honourable the Lord *GODOLPHIN*,  
Lord High-Treasurer of *England*.

*Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ  
Amisfos queritur fœtus——*

—— *miserabile Carmen*

*Integrat, & mæstis latè loca questibus implet.*

Virg. Georg. 4.

'T WAS at the time, when new returning Light  
With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight;  
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay,  
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day;

When

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When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew,  
And from their fleecy Sides first shake the silver Dew.

'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, Heav'nly Fair,  
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Despair,  
Forsook her Myrtle Bow'r and Rosy Bed,  
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn *Amyntas* dead:  
Who had a Heart so hard, that heard her Cries  
And did not weep? Who such relentless Eyes?  
Tigers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego,  
And dumb Distress and new Compassion shew,  
As taught by her to taste of Human Woe.  
Nature herself attentive Silence kept,  
And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept;  
The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery Course,  
And rapid Rivers listen'd at their Source;  
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying Sound,  
Left Repetitions should her Accents drown;  
The very Morning Wind withheld his Breeze,  
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiseless Trees;  
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,  
And in the Grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.  
No Voice; no whisp'ring Sigh, no murmur'ing Groan,  
Presum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;  
Her Cries alone her Anguish could express,  
All other Mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cry'd, ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,  
Inhabitants of these once lov'd Abodes;  
Hear my Distress, and lend a pitying Ear,  
Hear my Complaint—you would not hear my Pray'r;  
The Loss which you prevented not, deplore,  
And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.

Have I not Cause, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?  
Lives there like me another Wretch forlorn?  
Tell me, thou Sun that round the World dost shine,  
Hast thou beheld another Loss like mine?

Ye

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Ye Winds, who on your Wings sad Accents bear,  
 And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Despair,  
 Tell me if e'er your tender Pinions bore  
 Such weight of Woe, such deadly Sighs before?  
 Tell me, thou Earth, on whose wide-spreading Base  
 The wretched Load is laid of Human Race,  
 Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress'd!  
 Lie all the Dead so heavy on thy Breast?  
 When Hoary Winter on thy shrinking Head  
 His icy, cold, depressing Hand has laid,  
 Hast thou not felt less Chilness in thy Veins?  
 Do I not pierce thee with more freezing Pains?  
 But why to thee do I relate my Woe,  
 Thou cruel Earth, my most remorseless Foe!  
 Within whose darksome Womb the Grave is made,  
 Where all my Joys are with *Amyntas* laid?  
 What is't to me, tho' on thy naked Head  
 Eternal Winter should his Horror shed,  
 Tho' all thy Nerves were numb'd with endless Frost,  
 And all thy Hopes of future Spring were lost?  
 To me what Comfort can the Spring afford?  
 Can my *Amyntas* be with Spring restor'd?  
 Can all the Rains that fall from weeping Skies,  
 Unlock the Tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?  
 No, never! never! — Say then, rigid Earth,  
 What is to me thy everlasting Dearth,  
 Tho' never Flow'r again its Head should rear,  
 Tho' never Tree again should Blossom bear;  
 Tho' never Grass should clothe the naked Ground,  
 Nor ever healing Plant or wholsom Herb be found.  
 None, none were found when I bewail'd their Want;  
 Nor wholsom Herb was found, nor healing Plant,  
 To ease *Amyntas* of his cruel Pains;  
 In vain I search'd the Valleys, Hills and Plains;  
 But wither'd Leaves alone appear'd to view,  
 Or pois'nous Weeds distilling deadly Dew.

And

And if some naked Stalk, not quite decay'd,  
To yield a fresh and friendly Bud essay'd,  
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender Shoot,  
A shrieking Mandrake kill'd it at the Root.  
Witness to this ye Fawns of ev'ry Wood,  
Who at the Prodigy astonish'd stood.  
Well I remember what sad Signs ye made,  
What show'rs of unavailing Tears ye shed ;  
How each ran fearful to his mossy Cave,  
When the last Gasp the dear *Amyntas* gave.  
For then the Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,  
And sudden Night o'erspread the darken'd Skies ;  
Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires appear'd,  
And Screams of ill-presaging Birds were heard.  
The Forest shook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,  
And frightened Streams their wonted Channels left,  
With frantic Grief o'erflowing fruitful Ground,  
Where many a Herd and harmless Swain was drown'd.  
While I forlorn and desolate was left,  
Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft ;  
To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay,  
And to my Grievs a more defenceless Prey.  
For thee, *Amyntas*, all these Pains were born,  
For thee these Hands were wrung, these Hairs were torn ;  
For thee my Soul to sigh shall never leave,  
These Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave.  
To mourn thy Fall I'll fly the hated Light,  
And hide my Head in Shades of endless Night :  
For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me ;  
The Sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.  
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good and Young ?  
The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue ?  
Did ever Branch so sweet a Blossom bear ?  
Or ever early Fruit appear so fair ?  
Did ever Youth so far his Years transcend ?  
Did ever Life so immaturely end ?

For



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For thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,  
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future Praise.  
For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry Grove,  
And Myrtle Wreaths and Flow'ry Chaplets wove.  
But now, ah dismal Change ! the tuneful Throng  
To loud Lamentings turn the chearful Song.  
Their pleasing Task the weeping Virgins leave,  
And with unfinish'd Garlands strew thy Grave.  
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,  
There grieving grow to Earth, despair, and die.

This said, her loud Complaint of force she ceas'd,  
Excess of Grief her faltring Speech suppress'd.  
Along the Ground her colder Limbs she laid,  
Where late the Grave was for *Amyntas* made ;  
Then from her swimming Eyes began to pour,  
Of softly falling Rain, a Silver Show'r ;  
Her loosely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,  
O'erspread the dewy Grass like Streams of Light :  
As if the Sun had of his Beams been shorn,  
And cast to Earth the Glories he had worn.  
A Sight so lovely sad, such deep Distress  
No Tongue can tell, no Pencil can express.

And now the Winds, which had so long been still,  
Began the swelling Air with Sighs to fill ;  
The Water-Nymphs, who motionless remain'd,  
Like Images of Ice, while she complain'd,  
Now loos'd their Streams ; as when descending Rains  
Roll the steep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.  
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,  
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Grievs amaz'd,  
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,  
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell ;  
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,  
And Echo multiply'd each mournful Sound.

When all at once an universal Pause  
Of Grief was made, as from some secret Cause.

The

The balmy Air with fragrant Scents was fill'd,  
As if each weeping Tree had Gums distill'd.  
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich Perfume  
Which swift ascended from *Amyntas*' Tomb:  
As if th' *Arabian* Bird her Nest had fir'd,  
And on the spicy Pile were new expir'd.

And now the Turf, which late was naked seen,  
Was sudden spread with lively springing Green;  
And *Amaryllis* saw, with wond'ring Eyes,  
A flow'ry Bed, where she had wept, arise;  
'Thick as the pearly Drops the Fair had shed,  
The blowing Buds advanc'd their Purple Head;  
From ev'ry Tear that fell, a Violet grew, [Hue.  
And thence their Sweetness came, and thence their mournful

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids,  
When Solitude ye seek in gloomy Shades;  
Or walk on Banks where silent Waters flow,  
For there this lonely Flow'r will love to grow.  
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye shall stoop  
To crop the Stalks and take 'em softly up.  
When in your snowy Necks their Sweets you wear,  
Give a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear:  
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the Tribute due,  
And bless his peaceful Grave, where first they grew.

---

To C R N T H I A.

Weeping and not Speaking.

E L E G Y.

WHY are those Hours, which Heav'n in Pity lent  
To longing Love, in fruitless Sorrow spent?

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N

Why

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Why sighs my Fair ? Why does that Bosom move  
 With any Passion stirr'd, but rising Love ?  
 Can Discontent find Place within that Breast,  
 On whose soft Pillows ev'n Despair might rest ?  
 Divide thy Woes, and give me my sad Part.  
 I am no Stranger to an aking Heart ;  
 Too well I know the Force of inward Grief,  
 And well can bear it, to give you Relief :  
 All Love's severest Pangs I can endure ;  
 I can bear Pain, tho' hopeless of a Cure.  
 I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,  
 To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day ;  
 I know what 'tis to Wish, and Hope, and all in vain,  
 And meet, for humble Love, unkind Disdain ;  
 Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,  
 Nay Jealousy——and I have felt Despair.  
 These Pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,  
 For cruel you, when I began to Love,  
 'Till warm Compassion took at length my Part,  
 And melted to my Wish your yielding Heart.  
 O the dear Hour, in which you did resign !  
 When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,  
 And, in a Kiss, you said your Heart was mine. }  
 Thro' each returning Year, may that Hour be  
 Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity ;  
 Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light,  
 Let him collect the Day, to be more bright, }  
 Shine all, that Hour, and let the rest be Night.  
 And shall I all this Heav'n of Bliss receive  
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve !  
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my Breast Desire,  
 When your cold Scorr, and Frowns forbid the Fire ;  
 Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,  
 And the dear Union of our Souls is seal'd,  
 When all my Joys compleat in you I find,  
 Shall I not share the Sorrows of your Mind ?

O tell me, tell me All — whence does arise  
This Flood of Tears? whence are these frequent Sighs?  
Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r  
Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,  
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and seem to grow  
Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe?  
Lean on my Breast, and let me fold thee fast,  
Lock'd in these Arms, think all thy Sorrows past;  
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;  
So I should think, were I so held by thee.  
Murmur thy Complaints, and gently wound my Ears;  
Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;  
Join to my Cheek, thy Cold and Dewy Face,  
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.  
O speak — for Woe in Silence most appears;  
Speak, ere my Fancy magnify my Fears.  
Is there a Cause, which Words cannot express?  
Can I not bear a Part, nor make it less?  
I know not what to think, — Am I in fault.  
I have not to my Knowledge err'd in Thought,  
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be  
Lord of the World to live depriv'd of thee.  
You weep afresh, and at that Word you start!  
Am I to be depriv'd then? — must we part!  
Curse on that Word so ready to be spoke,  
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.  
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,  
And my Tongue talks unprompted by my Heart.  
Yet speak, for my Distraction grows apace,  
And racking Fears, and restless Doubts increase;  
And Fears and Doubts to *Jealousy* will turn,  
The hottest Hell, in which a Heart can burn.





# A M O R E T.

## I.

**F**AIR *Amoret* is gone astray;  
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover;  
I'll tell the Signs by which you may  
The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

## II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,  
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;  
Careless she is with artful Care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

## III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
For she'd persuade they wound by Chance,  
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

## IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
For that which in herself she prizes;  
And while she laughs at them, forgets  
She is the Thing that she despises.

# L E S B I A.

**W**HEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heav'nly Fair,  
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air,  
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,  
As bold as his, who snatch'd Celestial Fire.  
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,  
Forth from her Coral Lips such Folly broke,

Like

Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,  
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound.

---

D O R I S.

D O R I S, a Nymph of riper Age,  
Has every Grace and Art ;  
A wise Observer to engage,  
Or wound a heedless Heart.  
Of Native Blush, and Rosy Dye,  
Time has her Cheek bereft ;  
Which makes the prudent Nymph supply,  
With Paint, th' injurious Theft.  
Her sparkling Eyes she still retains,  
And Teeth in good Repair ;  
And her well-furnish'd Front disdains  
To grace with borrow'd Hair.  
Of Size, she is not short, nor tall,  
And does to Fat incline  
No more, than what the *French* wou'd call  
*Aimable Embonpoint*.  
Farther, her Person to disclose  
I leave —— let it suffice,  
She has few Faults, but what she knows,  
And can with Skill disguise.  
She many Lovers has refus'd,  
With many more comply'd ;  
Which, like her Clothes, when little us'd,  
She always lays aside.  
She's one, who looks with great Contempt  
On each affected Creature,  
Whose Nicety would seem exempt  
From Appetites of Nature.

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She thinks they want or Health or Sense,  
 Who want an Inclination;  
 And therefore never takes Offence  
 At him who pleads his Passion.  
 Whom she refuses, she treats still  
 With so much sweet Behaviour,  
 That her Refusal, through her Skill,  
 Looks almost like a Favour.  
 Since she this Softness can express,  
 To those whom she rejects,  
 She must be very fond, you'll guess,  
 Of such whom she affects.  
 But here our *Doris* far outgoes,  
 All that her Sex have done;  
 She no Regard for Custom knows,  
 Which Reason bids her shun.  
 By *Reason*, her own *Reason's* meant,  
 Or if you please, her *Will*:  
 For when this last is Discontent,  
 The first is serv'd but ill.  
 Peculiar therefore is her Way;  
 Whether by Nature taught,  
 I shall not undertake to say,  
 Or by Experience bought.  
 But who o'er-night obtain'd her Grace,  
 She can next Day disown,  
 And stare upon the Strange man's Face,  
 As one she ne'er had known.  
 So well she can the Truth disguise,  
 Such artful Wonder frame,  
 The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,  
 Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.  
 Some, censure this as Lewd and Low,  
 Who are to Bounty blind;  
 For to forget what we bestow,  
 Bespeaks a noble Mind.

*Doris,*

*Doris*, our Thanks nor asks, nor needs,  
For all her Favours done :  
From her Love flows, as Light proceeds  
Spontaneous from the Sun.  
On one or other, still her Fires  
Display their Genial Force ;  
And she, like *Sol*, alone retires,  
To shine elsewhere of Course.

---

TO S L E E P.

E L E G Y.

O Sleep! thou Flatterer of happy Minds,  
How soon a troubled Breast thy Falshood finds !  
Thou common Friend, officious in thy Aid,  
Where no Distress is shown, nor Want betray'd :  
But oh, how swift, how sure thou art to shun  
The Wretch, by Fortune or by Love undone !  
Where are thy gentle Dews, thy softer Pow'rs,  
Which us'd to wait upon my Midnight Hours ?  
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring Wings to spread,  
With friendly Shade around my restless Bed ?  
Can no Complaining thy Compassion move ?  
Is thy Antipathy so strong to Love !  
O no ! thou art the prosperous Lover's Friend,  
And dost uncall'd his pleasing Toils attend.  
With equal Kindness, and with rival Charms,  
Thy Slumbers lull him in his fair One's Arms ;  
Or from her Bosom he to thine retires,  
Where sooth'd with Ease, the panting Youth respire,  
'Till soft Repose restore his drooping Sense,  
And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.



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But oh, what Fortune does the Lover bear,  
 Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Despair !  
 From racking Thoughts by no kind Slumber freed,  
 But painful Nights his joyless Days succeed.  
 But why, dull God, do I of thee complain ?  
 Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my Pain.  
 Forgive what my distracting Grief has said,  
 I own, unjustly I thy Sloth upbraid.  
 For oft I have thy proffer'd Aid repell'd,  
 And my Reluctant Eyes from Rest withheld ;  
 Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle Chains,  
 And sung with *Philomel* my nightly Strains.  
 With her I sing, but cease not with her Song,  
 For more enduring Woes my Days prolong.  
 The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,  
 And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat :  
 Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,  
 Wailing alike his Absence and Return.  
 And all for thee—— What had I well nigh said ?  
 Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid.  
 No—— as the wing'd Musicians of the Grove,  
 Th' Associates of my Melody and Love,  
 In moving Sound alone relate their Pain,  
 And not with Voice articulate complain ;  
 So shall my Muse my tuneful Sorrows sing,  
 And lose in Air her Name from whom they spring.  
 O may no wakeful Thoughts her Mind molest,  
 Soft be her Slumbers, and sincere her Rest :  
 For her, O Sleep, thy balmy Sweets prepare ;  
 The Peace I lose for her, to her transfer.  
 Hush! as the falling Dews, whose noiseless Show'rs  
 Imperle the folded Leaves of Ev'ning Flow'rs,  
 Steal on her Brow : And as those Dews attend,  
 'Till warn'd by waking Day to re-ascend ;  
 So wait thou for her Morn ; then, gently rise,  
 And to the World restore the Day-break of her Eyes.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occasion'd

By L——y——s Picture.

**I** Yield, O *Kneller*, to superior Skill,  
Thy Pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's Quill:  
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her Lays,  
It is no more to Rival thee, but Praise.  
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing Care,  
To trace some Image of the much lov'd Fair;  
But still my Numbers ineffectual prov'd,  
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd.  
But thy unerring Hands, with matchless Art,  
Have shewn my Eyes th' Impression in my Heart;  
The bright Idea both exists and lives,  
Such vital Heat thy genial Pencil gives:  
Whose daring Point, not to the Face confin'd,  
Can penetrate the Heart, and paint the Mind.  
Others some faint Resemblance may express,  
Which, as 'tis drawn by Chance, we find by Guess.  
Thy Pictures raise no Doubts, when brought to View,  
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.  
Transcendent Artist! How complete thy Skill!  
Thy Pow'r to act, is equal to thy Will.  
Nature and Art, in thee, alike contend,  
Not to oppose each other, but befriend:  
For what thy Fancy has with Fire design'd,  
Is by thy Skill, both temper'd and refin'd.

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As in thy Pictures, Light consents with Shade,  
And, each, to other is subservient made,  
Judgment and Genius so concur in thee,  
And both unite in perfect Harmony.

But after-Days, my Friend, must do thee Right,  
And set thy Virtues in unenvy'd Light.  
Fame due to vast Desert, is kept in Store,  
Unpay'd, 'till the Deserver is no more.  
Yet, thou, in present, the best Part hast gain'd,  
And from the Chosen Few Applause obtain'd:  
Ev'n He who best cou'd judge and best cou'd praise,  
Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathless Lays;  
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortaliz'd thy Name;  
Let that alone suffice thee, think That, Fame.  
Unfit I follow, where he led the Way,  
And court Applause, by what I seem to pay.  
Myself I praise, while I thy Praise intend,  
For 'tis some Virtue, Virtue to commend:  
And next to Deeds, which our own Honor raise,  
Is, to distinguish them who merit Praise.

---

*To a CANDLE.*

ELEGY.

**T**HOU watchful Taper, by whose silent Light  
I lonely pass the melancholy Night;  
Thou faithful Witness of my secret Pain,  
To whom alone I venture to complain;  
O learn with me, my hopeless Love to moan;  
Commiserate a Life so like thy own.  
Like thine, my Flames to my Destruction turn,  
Wasting that Heart, by which supply'd they burn.

*Like*

Like thine, my Joy and Suffering they display,  
At once, are Signs of Life, and Symptoms of Decay.  
And as thy fearful Flames the Day decline,  
And only during Night presume to shine;  
Their humble Rays not daring to aspire  
Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire:  
So mine, with conscious Shame, and equal Awe,  
To Shades obscure and Solitude withdraw;  
Nor dare their Light before her Eyes disclose,  
From whose bright Beams their Being first arose.

---

## OVID's Third Book

OF THE

ART of LOVE.

Translated into *ENGLISH VERSE*.

WHEREIN

*He recommends Rules and Instructions to the Fair  
Sex, in the Conduct of their Amours: After hav-  
ing already composed two Books for the Use of  
Men, upon the same Subject.*

**T**HE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight prepare;  
And now we must instruct and Arm the Fair.  
Both Sexes, well appointed, take the Field,  
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.

Man



300 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show  
Unequal Force against a naked Foe:  
No Glory from such Conquest can be gain'd,  
And Odds are always by the Brave disdain'd.

But, some exclaim, what Frensy rules your Mind?  
Would you increase the Craft of Woman-kind!

Teach them new Wiles and Arts! As well you may  
Instruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.

But, sure, too hard a Censure they pursue,  
Who charge on all, the Failings of a few.

Examine, first, impartially each Fair,  
Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.

If (1) *Menelaus*, and the King of Men,  
With Justice, of their Sister-Wives complain;

If false (2) *Eriphyle* forsook her Faith,  
And for Reward procur'd her Husband's Death;

*Penelope* (3) was Loyal still, and Chaste,  
Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Absence pass'd,  
Reflect how (4) *Laodamia's* Truth was try'd.

Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,  
To share her Husband's Fate, untimely dy'd.

Think how (5) *Aleestes'* Piety was prov'd,  
Who lost her Life, to save the Man she lov'd.

Receive me, *Capaneus*, (6) *Evadne* cry'd;  
Nor Death itself our Nuptials shall divide:

To join thy Ashes, pleas'd I shall expire.  
She said, and leap'd amid the Fun'ral Fire.

Virtue (7) herself a Goddess we confess,  
Both Female in her Name and in her Dress;

No Wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,  
She cultivates with Care a Female Mind.

But these exalted Souls exceed the Reach  
Of that soft Art, which I pretend to teach.

My tender Bark requires a gentle Gale;  
A little Wind will fill a little Sail.

Of sportful Loves I sing, and shew what Ways  
 The willing Nymph must use, her Bliss to raise,  
 And how to captivate the Man she'd please.  
 Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,  
 Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart :  
 Man has a Breast robust, and more secure,  
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.  
 Men oft are false ; and if you search with Care,  
 You'll find less Fraud imputed to the Fair.  
 The faithless <sup>(8)</sup> *Jason* from *Medea* fled,  
 And made *Creüsa* Partner of his Bed.  
 Bright <sup>(9)</sup> *Ariadne*, on an unknown Shore,  
 Thy Absence, perjur'd *Theseus*, did deplore.  
 If then, the wild Inhabitants of Air  
 Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,  
 It was not owing, *Theseus*, to thy Care.  
 Enquire the Cause, and let *Demophoon* tell,  
 Why <sup>(10)</sup> *Phillis* by a Fate untimely fell.  
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,  
 She sought th' appointed Shore, and view'd the Sea :  
 Her Fall the fading Trees consent to mourn,  
 And shed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.

The Prince so far for Piety renown'd,  
 To thee, <sup>(11)</sup> *Eliza*, was unfaithful found ;  
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with Grief,  
 His Sword alone he left, thy last Relief.  
 Ye ruin'd Nymphs, shall I the Cause impart  
 Of all your Woes ? 'Twas want of needful Art :  
 Love, of itself, too quickly will expire ;  
 But pow'rful Art perpetuates Desire.  
 Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd,  
 Had not this Art by *Venus* been reveal'd.

Before my Sight the Cyprian Goddess shone,  
 And thus she said ; *What have poor Women done ?*  
*Why is that weak, defenceless Sex expos'd ;*  
*On ev'ry Side, by Men well arm'd, inclos'd ?*

*Twice*

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Twice are the Men instructed by thy Muse,  
 Nor must she now to teach the Sex refuse.  
 The <sup>(12)</sup> Bard who injur'd Helen in his Song,  
 Recanted after, and redress'd the Wrong.  
 And you, if on my Favour you depend,  
 The Cause of Women, while you live, defend.  
 This said, a Myrtle Sprig, which Berries bore,  
 She gave me (for a Myrtle Wreath she wore.)  
 The Gift receiv'd, my Sense enlighten'd grew,  
 And from her Presence Inspiration drew.  
 Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,  
 And hear my Precepts, while she prompts my Mind.  
 Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,  
 Beware of coming Age, nor waste your Time:  
 Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite,  
 Enjoy the seasonable, sweet Delight:  
 For rolling Years, like stealing Waters, glide;  
 Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing Tide:  
 Think not, *hereafter* will the Loss repay;  
 For ev'ry Morrow will the Taste decay,  
 And leave less Relish than the former Day.  
 I've seen the Time, when on that wither'd Thorn,  
 The blooming Rose vy'd with the blushing Morn.  
 With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my Head,  
 And see, how leaf-less now, and how decay'd!  
 And you, who now the Love-sick Youth reject,  
 Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.  
 None, then, will press upon your Midnight Hours,  
 Nor wake, to strew your Street with Morning Flow'rs,  
 Then nightly Knockings at your Door will cease,  
 Whose noiseless Hammer, then, may rust in Peace.  
 Alas, how soon a clear Complexion fades!  
 How soon a wrinkled Skin plump Flesh invades!  
 And what avails it, tho' the Fair One swears  
 She from her Infancy had some gray Hairs?

She

Nov  
And  
Prod

She grows all hoary in a few more Years,  
 And then the venerable Truth appears.  
 The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may cast,  
 And both renew their Youth and Vigour pass'd:  
 But no Receipt can Human-kind relieve,  
 Doom'd to decrepid Age, without Reprieve.  
 Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,  
 And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk must die.  
 Besides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,  
 And frequent Births, too soon will Youth impair:  
 Continual Harvest wears the fruitful Field,  
 And Earth itself decays, too often till'd.  
 Thou didst not, *Cynthia*, scorn the *Latmian* <sup>(13)</sup> Swain;  
 Nor thou, *Aurora*, <sup>(14)</sup> *Cephalus* disdain;  
 The *Paphian* Queen, who, for <sup>(15)</sup> *Adonis'* Fate,  
 So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,  
 Has not been found inexorable since;  
 Witness <sup>(16)</sup> *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* Prince.  
 Then take Example, Mortals, from above,  
 And like Immortals live, and like 'em love.  
 Refuse not those Delights, which Men require,  
 Nor let your Lovers languish with Desire.  
 False tho' they prove, what Loss can you sustain?  
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.  
 Tho' constant Use, ev'n Flint and Steel impairs,  
 What you employ no Diminution fears.  
 Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?  
 Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?  
 Still Women lose, you cry, if Men obtain:  
 What do they lose, that's worthy to retain <sup>(17)</sup>?  
 Think not this said to prostitute the Sex,  
 But undeceive whom needless Fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle Breeze supplies our Sail,  
 Now lanch'd to Sea, we ask a brisker Gale.  
 And, first, we treat of Dress. The well-dress'd Vine  
 Produces plumpest Grapes, and richest Wine;

And



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And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,  
 Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.  
 Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride !  
 Yet, to how many, is that Gift deny'd ?  
 Art helps a Face ; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,  
 May quickly fade for want of needful Care.  
 In ancient Days, if Women slighted Dress,  
 Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.  
 If *Hector's* <sup>(18)</sup> Spouse was clad in stubborn Stuff,  
 A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.  
*Ajax*, to shield his ample Breast, provides  
 Seven lusty Bulls, and tanns their sturdy Hides ;  
 And might not he, d'ye think, be well carefs'd,  
 And yet his Wife not elegantly dress'd ?  
 With rude Simplicity *Rome* first was built,  
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.  
 This <sup>(19)</sup> *Capitol* with that of Old compare ;  
 Some other *Jove*, you'd think, was worshipp'd there.  
 That lofty Pile, where *Senates* dictate Law,  
 When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with Straw :  
 And where *Apollo's* Fane refulgent stands,  
 Was heretofore a Tract of Pasture-Lands.  
 Let ancient Manners other Men delight ;  
 But me the Modern please, as more Polite.  
 Not, that Materials now in Gold are wrought,  
 And distant Shores for Orient Pearls are sought ;  
 Nor for, that Hills exhaust their Marble Veins,  
 And Structures rise whose Bulk the Sea restrains ;  
 But, that the World is civiliz'd of late,  
 And polish'd from the Rust of former Date.  
 Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,  
 Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocade appear ;  
 Too rich a Dress may sometimes check Desire ;  
 And Cleanliness more animate Love's Fire.  
 The Hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a Grace,  
 And much become, or misbecome the Face.

What

What sutes your Features, of your Glafs inquire,  
For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-Attire.  
A Face too long shou'd part, and flat the Hair,  
Lest, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear :  
So *Laodamia* dress'd. A Face too round,  
Shou'd show the Ears, and with a Tour be crown'd.  
On either Shoulder, one, her Locks displays ;  
Adorn'd like *Phæbus*, when he sings his Lays :  
Another, all her Tresses ties behind ;  
So dress'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.  
Dishevell'd Locks most graceful are to some ;  
Others, the binding Fillets more become :  
Some plat, like Spiral Shells, their braided Hair,  
Others, the loose and waving Curl prefer.  
But, to recount the several Dresses worn,  
Which artfully each sev'ral Face adorn,  
Were endless, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,  
The Beasts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla's* Bees.  
Many there are, who seem to slight all Care,  
And with a pleasing Negligence insnare ;  
Whole Mornings oft, in such a Dress are spent,  
And all is Art, that looks like Accident.  
With such Disorder (<sup>20</sup>) *Iole* was grac'd,  
When great *Alcides* first the Nymph embrac'd.  
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus'* Bed,  
When with the Conqueror from *Crete* she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays  
The Losses they sustain, by various ways.  
Men ill supply those Hairs they shed in Age,  
Lost, like Autumnal Leaves, when North-winds rage.  
Women, with Juice of Herbs, gray Locks disguise,  
And Art gives Colour which with Nature vies.  
The well-wove Tours they wear, their own are thought ;  
But only are their own, as what they've bought.  
Nor need they blush to buy Heads ready dress'd,  
And choose, at public Shops, what sutes 'em best.

Costly

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Costly Apparel let the Fair One fly,  
 Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian Dye*.  
 What Folly must in such Expence appear,  
 When more becoming Colours are less dear?  
 One, with a Dye is ting'd of lovely Blue;  
 Such as, thro' Air serene, the Sky we view.  
 With yellow Lustre see another spread,  
 As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the Thread.  
 Some, of the Sea green Wave the Cast display;  
 With this, the Nymphs their beauteous Forms array:  
 And some, the Saffron Hue will well adorn;  
 Such is the Mantle of the blushing Morn.  
 Of Myrtle Berries, one, the Tincture shows;  
 In this, of Amethysts, the Purple grows,  
 And, that, more imitates the paler Rose.  
 Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whose silv'ry Plumes  
 Give Patterns, which employ the mimic Looms.  
 Nor Almond, nor the Chesnut Dye disclaim;  
 Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.  
 As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'erspread,  
 When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Frost is fled;  
 So various are the Colours you may try,  
 Of which, the thirsty Wooll imbibes the Dye.  
 Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you, wear;  
 For no Complexion all alike can bear.  
 If fair the Skin, black may become it best,  
 In black the lovely Fair <sup>(21)</sup> *Briſeis* dress'd:  
 If brown the Nymph, let her be cloth'd in White,  
*Andromeda* <sup>(22)</sup> so charm'd the wond'ring Sight.  
 I need not warn you of too pow'rful Smells,  
 Which, sometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.  
 Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care  
 The casual Growth of all unseemly Hair.  
 Tho' not to Nymphs of <sup>(23)</sup> *Caucasus* I sing,  
 Nor such who taste remote the *Myſian* <sup>(24)</sup> Spring;

Yet,

Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,  
You let your Teeth disclose the least Defect,  
You know the Use of *White* to make you fair,  
And how, with *Red*, lost Colour to repair;  
Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,  
And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend.  
Nor need the Fair One be asham'd, who tries,  
By Art, to add new Lustre to her Eyes.

A little Book <sup>(25)</sup> I've made, but with great Care,  
How to preserve the Face, and how repair.  
In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,  
May see, what Pains to please 'em I've employ'd.  
But, still beware, that from your Lover's Eye  
You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:  
Tho' Art assists, yet must that Art be hid,  
Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.  
Who would not take Offence, to see a Face  
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted Grease?  
And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,  
The Wooll's unsav'ry Scent is still the same.  
Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatus* try,  
Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by;  
For many Things, when done, afford Delight,  
Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.  
Even *Myro's* <sup>(26)</sup> Statues, which for Art surpass  
All others, once were but a shapeless Mass;  
Rude was that Gold which now in Rings is worn,  
As once the Robe you wear was Wooll unshorn.  
Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,  
Which, now, a perfect *Venus* shews to View.  
While we suppose you sleep, repair your Face,  
Lock'd from Observers, in some secret Place.  
Add the last Hand, before yourselves you show;  
Your Need of Art, why should your Lover know?  
For many Things, when most conceal'd, are best;  
And few, of strict Enquiry, bear the Test.

Those



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Those Figures which in Theatres are seen,  
Gilded without, are common Wood within.  
But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,  
'Till all is finish'd, which allures the Eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords Delight,  
To have the Fair One comb her Hair in Sight;  
To view the flowing Honours of her Head  
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders spread.  
But let her look, that she with Care avoid  
All fretful Humours, while she's so employ'd;  
Let her not still undo, with peevish Haste,  
All that her Woman does; who does her best.  
I hate a Vixen, that her Maid assails,  
And scratches with her Bodkin, or her Nails;  
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears must mourn,  
And her Heart curses, what her Hands adorn.

Let her who has no Hair, or has but some,  
Plant Centinels before her Dressing-Room:  
Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress,  
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Access.  
'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a Tale devis'd)  
A Lady at her Toilet once surpris'd;  
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the Tour she wore,  
And in a hurry, plac'd the hinder Part before.  
But on our Foes fall ev'ry such Disgrace,  
Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian* Race.  
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a Horn  
The lofty Hart, whom Branches best adorn;  
A leaf-less Tree, or an unverdant Mead;  
And as ungraceful is a hairless Head.

But think not, these Instructions are design'd  
For first-rate Beauties of the finish'd Kind:  
Not to a *Semele*, or <sup>(27)</sup> *Leda* bright,  
Nor an <sup>(28)</sup> *Europa*, these my Rules I write;  
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach, whose Charms  
Stirr'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to Arms:

Thee

Thee to regain, well was that War begun,  
And *Paris* well defended what he won ;  
What Lover, or what Husband would not fight  
In such a Cause, where both are in the right ?

The Croud I teach, some homely, and some fair ;  
But of the former Sort, the larger Share.  
The handsom least require the Help of Art,  
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part.  
When calm the Sea, at ease the Pilot lies,  
But all his Skill exerts when Storms arise.

Faults in your Person, or your Face, correct ;  
And few are seen that have not some Defect.  
The Nymph too short, her Seat should seldom quit,  
Lest, when she stands, she may be thought to fit ;  
And when extended on her Couch she lies,  
Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size.  
The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Clothes should chuse,  
And fuller made than what the Plumper use.  
If Pale, let her the crimson Juice apply ;  
If Swarthy, to the <sup>(29)</sup> *Pharian* Varnish fly.  
A Leg too lank, tight Garters still must wear ;  
Nor should an ill-shap'd Foot be ever bare.  
Round Shoulders, <sup>(31)</sup> bolster'd, will appear the least ;  
And lacing strait, confines too full a Breast.  
Whose Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarse,  
Should always shun much Gesture in Discourse.  
And you, whose Breath is touch'd, this Caution take,  
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.  
Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,  
Whose Teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.  
You hardly think how much on this depends,  
And how a Laugh, or spoils a Face, or mends.  
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your Gums,  
And lose the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.  
Nor let your Sides too strong Concussions shake,  
Lest you the Softness of the Sex forsake.

In

310 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

In some, Distortions quite the Face disguise ;  
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.  
In one, too hoarse a Voice we hear betray'd,  
Another is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot Art attain ! Many, with ease,  
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.  
Others, thro' Affectation, lisp, and find,  
In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.  
Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends ;  
Now learn what way of Walking recommends.  
Too Masculine a Motion shocks the Sight ;  
But Female Grace allures with strange Delight.  
One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,  
Which helps her Coats to catch the swelling Wind ;  
Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they loosely flow,  
And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion show.  
Another, like an <sup>(31)</sup> *Umbrian's* sturdy Spouse,  
Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.  
Between Extremes, in this, a Mean adjust,  
Nor shew too nice a Gate, nor too robust.

If snowy white your Neck, you still should wear  
That, and the Shoulder of the left Arm, bare.  
Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,  
And make me pant to kiss the naked Part.

<sup>(32)</sup> *Sirens*, tho' Monsters of the stormy Main,  
Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain :  
Scarce could *Ulysses* by his Friends be bound,  
When first he listen'd to the charming Sound.  
Singing insinuates : Learn, all ye Maids ;  
Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice persuades.  
Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,  
Or in *Ruelle* some soft *Egyptian* Air.  
Well shall she sing, of whom I make my Choice,  
And with her Lute accompany her Voice.

The

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The Rocks were stirr'd, the Beasts to listen staid,  
When on his Lyre melodious (33) *Orpheus* play'd;  
Ev'n *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd.

}

And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raise,  
O *Thebes*, attracted by (34) *Amphion's* Lays.  
The Dolphin, dumb itself, thy Voice admir'd,  
And was, (35) *Arion*, by thy Songs inspir'd.

Of sweet (36) *Callimachus* the Works rehearse,  
And read (37) *Philetas* and (38) *Anacreon's* Verse,  
*Terentian* Plays may much the Mind improve;  
But softest (39) *Sappho* best instructs to Love.  
*Propertius*, *Gallus*, and (40) *Tibullus* read,  
And let (41) *Varronian* Verse to these succeed.  
Then mighty *Maro's* Work with Care peruse;  
Of all the *Latian* Bards the noblest Muse.

Even I, 'tis possible, in After-Days,  
May 'scape Oblivion, and be nam'd with these.  
My labour'd Lines, some Readers may approve,  
Since I've instructed either Sex in Love.  
Whatever Book you read of this soft Art,  
Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart.

Tender Epistles too, by me are fram'd,  
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.  
Such was your sacred Will, O tuneful Nine!  
Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lyæus*, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the Maid be thought,  
Who gracefully to Dance was never taught:  
That active Dancing may to Love engage,  
Witness the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.

Of some odd Trifles I'm ashamed to tell,  
Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;  
To raffle prettily, or slur a Dye,  
Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.  
Nor is't amiss at Chess to be expert,  
For Games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.

Learn



Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Use ;  
 Parties begun at Play, may Love produce.  
 But easier 'tis to learn how Bets to lay,  
 Than how to keep your Temper while you play.  
 Unguarded then, each Breast is open laid,  
 And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.  
 Then, base Desire of Gain, then, Rage appears,  
 Quarrels and Brawls arise, and anxious Fears ;  
 Then, Clamours and Revilings reach the Sky,  
 While losing Gamesters all the Gods defy.  
 Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Cast ;  
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.  
 Good *Jove* avert such shameful Faults as these,  
 From ev'ry Nymph whose Heart's inclin'd to please.  
 Soft Recrations fit the Female-kind ;  
 Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports design'd :  
 To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear ;  
 To stop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.  
 Tho' Martial Fields ill sute your tender Frames,  
 Nor may you swim in *Tiber's* rapid Streams ;  
 Yet when *Sol's* burning Wheels from *Leo* drive,  
 And at the glowing (42) *Virgin's* Sign arrive,  
 'Tis both allow'd, and fit you should repair  
 To pleasant Walks, and breathe refreshing Air.  
 To *Pompey's* (43) Gardens, or the shady Groves  
 Which *Cæsar* honours, and which *Phæbus* loves :  
 (44) *Phæbus*, who sunk the proud *Ægyptian* Fleet,  
 And made *Augustus's* Victory complete.  
 Or seek those Shades, where Monuments of Fame  
 Are rais'd, to *Livia's* and (45) *Octavia's* Name ;  
 Or, where (46) *Agrippa* first adorn'd the Ground,  
 When he with Naval Victory was crown'd.  
 To *Isis's* (47) Fane, to Theatres resort ;  
 And in the *Circus* see the noble Sport.  
 In ev'ry public Place, by turns, be shown ;  
 In vain you're Fair, while you remain unknown.

Should

Should you, in singing, (48) *Thamyras* transcend ;  
Your Voice unheard, who cou'd your Skill commend?  
Had not (49) *Apellas* drawn the Sea-born Queen,  
Her Beauties, still, beneath the Waves had been.

Poets inspir'd, write only for a Name,  
And think their Labours well repay'd with Fame.  
In former Days, I own, the Poets were  
Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care ;  
Majestic Awe was in the Name allow'd,  
And, they, with rich Possessions were endow'd.  
*Ennius* (50) with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,  
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.

But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem,  
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream.  
Still, there's a Pleasure, that proceeds from Praise:  
What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise,  
But that he sung his *Iliad's* deathless Lays?

Who could have been of (51) *Danae's* Charms assur'd,  
Had she grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd?  
This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph pursue ;  
That 'tis her Int'rest oft to come in View.

A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,  
In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.  
So, let the Fair the gazing Croud assail,  
That over one, at least, she may prevail.  
In ev'ry Place to please, be all her Thought ;  
Where, sometimes, least we think, the Fish is caught.  
Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,  
Anon, the Stag himself shall seek the Toil.

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,  
Whose Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by Grief?  
The widow'd Fair, who sees her Lord expire,  
While yet she weeps, may kindle new Desire,  
And *Hymen's* Torch re light with Fun'ral Fire.

Beware of Men who are too sprucely dress'd ;  
And look, you fly with Speed a Fop profess'd.

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Such Tools, to you, and to a thousand more,  
Will tell the same dull Story o'er and o'er.  
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,  
And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.  
Such flutt'ring things all Women sure should hate,  
Light, as themselves, and more Effeminate.  
Believe me ; all I say is for your Good ;  
Had <sup>(52)</sup> *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* still had stood.

Many, with base Designs, will Passion feign,  
Who know no Love, but sordid Love of Gain.  
But let not powder'd Heads, nor essenc'd Hair,  
Your well-believing, easy Hearts insnare.  
Rich Clothes are oft by common Sharpers worn,  
And Diamond Rings felonious Hands adorn.  
So, may your Lover burn with fierce Desire  
Your Jewels to enjoy, and best Attire.  
Poor *Cloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the Streets  
And as she runs, *Give me my own*, repeats.  
How often, <sup>(53)</sup> *Venus*, hast thou heard such Cries,  
And laugh'd amidst thy *Appian* Votaries ?  
Some so notorious are, their very Name  
Must ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.  
Be warn'd by Ills, which others have destroy'd,  
And faithless Men with constant Care avoid.  
Trust not a *Theseus*, fair *Athenian* Maid,  
Who has so oft th' attesting Gods betray'd.  
And thou, *Demophoon*, Heir to *Theseus'* Crimes,  
Hast lost thy Credit to all future Times.

Promise for Promise, equally afford,  
But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.  
For, she for any Act of Hell is fit,  
And, undismay'd, may Sacrilege commit ;  
With impious Hands cou'd quench the vestal Fire,  
Poison her Husband, in her Arms, for Hire,  
Who, first, to take a Lover's Gift complies,  
And then defrauds him, and his Claim denies.

But

But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly Horse,  
And more in fight pursue th' intended Course.

If Love Epistles, tender Lines impart,  
And *Billet-doux* are sent to sound your Heart,  
Let all such Letters, by a faithful Maid,  
Or Confident, be secretly convey'd:  
Soon from the Words, you'll judge, if read with Care,  
When feign'd a Passion is, and when sincere.  
Ere in return you write, some time require;  
Delays, if not too long, increase Desire:  
Nor let the pressing Youth with Ease obtain,  
Nor yet refuse him with too rude Disdain.  
Now, let his Hopes, now let his Fears increase,  
But by degrees, let Fear to Hope give place.

Before avoid set Phrases, when you write,  
The usual way of Speech is more polite.  
How have I seen the puzzled Lover vex'd,  
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!  
A Style too coarse, takes from a handsom Face,  
And makes us with an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' Chastity be not your Care)  
You from your Husband still wou'd hide th' Affair,  
Write to no Stranger, 'till his Truth be try'd;  
Nor in a foolish Messenger confide.  
What Agonies that Woman undergoes,  
Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to expose;  
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,  
And lives for ever to that Dread enslav'd!  
Such Treachery can never be surpass'd,  
For those Discov'ries, sure as Light'ning, blast:  
Might I advise, Fraud shou'd with Fraud be paid;  
Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade.

But since your Letters may be brought to Light,  
What if in sev'ral Hands you learn'd to write?  
My Curse on him who first the Sex betray'd,  
And this Advice so necessary made.



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Nor let your Pocket Book two Hands contain,  
First, rub your Lover's out, then write again.  
Still one Contrivance more remains behind,  
Which you may use as a convenient Blind;  
As if to Women writ, your Letters frame,  
And let your Friend to you subscribe a Female Name.

Now, greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,  
And clap on all the Sail the Bark can bear.  
Let no rude Passions in your Looks find place;  
For Fury will deform the finest Face:  
It swells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins,  
While in the Eye a *Gorgon* Horror reigns.

When on her Flute divine (*54*) *Minerva* play'd,  
And in a Fountain saw the Change it made,  
Swelling her Cheek; She flung it quick aside;  
*Nor is thy Music so much worth*, she cry'd.  
Look in your Glafs, when you with Anger glow,  
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.  
Nor with excessive Pride insult the Sight,  
For gentle Looks, alone, to Love invite.  
Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd,  
There's nothing more detestable than Pride.

How have I seen some *Airs* Disgust create,  
“ *Like things which by Antipathy we hate!*  
Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be paid,  
And when your Lover bows, incline your Head.  
So, Love preluding, plays at first with Hearts,  
And after wounds with deeper piercing Darts.  
Nor me a melancholy Mistress charms;  
Let sad (*55*) *Tecmessa* weep in *Ajax*' Arms.  
Let mourning Beauties, sullen Heroes move;  
We chearful Men, like Gaiety in Love.  
Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,  
Who, in bewailing *Troy*, wastes all the Night.  
Had they not both borne Children (to be plain)  
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their Husbands lain.

I no Idea in my Mind can frame,  
That either one or t'other doleful Dame,  
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their Lord's  
My Life, my Soul ; or speak endearing Words.

Why, from Comparisons shou'd I refrain,  
Or, fear small things by greater to explain ?  
Observe what Conduct prudent Gen'ral's use,  
And how their sev'ral Officers they chuse ;  
To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,  
Another, for the Horse, is thought more fit.  
So you your sev'ral Lovers should select,  
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.  
The wealthy Lover store of Gold should send ;  
The Lawyers should, in Courts, your Cause defend.  
We, who write Verse, with Verse alone should bribe ;  
Most apt to Love is all the tuneful Tribe.  
By us, your Fame shall thro' the World be blaz'd ;  
So (<sup>56</sup>) *Nemesis*, so *Cynthia*'s Name was rais'd,  
From East to West, *Lycoris*' Praises ring ;  
Nor are *Corinna*'s silent, whom we sing.  
No Fraud the Poet's sacred Breast can bear ;  
Mild are his Manners, and his Heart sincere :  
Nor Wealth he seeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,  
But shuns the Bar ; and Books and Shades requires.  
Too faithfully, alas ! we know to Love,  
With Ease we fix, but we with Pain remove ;  
Our softer Studies with our Souls combine,  
And, both, to Tenderness our Hearts incline.  
Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,  
The God that fills him, and the Muse, revere ;  
Something Divine is in us, and from Heav'n  
Th' inspiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.  
'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact ;  
But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act.  
Yet hide, howe'er, your Avarice from Sight,  
Lest you too soon your new Admirer fright.

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As skilful Riders rein, with diff'rent force,  
A new-back'd Courser, and a well-train'd Horſe ;  
Do you, by diff'rent Management, engage  
The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age.  
This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,  
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone :  
With kind Careſſes oft indulge the Boy,  
And all the Harveſt of his Heat enjoy.  
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of Rivals moſt beware ;  
*Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear.*  
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,  
And many things, which Youth diſdains, endure ;  
No Windows break nor Houſes ſet on Fire,  
Nor tear their own, or Miſtreſſes Attire.  
In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury vent,  
But, Men in Years, more calmly Wrongs reſent.  
As Woods when green, or as a Torch when wet,  
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their Heat.  
More bright is youthful Flame, but ſooner dies ;  
Then, ſwiftly ſeize the Joy that ſwiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous Foe,  
How, ſurely to inſlave ourſelves, we ſhow.  
To truſt a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,  
Who is a Traitor only for your ſake.

Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her Lover loſe ;  
Wou'd you retain him long, then long reſuſe.  
Oft, at your Door, make him for Entrance wait,  
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.  
When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taſte reſtore ;  
Ships, by fair Winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.  
Hence ſprings the Coldneſs of a marry'd Life,  
The Husband, when he pleaſes, has his Wife.  
Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry  
*Here's no Admittance, Sir ; I muſt deny :*  
The very Husband, ſo repulſ'd, will find  
A growing Inclination to be kind.

Thus

Thus far, with Foils you've fought, those laid aside, }  
I, now, sharp Weapons for the Sex provide ; }  
Nor doubt, against myself, to see 'em try'd.

When, first, a Lover you design to charm,  
Beware, lest Jealousies his Soul alarm ;  
Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,  
That he, and only he's the happy Man.  
Anon, by due degrees, small Doubts create,  
And let him fear some Rival's better Fate.  
Such little Arts make Love its Vigour hold,  
Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.  
Then steins the Courser to out-strip the Wind,  
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.  
Love, when extinct, Suspicions may revive ;  
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.  
Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs ;  
Let us at most suspect, not prove our Wrongs.  
Sometimes, your Lover to incite the more,  
Pretend, your Husband's Spies beset the Door :  
Tho' free as (*57*) *Thais*, still affect a Fright ;  
For, seeming Danger heightens the Delight.  
Oft let the Youth in thro' your Window steal,  
Tho' he might enter at the Door as well ;  
And, sometimes, let your Maid Surprise pretend,  
And beg you in some Hole to hide your Friend.  
Yet, ever and anon, dispel his Fear,  
And let him taste of Happiness sincere ;  
Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much Fatigue,  
He should grow weary of the dull Intrigue.

But I forget to tell, how you may try  
Both to evade the Husband, and the Spy.

That Wives shou'd of their Husbands stand in Awe,  
Agrees with Justice, Modesty, and Law :  
But, that a Mistress may be lawful Prize,  
None but her Keeper, I am sure, denies.



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For such fair Nymph, these Precepts are design'd,  
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.  
Tho' stuck with (<sup>s</sup>) *Argus*' Eyes your Keeper were,  
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his Care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from Sight,  
Can he observe what Letters then you write?  
Or, can his Caution against such provide,  
Which, in her Breast, your Confident may hide?  
Can he the Note beneath her Garter view,  
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?  
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her Back undress,  
And, writing on her Skin, your Mind express.  
New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax, when green,  
Will Ink supply, and Letters mark unseen.  
Fair will the Paper show, nor can be read,  
'Till all the Writing's with warm Alhea spread.

*Acrisus* was, with all his Care, betray'd;  
And in his Tow'r of Brass, a Grandfire made.

Can Spies avail, when you to Plays resort,  
Or in the *Circus* view the noble Sport?  
Or, can you be to *Isis*' Fane pursu'd,  
Or *Cybele*'s, whose Rites all Men exclude?  
Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,  
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing-room.  
Or, when some sudden Sickness you pretend,  
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?  
False Keys a private Passage may procure,  
If not, there are more Ways besides the Door.  
Sometimes, with Wine, your watchful Follow'r treat;  
When drunk, you may with ease his Care defeat:  
Or, to prevent too sudden a Surprise,  
Prepare a sleeping Draught, to seal his Eyes:  
Or let your Maid, still longer time to gain,  
An Inclination for his Person feign;  
With faint Resistance let her drill him on,  
And, after competent Delays, be won.

But,

But, what need all these various doubtful Wiles,  
Since Gold the greatest Vigilance beguiles?  
Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd;  
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is appeas'd.  
With Presents, Fools and Wife alike are caught;  
Give but enough, the Husband may be bought.  
But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,  
That you for ever his Connivance buy;  
Pay him his Price at once, for with such Men  
You'll know no End of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with Cause complain'd,  
Of Jealousy occasion'd by a Friend.  
Believe me, Apprehensions of that kind,  
Are not alone to our false Sex confin'd.  
Trust not, too far, your She-Companion's Truth,  
Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the Youth:  
The very Confident that lends the Bed,  
May entertain your Lover, in your stead.  
Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,  
For such I've known supply her Lady's Place.

But, whither do I run with heedless Rage,  
Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?  
Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare?  
Was ever Hound instructed by the Hare?  
But all Self-ends and Int'rest set apart,  
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my Art.  
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my Life,  
And for the <sup>(59)</sup> *Lemnian* Ladies, whet the Knife.

Perpetual Fondness of your Lover feign,  
Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain;  
Full of himself, he your Design will aid:  
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.  
With dying Eyes, his Face and Form survey,  
Then, sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay:  
Now, drop a Tear, your Sorrows to assuage,  
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.

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Such Proofs as these, with all Distrust remove,  
And make him pity your excessive Love.  
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,  
*How can I let this poor fond Creature die?*  
But chiefly, one, such fond Behaviour fires,  
Who courts his Glass, and his own Charms admires,  
Proud of the Homage to his Merit done,  
He'll think a Goddess might with ease be won.

Light Wrongs, be sure, you still with Mildness bear,  
Nor straight fly out, when you a Rival fear.  
Let not your Passions o'er your Sense prevail,  
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle Tale.  
Let *Procris*' Fate a sad Example be  
Of what Effects attend Credulity.

Near, where his purple Head *Hymettus* shows  
And flow'ring Hills, a sacred Fountain flows ;  
With soft and verdent Turf the Soil is spread,  
And sweetly-smelling Shrubs the Ground o'ershade.  
There, Rosemary and Bays their Odours join,  
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine.  
There, Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are found,  
And Cytissus, and Garden Pines, abound.  
While thro' the Boughs, soft Winds of *Zephyr* pass,  
Tremble the Leaves, and tender tops of Grass.  
Hither, wou'd *Cephalus* retreat to Rest,  
When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppress'd :  
And, thus, to *Air*, the panting Youth wou'd pray,  
*Come, gentle Aura, come, this Heat allay.*  
But some Tale-bearing too officious Friend,  
By chance, o'er heard him as he thus complain'd ;  
Who, with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,  
Repeating Word for Word what she had heard.  
Soon as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,  
With Jealousy surpris'd, and fainting Fears,  
Her rosy Colour fled her lovely Face,  
And Agonies, like Death, supply'd the place ;

Pale

Pale she appear'd as are the falling Leaves,  
 When first the Vine the Winter's Blast receives.  
 Or ripen'd Quinces, such the yellow Hue,  
 Or, when unripe, we Cornel-berries view.  
 Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes she tore,  
 Nor her own faultless Face to wound, forbore.  
 Now, all dishevell'd, to the Wood she flies,  
 With (60) *Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.  
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves, below, her Friends ;  
 And, all alone, the shady Hill ascends.  
 What Folly, *Procris*, o'er thy Mind prevail'd ?  
 What Rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd ?  
 Whoe'er this *Aura* be (such was thy Thought)  
 She, now, shall in the very Fact be caught.  
 Anon, thy Heart repents its rash Designs,  
 And now to go, and now to stay inclines :  
 Thus, Love, with Doubts perplexes still thy Mind,  
 And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.  
 But still thy Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,  
 And more suspicious still the Place appears :  
 But more than all, excessive Love deceives,  
 Which, all it fears, too easily believes.

And, now, a Chills run thro' ev'ry Vein,  
 Soon as she saw where *Cephalus* had lain.  
 'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to shun  
 The scorching Arder of the Mid-day Sun ;  
 With Water, first, he sprinkled o'er his Face,  
 Which glow'd with Heat ; then sought his usual Place.  
*Procris*, with anxious but with silent Care,  
 View'd him extended, with his Bosom bare ;  
 And heard him, soon, th' accustom'd Words repeat,  
*Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this Heat :*  
 Soon as she found her Error, from the Word,  
 Her Colour and her Temper were restor'd.  
 With Joy she rose, to clasp him in her Arms :  
 But, *Cephalus*, the rustling Noise alarms ;

Some



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Some Beast, he thinks, he in the Bushes hears,  
 And straight, his Arrows, and his Bow prepares.  
 Hold ! hold ! unhappy Youth !——I call in vain,  
 With thy own Hand thou hast thy *Procris* slain.  
*Me, me, (she cries) thou'st wounded with thy Dart !*  
*But Cephalus was wont to wound this Heart.*  
*Yet, lighter on my Ashes, Earth will lie,*  
*Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die :*  
*Come, close with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,*  
*Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my Breath.*  
 Close to his heavy Heart, her Cheek he laid,  
 And wash'd, with streaming Tears, the Wound he made ;  
 At length, the Springs of Life their Currents leave,  
 And her last Gasp, her Husband's Lips receive.

Now, to pursue our Voyage we must provide,  
 'Till, safe to Port our weary Bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou'd teach  
 What Rules, to Treats and Entertainments reach.  
 Come not the first, invited to a Feast ;  
 Rather, come last, as a more grateful Guest.  
 For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,  
 Meets with the surest Welcome, when arriv'd.  
 Besides, Complexions of a courser kind,  
 From Candle-light, no small Advantage find.  
 During the time you eat, observe some Grace,  
 Nor let your unwip'd Hands besmear your Face ;  
 Nor, yet, too squeamishly your Meat avoid,  
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.  
 Of all Extremes in either kind beware,  
 And still, before your Belly's full, forbear.  
 No Glutton Nymph, however Fair, can wound,  
 Tho' more than *Helen* she in Charms abound.

I own, I think, of Wine the mod'rate use,  
 More suits the Sex, and sooner finds Excuse ;  
 It warms the Blood, adds Lustre to the Eyes,  
 And Wine and Love have always been Allies.

But,

But, carefully from all Intemperance keep,  
Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep.  
For in such Sleeps, Brutalities are done,  
Which, tho' you lothe, you have no Power to shun.

And now th'instructed Nymph from Table led,  
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in Bed.  
But Modesty forbids: Nor more, my Muse,  
With weary Wings, the labour'd Flight pursues;  
Her purple (51) Swans unyoak'd, the Chariot leave,  
And needful Rest (their Journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I show,  
And equal Arms, on either Sex bestow:  
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,  
Ovid, must own, their Master is in Love.

## NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

<sup>1</sup> **A** Gamemnon and Menelaus, two Brothers, marry'd  
two Sisters, Clytemnestra and Helena, both of 'em  
preferr'd Galants to their Husbands Beds.

<sup>2</sup> Eriphyle, Daughter of Talaon, King of Argos, for  
the sake of a Golden Chain, persuaded her Husband Amphi-  
araus to go to the Theban War, in which she knew he must  
be slain.

<sup>3</sup> Penelope, Daughter of Icarus and Polycasta, was  
married to Ulysses, and much celebrated by the Ancients for  
her invincible Chastity.

<sup>4</sup> When Laodamia heard her Husband Protefilaus was  
kill'd in the Trojan War, she passionately desired to see his  
Ghost, which being granted her by the Gods, she embraced  
it so closely that she perish'd in the Embrace.

<sup>5</sup> See

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5 *She offer'd to die to lengthen her Husband Admetus's Life.*

6 *Evadne the Daughter of Iphias marry'd Capaneus, who signaliz'd himself in the Theban War.*

7 *Virtue was represented at Rome in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and Altars dedicated to her.*

8 *Jafon, the Son of Æson, marry'd Medea the King of Colchos's Daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards forsook her, and marry'd Creusa Daughter to the King of Corinth*

9 *Ariadne, the Daughter of Minos King of Crete, being in Love with Theseus, conducted him out of the Labyrinth, by the Means of a Clew of Thread. She fled from Crete with Theseus, who left her on a barren Shore, and she was afterwards marry'd to Bacchus.*

10 *Phyllis, Daughter of Lycurgus King of Thrace, despairing of the Return of Demophoon, Son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last Favours, was transform'd into an Almond-Tree as she was going to hang herself.*

11 *Æneas and Dido. The pious Hero excus'd his Falshood by the Injunction of the Gods.*

12 *The Poet Stefichorus wrote a bitter Satire against Helen, for which her Brothers Castor and Pollux pluck'd out his Eyes; but having recanted some time after in his Palinodia, a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his Sight,*

13 *Endymion, with whom the Moon fell in Love, and descended to converse with him on Mount Latmos in Caria.*

14 *Aurora being in Love with Cephalus, who had marry'd Procris the King of Athens his Daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his Wife, that, 'tis said, she was forc'd to ravish him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.*

15 *Adonis the Son of Cynaras, King of Cyprus, was slain by a Boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpressible Grief of the Goddess Venus.*

16 Har-

16 Harmonia, or Hermione, was the Daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan Prince Æneas her Son by Anchises.

17 Still Women lose, you cry, &c.

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit:

Quid, nisi quam sumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

*These Verses are not barely translated to the literal Sense which is conceiv'd to be in 'em; but paraphras'd according to the Interpretation of Heinsius, who seems truly to understand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from Scaliger and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to consult the Commentary of Henfius on this Place, he will find by other Instances cited from Ovid, that aquam sumere was a Phrase appropriated to a particular Time and Custom among Women. This had not been insisted on here, had it not been the only Passage in this Book which all other Commentators but Heinsius have render'd unintelligible; for otherwise the Verses are not very considerable: And the most which Ovid says in this Place, is no more than if speaking of eating he had said, Why should any one scruple to use their Hands; when it can cost 'em nothing but a little Water to wash 'em afterwards, which is not worth saving?*

18 Andromache, the Wife of Hector, is always represented as a plain sort of Woman.

19 The Capitol was a Hill in Rome, so called from a Man's Head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the Foundation of the Temple of Jupiter.

20 Iole, Daughter of Eurytus, King of Oechalia, and Wife to Hercules. He took her from her Father by Force, because the King would not consent to it when he return'd from Ætolia, where he had marry'd Deianira.

21 Hippodamia the Daughter of Brises, from thence call'd Briseis, fell by Lot to Achilles at the Sack of Lyrnessus.



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22 Andromeda, the Daughter of Cepheus King of Æthiopia, was for her Mother's Pride exposed to be devoured by an horrible Sea-Monster, but being rescued by Perseus, she was afterward marry'd to him.

23 Caucasus is a Mountain which stretches itself from the East-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes by several Names, according as it is inhabited by several Nations.

24 Mysia is a Country in Asia Minor bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the Worthlessness of its Inhabitants. Ovid saith he is addressing himself to the polite Roman Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of Caucasus and Mysia.

25 He means his Book de Medicamine Faciei, of which we have some Fragments remaining.

26 There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eleuthera.

27 Semele, the Daughter of Cadmus, and Mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the Curiosity to enjoy the God in his Celestial Majesty, was burnt by Lightning. Leda was the Daughter of Thestius, and the Wife of Tyndarus King of Oebalia: Jupiter in the Shape of a Swan enjoy'd her as she was bathing in the River Eurotus.

28 Europa, the Daughter of Agenor King of Phœnicia, was ravish'd by Jupiter in the Shape of a Bull.

29 Pharos was a little Island at the Mouth of the Nile, abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.

30 Analectides, little Bolsters of Flocks. The same Invention is us'd in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calv'd Stockings for the Men. And 'tis satisfactory to the Curious to know the Fashion is 1800 Years old.

31 The Umbrians inhabited a Country joining to the Apennine Hills, which run from Savona, on the Coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian Straits. This Nation were reckon'd as rustic in their Manners, as strong in Bodies, and stout of Heart.

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The Poet gives us, in an Umbrian Woman, a just Idea of a Modern Peasant's Wife.

32 The Sirens were three in Number, Parthenope, Leucosia, and Ligia, half Women, and half Fish. One made use of her Voice, the second of her Lyre, and the third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coast of Sicily, where they charm'd Voyagers, but Ulysses escap'd them.

33 Orpheus was so skilful in playing on the Lyre, that 'tis said he drew after him Trees and wild Beasts, and charmed Hell with his Music, whither he went to recover his Wife Eurydice.

34 Amphion, the Son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the Walls of Thebes by the Sound of his Lyre.

35 Arion was a Musician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charm'd with his Music, convey'd him on his Back safe to Peloponnesus, where he procured Perianther to put the Sailors to Death.

36 Callimachus, the Son of Battus, was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest Men of his Age.

37 Philetas was a Native of Coos, an Island in the Ægean Sea; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and flourish'd under Philip, and his Son Alexander the Great.

38 Anacreon was a Lyric Poet of Teios; being a great Lover of Wine, he chok'd himself with a Grape-stone as he was drinking.

39 Sappho was born at Mitylene in the Isle of Lesbos: She writ nine Books of Elegies, and several Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verses, for which Reason Ovid recommends 'em. According to some Authors, she flung herself into the Sea, because Phaon neglected her.

40 These three were celebrated Poets of the Augustan Age. Propertius was a Native of Umbria, and very much esteem'd by Mæcenas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Egypt;

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*Egypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profusion.*

41 *Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the Province of Gallia Narbonensis, was in Love with a Lady call'd Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his Poetry.*

42 *The Poet means the Summer-Season, when the Sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.*

43 *These were the most noted Gardens in Rome, and in the Field of Mars.*

44 *'Tis said Phœbus descended at the Battle of Actium, and was present on the Romans Side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.*

45 *Octavia's Portico built near Marcellus's Theatre.*

46 *Agrippa marry'd Julia, Augustus's Daughter by Scribonia, and his Father-in-law honour'd him with a Naval Crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the Porticos in Rome was built or nam'd by Agrippa.*

47 *Ovid gives us to understand, in his first Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of Isis, on purpose to carry on their amorous Intrigues.*

48 *Thamyras, the Son of Philammon, was a Poet, and one of the greatest Musicians of his Time: Having gain'd the Prize of Singing at the Pythic Games, he met the Muses in his Return homewards, and had the Insolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he could out-do them in that Art; at which the Daughters of Jupiter were so enrag'd that they deprived him of his Reason, or as Diodorus says they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.*

49 *Apelles was for his great Skill call'd the Prince of Painters; his Master-piece was reckon'd the Venus rising out of the Sea, of which Ovid speaks in this Place.*

50 *Ennius was the first Roman that wrote Annals in Heroic Verse; his Subject was the Wars of Italy, and particularly the Second Punic War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron Scipio, in whose Tomb he was bury'd,*

bury'd, and who placed the Poet's Statue near his own, which shows how highly he honour'd him.

51 Danae Daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos; who having consulted the Oracle, and being told he should be kill'd by her Son, shut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But Jupiter transforming himself into a Golden Shower, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renown'd Perseus. Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately cast ashore, on one of the Islands call'd Cyclades, the King of the Island marry'd the Mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his Grandfather.

52 Priam, King of Troy, and Father of Paris who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but other Councils prevailing, the War ensu'd, which ended in the Destruction of Troy, and the Death of Priam, who was kill'd by Pyrrhus, Son of Achilles, after forty Years Reign.

53 The Temple of Venus stood in the Appian Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.

54 Minerva playing on her Flute by a River Side, and observing in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Instrument in a Passion.

55 Tecmessa, the Daughter of Teuthrantes a Phrygian Prince, was taken Prisoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax his Lot, upon the Division of the Spoil.

56 These are the Names the Roman Poets of those Times gave their Mistresses in their Verses.

57 Thais was a Name given to all sort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Discretion.

58 Argus had an hundred Eyes, and kept Io from Jupiter by Juno's Order, for which Mercury kill'd him by Command of his Father Jove; to make him Amends Juno turn'd him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.



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59 *The Poet alludes here to those wicked Women who rose against the Men, and did not spare their own Husbands.*

60 *The Priestesses and Priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the Festival of that God, did it with the Noise of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels, and Cymbals, were crown'd with Ivy, Vine, &c. and carry'd a Thyrsus or Staff wreath'd with it in their Hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.*

61 *By this Ovid shews he's both a Poet and a Lover, for the Swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's Car sometimes, tho' the Doves are ofteneſt us'd upon that Occasion.*

O F

P L E A S I N G;

A N

E P I S T L E

To Sir *RICHARD TEMPLE.*

'T IS strange, dear *Temple*, how it comes to pass,  
That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has.  
So *Horace* sings — and sure, as strange is *this*:  
That no one Man's displeas'd with what he is.  
The Foolish, Ugly, Dull, Impertinent,  
Are with their Persons and their Parts content.

Nor

Nor is that all ; so odd a Thing is Man,  
 He most would be what least he should or can.  
 Hence, homely Faces still are foremost seen,  
 And cross-shap'd Fops affect the nicest Mien ;  
 Cowards extol true Courage to the Skies,  
 And Fools are still most forward to advise ;  
 Th' untrusted Wretch, to Secrecy pretends,  
 Whisp'ring his *Nothing* round to *All* as Friends,  
 Dull Rogues affect the Politician's Part ;  
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with Art ;  
 Who nothing has to lose, the War bewails ;  
 And he who Nothing pays, at Taxes rails.  
 Thus, Man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,  
 And to be artfully absurd, contrives.

*Plantus* will dance, *Luscus* at Ogling aims,  
 Old *Tritus* keeps, and undone *Probus* games.  
 Noisome *Curculio*, whose invenom'd Breath,  
 Tho' at a Distance utter'd, threatens Death,  
 Full in your Teeth his stinking Whisper throws ;  
 Nor mends his Manners, tho' you hold your Nose.  
*Thersites*, who seems born to give Offence,  
 From uncouth Form, and frontless Impudence,  
 Assumes soft *Airs*, and with a Slur comes in,  
 Attempts a Smile, and shocks you with a Grin.  
*Raucus* harangues with a dissuasive Grace,  
 And *Helluo* invites with a forbidding Face.

Nature, to each allots his proper Sphere,  
 But, that forsaken, we like Comets err :  
 Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude Shock we're broke,  
 And all our boasted Fire is lost in Smoke.

Next to obtaining Wealth, or Pow'r, or Ease,  
 Men most affect, in general to please ;  
 Of this Affection, Vanity's the Source,  
 And Vanity alone obstructs its Course ;  
 That Telescope of Fools, thro' which they spy  
 Merit remote, and think the Object nigh.

The

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The Glas remov'd, would each himself survey,  
 And in just Scales, his Strength and Weakness weigh,  
 Pursue the Path for which he was design'd,  
 And to his proper Force adapt his Mind ;  
 Scarce one, but to some Merit might pretend,  
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.  
 Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,  
 Must be no *Bavins*, but a *Bickersstaffe*.  
 If *Garth*, or *Blackmore*, friendly Potions give,  
 We bid the dying Patient drink and live :  
 When *Murus* comes, we cry, Beware the Pill ;  
 And wish the Tradesman were a Tradesman still.  
 If *Addison*, or *Rowe*, or *Prior* write,  
 We study 'em with Profit and Delight :  
 But when vile *Macer* and *Mundungus* rhyme,  
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the Time.  
 All Rules of Pleasing in this one unite,  
*Affect not any thing in Nature's Spite.*  
 Baboons and Apes ridiculous we find ;  
 For what ? For ill resembling Human-kind.  
*None are, for being what they are, in Fault,*  
*But for not being what they wou'd be thought.*

Thus I, dear Friend, to you my Thoughts impart,  
 As to one perfect in the Pleasing Art ;  
 If Art it may be call'd in you, who seem,  
 By Nature, form'd for Love, and for Esteem.  
 Affecting none, all Virtues you possess,  
 And really are what others but profess.  
 I'll not offend you, while myself I please ;  
 I lothe to flatter, tho' I love to praise.  
 But when such early Worth so bright appears,  
 And antedates the Fame which waits on Years ;  
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,  
 Not to confess it, in the Man I love.  
 Tho' now I aim not at that known Applause  
 You've won in Arms, and in your Country's Cause ;

Nor

Nor Patriot now, nor Hero I commend,  
But the Companion praise, and boast the Friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,  
That I presume too much in this Essay.  
How should I show what pleases? How explain  
A Rule, to which I never could attain?  
To this Objection I'll make no Reply,  
But tell a Tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned Person, once,  
Concern'd to find his only Son a Dunce;  
Compos'd a Book in Favour of the Lad,  
Whose Memory, it seems, was very bad.  
This Work contain'd a World of wholsom Rules,  
To help the Frailty of forgetful Fools.  
The careful Parent laid the Treatise by,  
'Till Time should make it proper to apply.  
*Simon* at length the look'd-for Age attains,  
To read and profit by his Father's Pains;  
And now the Sire prepares the Book t' impart,  
Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art*.  
But ah! how oft is human Care in vain!  
For now,\* he could not find his Book again.  
The Place where he had laid it, he forgot,  
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the Story that I tell,  
Which if not true, is yet invented well.  
Such is my Case: Like most of theirs who teach;  
I ill may practise, what I well may preach.  
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,  
May lay the Line, and measure out the Ways.  
The *Mulcibers*, who in the *Minories* sweat,  
And massive Bars on stubborn Anvils beat,  
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those Stays of Steel,  
Which arm *Aurelia* with a Shape to kill.  
So *Macer* and *Mundungus* school the Times,  
And write in rugged Prose the Rules of softer Rhymes.

Well



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Well do they play the careful Critic's Part,  
Instructing doubly by their matchless Art:  
Rules for good Verse they first with Pains indite,  
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.



A  
P I N D A R I C  
O D E,

Humbly O ff'd to the

Q U E E N,

On the Victorious Progress of

Her MAJESTY's Arms, under the Conduct  
of the Duke of M A R L B O R O U G H.

---

To which is prefix'd,

A D I S C O U R S E on the P I N D A R I C O D E.

---

—*Operosa parvus*  
*Carmina fingo.*

Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.

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Printed in the Y E A R 1753.

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A

# DISCOURSE

## ON THE

### PINDARIC ODE.

*THE following Ode is an Attempt towards restoring the Regularity of the ancient Lyric Poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English Writers.*

*There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of Poems intitl'd Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in Imitation of the Manner and Stile of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this Day extant in our Language, one Ode contriv'd after his Model. What Idea can an English Reader have of Pindar (to whose Mouth, when a Child, the Bees (a) brought their Honey, in Omen of the future Sweetness and Melody of his Songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating Papers of Verses, pretending to be Copies of his Works?*

*The Character of these late Pindarics, is, a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts, express'd in a like Parcel of irregular Stanzas, which also consist of such another Complication of disproportion'd, uncertain and perplex'd Verses and Rhimes.*

P 2

And

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(a) Pausan. Bœotic.



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And I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the Condition in which these Titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the Measures and Numbers of his Stanzas and Verses, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts. For tho' his Digressions are frequent, and his Transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret Connexion, which tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate itself to the Understanding of the Reader.

The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been so \* misunderstood and misapply'd by his pretended Imitators, was only in varying the Stanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever Correspondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory or Success in the Grecian Games: They were sung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, and sometimes to the Lyre and (b) Pipe; they consisted ofteneſt of Three Stanzas;

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\* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. who have apply'd *numerisq; fertur lege solutis*, to all the Odes of Pindar; which, there, expressly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all intirely lost. Nothing is plainer, than the Sense of Horace in that Place. He says, Pindar deserves the Laurel, let him write of what, or in what manner soever, *viz.* first, whether he writes *Dithyrambics*, which *break through the Bounds prescrib'd to other Odes*; Or, secondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their Warlike Atchievements, &c. Or, thirdly, whether he sings of the Victors in the Grecian Games: Or, lastly, whether he sings in Honour of the Dead, and writes *Elegies*, &c.

(b) Pind. *Olymp.* 10. and Horace L. 3. 4. Ode 1. *missis Carminibus non sine fistula.* and L. 3. Ode. 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum Lyra?*

zas; the first was call'd the Strophé, from the Version or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right Hand to the (c) Left. The second Stanza was call'd the Antistrophé, from the Contraversion of the Chorus; the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left Hand to the Right, contrary always to their Motion in the Strophé. The Third Stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the After-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.

What the Origin was of these different Motions and Stations in singing their Odes, is not our present Business to inquire. Some have thought that by the Contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the Contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in respect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their standing still at the Epode, they meant to signify the Stability of the Earth. (d) Others ascribe the Institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth, in celebrating his Return from thence.

The Method observ'd in the Composition of these Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet having made choice of a certain Number of Verses to constitute his Strophé or first Stanza, was oblig'd to

P 3

observe

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(c) Or from the Left to the Right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in *Pind. Schol. Introduc. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexandro. L. 4. c. 17.* speaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, says, *Cursum auspicati à Læva dextrorsum ----- mox à dextra lævorsum.* But the Learned Schmidius takes part with the first Opinion, as more consistent with the Notion of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the Heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to *Homer* there cited by him. See *Eras. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. & de Carmin. Lyric.*

(d) *Pind. Schol. & Schmid. ibid.*

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observe the same in his Antistrophé, or second Stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of Verses and quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty to make a new choice for his third Stanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diversify'd his Numbers, as his Ear or Fancy led him; composing that Stanza of more or fewer Verses than the former, and those Verses of different Measures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony, and Entertainment of the Ear.

But then this Epode being thus form'd, he was strictly oblig'd to the same (e) Measure as often as he should repeat it in the Order of his Ode, so that every Epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in Measure and Quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The Lyric Poet Stesichorus (whom (f) Longinus reckons amongst the ablest Imitators of Homer, and of whom (g) Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within Bounds, he would have been nearest of any body, in Merit, to Homer) was, if not the Inventor of this Order in the Ode, yet so strict an Observer of it in his Compositions, that the Three Stanzas of Stesichorus became a common Proverb to express a thing universally known, (h) *ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti*; so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually

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(e) *Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap. 97. l. 3.* (f) Longin. *de Sub. c. 13.* (g) Quintil. *Inst. l. 10. c. 1.* (h) *ὅτι τὰ τρία Στεσιχόρου γινώσκεις, de vehementer indocto & imperito dici solitum. Erasm. Adag.*

effectually than by telling him, he did not so much as know the Three Stanzas of *Stesichorus*; that is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a *Strophé*, an *Antistrophé*, and an *Epode*. If this was such a Mark of Ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same Re-proof; I mean, in respect of our Imitations of the Odes of *Pindar*.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a Dissertation of Lyric Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to say, for the Information of those Readers whose Course of Study has not led 'em into such Enquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of *Pindar* in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future: Far from such Thoughts, I have only given an Instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the Force and Elevation of *Pindar*, as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.

Again, we having no Chorus to sing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Use of *Strophé*, *Antistrophé*, and *Epode*, are Obsolete and Impertinent: And certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the Distinction of Greek Appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mention'd 'em here, and observ'd the Order of 'em in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary Regularity of the Composition of those Odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confus'd Structures in Nature.



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However, though there be no Necessity that our Triumphal Odes should consist of the Three aforementioned Stanzas; yet if the Reader can observe that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (call it Epode, or what you please) has a pleasing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the First and Second Stanzas, with more Appetite, than he could do if always cloy'd with the same Quantities and Measures, I cannot see why some Use may not be made of Pindar's Example, to the great Improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a Pleasure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not shew itself, 'till it is sought for; and that the seeming Easiness of the Work, first sets us upon the Enquiry. Nothing can be call'd Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleas'd. Therefore certainly Poetry, which includes Painting and Music, should not be destitute of 'em; and of all Poetry, especially the Ode, whose End and Essence is Harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the Music of Numbers, says which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an Excellent Poet.

Having mention'd Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the Imitation of Pindar is the Theme of our Discourse. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the Latitude he has taken in  
his

his Pindaric Odes. The Beauty of his Verses, are an Atonement for the Irregularity of his Stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the Strictness of his Numbers, he has very often happily copy'd him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Stile and Sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal though innocent Occasion, of so many deformed Poems since, which instead of being true Pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian Painters Term) been only Caricaturas of him, Resemblances that for the most part have been either Horrid or Ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore mis-call'd a few irregular Stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same Mistake, would ingenuously confess the Truth, they might own, that never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his Irregularity upon trust; and finding their Account in the great Ease with which they could produce Odes, without being oblig'd either to Measure or Design, remain'd satisfy'd; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceiv'd.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his Name, yet if \* Pausanias was well inform'd, we may be assur'd, that Brevity was a Beauty which he most industriously labour'd to preserve in his Hymns, notwithstanding, as the same Author reports, that they were but few in Number.

The Shortness of the following Ode will, I hope,

P 5

atone

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\* Boeotic. pag. 588.

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atone for the Length of the Preface, and in some measure for the Defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same Number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty, I resolv'd to endeavour to copy his Brevity, and take the Advantage of a Remark he has made in the last Strophé of the same Ode, which take in the Paraphrase of Sudorius,

Qui multa paucis stringere commodè  
 Novere, morsus hi facile invidos  
 Spernunt, & auris mensque pura  
 Omne supervacuum rejectat.



ODE.

O D E.

I.

Daughter of Memory, Immortal Muse,  
*Calliope* ; what Poet wilt thou chuse  
 Of *ANNA*'s Name to sing ?  
 To whom wilt thou thy Fire impart,  
 Thy Lyre, thy Voice, and tuneful Art ;  
 Whom raise Sublime on thy Ætherial Wing,  
 And consecrate with Dews of thy *Castalian* Spring ?

II.

Without thy Aid, the most aspiring Mind  
 Must flag beneath, to narrow Flights confin'd,  
 Striving to rise in vain :  
 Nor e'er can hope with equal Lays  
 To celebrate bright Virtue's Praise.  
 Thy Aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest Swain,  
 May climb *Pierian* Heights, and quit the lowly Plain.

III.

High in the Starry Orb is hung,  
 And next *Alcides*' Guardian Arm,  
 That (1) Harp to which thy *Orpheus* sung,  
 Who Woods, and Rocks, and Winds, cou'd charm ;  
 That Harp which on *Cyllene*'s shady Hill,  
 When first the Vocal Shell was found,  
 With more than mortal Skill  
 Inventor *Hermes* taught to sound :  
*Hermes* on bright *Latona*'s Son,  
 By sweet Persuasion won,  
 The wondrous Work bestow'd ;  
*Latona*'s Son, to thine  
 Indulgent, gave the Gift Divine !  
 A God the Gift, a God th' Invention show'd.

To



## I.

To that high-founding Lyre I tune my Strains ;  
 A lower Note his lofty Song disdains  
 Who sings of *ANNA*'s Name.  
 The Lyre is struck ! the Sounds I hear !  
 O Muse, propitious to my Pray'r !  
 O Well-known Sounds ! O Melody, the same  
 That kindled *Mantuan* Fire, and rais'd *Mæonian* Flame !

## II.

Nor are these Sounds to *British* Bards unknown,  
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone :  
 Witness sweet *Spencer*'s Lays :  
 And witness that Immortal Song,  
 As *Spencer* sweet, as *Milton* strong,  
 Which humble *Boyn* o'er *Tiber*'s Flood cou'd raise,  
 And mighty *William* Sing, with well-proportion'd Praise.

## III.

Rise, fair *Augusta*, lift thy Head,  
 With Golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn ;  
 Come forth, as comes from *Tithon*'s Bed  
 With chearful Ray the ruddy Morn.  
 Thy lovely Form, and fresh reviving State,  
 In Crystal Flood of *Thames* survey ;  
 Then, bless thy better Fate,  
 Bless *Anna*'s most Auspicious Sway.  
 While distant Realms and neighb'ring Lands,  
 Arm'd Troops and hoistle Bands  
 On every Side molest,  
 Thy happier Clime is Free,  
 Fair CAPITAL of Liberty !  
 And Plenty knows, and Days of Halcyon Rest.

## I.

As *Britain*'s Isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,  
 Unshaken sees against her Silver Shores  
 His foaming Billows beat ;

So *Britain's* QUEEN amidst the Jars  
And Tumults of a World in Wars,  
Fix'd on the Base of Her well-founded State,  
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the Shocks of Fate.

II.

But Greatest Souls, tho' blest with sweet Repose,  
Are soonest touch'd with Sense of others Woes.  
Thus *ANNA's* mighty Mind,  
To Mercy and soft Pity prone,  
And mov'd with Sorrows not her own,  
Has all her Peace and downy Rest resign'd,  
To wake for Common Good, and succour Human-kind.

III.

Fly, Tyranny, no more be known  
Within *Europa's* blissful Bound;  
Far as th' uninhabitable Zone  
Fly ev'ry hospitable Ground.  
To horrid (<sup>2</sup>) *Zembla's* Frozen Realms repair,  
There with the baleful Beldam, NIGHT,  
Unpeopl'd Empire share,  
And rob *those* Lands of Legal Right.  
For now is come the promis'd Hour,  
When Justice shall have Pow'r;  
Justice to Earth restor'd!  
Again *Astrea* Reigns!  
*ANNA* Her equal Scale maintains,  
And *MARLBRO* wields Her sure deciding Sword.

I.

Now, cou'dst thou soar, my Muse, to Sing the MAN  
In Heights sublime, as when the *Mantuan* Swan  
Her tow'ring Pinions spread;  
Thou shouldst of *MARLBRO* Sing, whose Hand  
Unerring from his QUEEN's Command,  
Far as the (<sup>3</sup>) Seven-mouth'd *Ister's* secret Head,  
To save th' Imperial State, Her hardy Britons led.

Not

II.

Nor there thy Song shou'd end; tho' all the Nine  
Might well their Harps and Heav'nly Voices join  
To Sing that Glorious Day,  
When bold *Bawaria* fled the Field,  
And Veteran *Gauls* unus'd to yield,  
On *Blenheim's* Plain imploring Mercy lay!  
And Spoils and Trophies won, perplex'd the Victor's Way.

III.

But cou'd thy Voice of *Blenheim* Sing,  
And with Success that Song pursue;  
What Art cou'd aid thy wearied Wing  
To keep the Victor still in View?  
For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant Flight,  
Nor Sets, but with impartial Ray  
To all who want his Light  
Alternately transfers the Day:  
So in the Glorious Round of Fame,  
Great *MARLBORÔ*, still the same,  
Incessant runs his Course;  
To Climes remote, and near,  
His Conqu'ring Arms by Turns appear,  
And Universal is his Aid and Force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse,  
For O! what Notes, what Numbers cou'dst thou chuse,  
Tho' in all Numbers skill'd;  
To Sing the Hero's matchless Deed,  
Which (4) *Belgia* sav'd, and *Brabant* freed;  
To Sing *Ramilia's* Day! to which must yield  
(5) *Cannæ's* Illustrious Fight, and Fam'd (6) *Pharsalia's* Field.

II.

In the short Course of a Diurnal Sun,  
Behold the Work of many Ages done!  
What Verse such Worth can raise?  
Lustre and Life, the Poet's Art  
To middle Virtue may impart;

But

But Deeds sublime, exalted high like These,  
Transcend his utmost Flight, and mock his distant Praise.

III.

Still wou'd the willing Muse aspire,  
With Transport still her Strains prolong ;  
But Fear unstrings the trembling Lyre,  
And Admiration stops her Song.  
Go on, Great Chief, in *ANNA*'s Cause proceed ;  
Nor sheath the Terrors of thy Sword,  
'Till *Europe* thou hast freed,  
And Universal Peace restor'd.  
This mighty Work when thou shalt end,  
Equal Rewards attend,  
Of Value far above  
Thy Trophies and thy Spoils ;  
Rewards even Worthy of thy Toils,  
Thy *QUEEN*'s just Favour, and thy *COUNTRY*'s Love.

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## NOTES to the Foregoing ODE.

**I** *Orpheus was said to be the Son of the Muse Calliope. The Poetical Fiction of the Harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the same Day that he was born of Maia in Cylene, a Mountain of Arcadia, found a living Tortoise, which he carried home with him to his Cradle, and immediately compos'd a Harp of the Shell. A little after he stole the Oxen of Apollo ; this caus'd some Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referr'd to Jupiter, he order'd Mercury to return the Oxen to the right Owner ; on this there follow'd not only a Reconciliation but Friendship, and Apollo expressing an extreme Pleasure at the Invention of the Harp, Mercury bestow'd it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendship. Of this Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury,*  
*speaks*



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*Speaks at large. Afterwards Apollo inventing another Instrument call'd the Cithara, gave the Lyra to Orpheus. The Muses, after the Death of Orpheus, translated his Harp into Heaven, where it became a Constellation, and is plac'd between the Knee and left Arm of Engonasis or Hercules.*

2 *Nova Zembla, a miserable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb, but perpetual Frost and Snow, and where, for one half of the Year, it is continual Night.*

3 *Lucan in his Third Book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite Epithete of Multifidi Istri. But Ovid. Trist. 2. Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplicis Istri. And Sidonius Apollinaris gives it the same Epithet, on the like Occasion with this Ode, when in his Panegyric to Majorianus Cæsar, he tells him.*

*Illicet aggredieris, quod nullus tempore nostro  
Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Istri  
Agmen in arma rapis——*

*The Ancient Geographers differ'd very much in their Account of the Rise of this River; so that on a double Account the same Epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile.*

4 *Belgia need not only be strictly understood of the Seven Provinces, call'd Belgium Fœderatum, by the Distinction made in the Time of Phil. 2. but may also be interpreted with respect to that which was anciently call'd Belgium, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great Consequences attending such a Victory.*

5 *Cannæ, as inconsiderable a Village as Blenheim, 'till in like manner made memorable and illustrious by the great and intire Victory which Hannibal obtain'd there over the Romans.*

6 *Pharsalia, famous for the Overthrow of Pompey by Julius Cæsar, a wonderful Victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of Ramilies. For the Design and End of the first was to enslave Mankind, the manifest Aim and Event of the latter has been to set 'em at Liberty.*

To

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of GODOLPHIN,

Lord HIGH-TREASURER of  
GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE;

— *Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ :*

*Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.*

*Hunc capit argenti splendor ———*

*Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo*

*Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præceps*

*Fertur ———*

*Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.*

Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

**T**O hazardous Attempts and hardy Toils,  
Ambition some excites ;

And some, desire of Martial Spoils

To bloody Fields invites ;

Others, insatiate Thirst of Gain

Provokes to tempt the dangerous Main,

To pass the burning Line, and bear

Th' Inclemency of Winds, and Seas and Air ;

Pressing the doubtful Voy'ge 'till INDIA'S Shore

Her spicy Bosom bares, and spreads her shining Ore.

Nor

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II.

Nor Widows Tears, nor tender Orphans Cries,  
 Can stop th' Invader's Force ;  
 Nor swelling Seas, nor threatning Skies,  
 Prevent the Pirate's Course :  
 Their Lives to selfish Ends decreed,  
 Thro' Blood or Rapine they proceed ;  
 No anxious Thoughts of ill Repute  
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust Pursuit :  
 But Pow'r and Wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,  
 Their Fellow-Creatures Fears they raise, or urge their Hate.

III.

But not for these, his Iv'ry Lyre  
 Will tuneful *Phæbus* string,  
 Nor *Polyhymnia* crown'd amid the Choir  
 Th' immortal Epode sing.  
 Thy Springs, <sup>(1)</sup> *Castalia*, turn their Streams aside  
 From Rapine, Avarice, and Pride ;  
 Nor do thy Greens, shady <sup>(2)</sup> *Aonia*, grow,  
 To bind with Wreaths a *Tyrant's* Brow.

I.

How just, most mighty *Jove*, yet how severe  
 Is thy supreme Decree,  
<sup>(3)</sup> That impious Men shall joyless hear  
 The Muses Harmony !  
 Their sacred Songs, (the Recompence  
 Of Virtue and of Innocence)  
 Which pious Minds to Rapture raise,  
 And worthy Deeds at once excite and praise,  
 To guilty Hearts afford no kind Relief ;  
 But add inflaming Rage, and more afflicting Grief.

II.

Monstrous <sup>(4)</sup> *Typhæus*, thus, new Terrors fill,  
 He, who assail'd the Skies,  
 And now, beneath the burning Hill  
 Of dreadful *Ætna* lies.

Hearing

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Hearing the Lyre's Celestial Sound,  
He bellows in th' Abyfs profound ;  
*Sicilia* trembles at his Roar,  
Tremble the Seas, and far *Campania's* Shore ;  
While all his hundred Mouths, at once expire  
Volumes of curling Smoke, and Floods of liquid Fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone, all Good proceeds ;  
To heav'nly Minds belong  
All Pow'r and Love, *GODOLPHIN*, of good Deeds,  
And Sense of Sacred Song !  
And thus, most pleasing are the Muse's Lays  
To them who merit most her Praise ;  
Wherefore, for thee, her Iv'ry Lyre she strings,  
And soars with Rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether, Affairs of most important Weight  
Require thy aiding Hand,  
And *ANNA's* Cause and *Europe's* Fate  
Thy serious Thoughts demand ;  
Whether, thy Days and Nights are spent  
In Cares, on Public Good intent ;  
Or, whether, leisure Hours invite  
To manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight ;  
In Courts residing, or to Plains retir'd,  
Where gen'rous Steeds contest, with Emulation fir'd ;

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy Name,  
As once she (<sup>1</sup>) *Theron* sung,  
While with the deathless Worthy's Fame  
*Olympian* (<sup>6</sup>) *Pisa* rung :  
Nor less Sublime, is now, her Choice,  
Nor less inspir'd by thee, her Voice.  
And now, she loves aloft to sound  
The Man for more than Mortal Deeds renown'd ;

Ya-



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Vary'ing anon her Theme, she takes Delight  
The swift-heel'd (7) Horse to praise, and sing his rapid  
[Flight.

III.

And see ! the (8) Air-born Racers start,  
Impatient of the Rein ;  
Faster they run, than flies the *Scythian* Dart,  
Nor passing, print the Plain !  
The Winds themselves who with their Swiftness vye,  
In vain their airy Pinions ply ;  
So far in matchless Speed, thy Coursers pass  
Th' Ætherial Authors of their Race.

I.

And now, a while, the well-strain'd Coursers breathe ;  
And now, my Muse, prepare  
Of (9) Olive Leaves a twisted Wreath  
To bind the Victor's Hair.  
(10) *Pallas*, in Care of Human kind,  
The fruitful Olive first design'd ;  
Deep in the Glebe her Spear she lanc'd,  
When all at once, the laden Boughs advanc'd ;  
The Gods with Wonder view'd the teeming Earth,  
And all, with one Consent, approv'd the beauteous Birth.

II.

This done, Earth-shaking *Neptune* next essay'd,  
In Bounty to the World,  
To emulate the blue-ey'd Maid ;  
And his huge Trident hurl'd  
Against the sounding Beach ; the Stroke  
Transfix'd the Globe, and open broke  
The Central Earth, whence swift as Light  
Forth rush'd the first-born Horse. Stupendous Sight !  
*Neptune*, for human Good the Beast ordains,  
Whom soon he tam'd to Use, and taught to (11) *hear the*  
[Reins.  
Thus

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble Strife !  
 Worthy the heav'nly Mind)  
 Who most should do to soften anxious Life,  
 And most endear Mankind.  
 Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, dost with MARLBORÔ strive,  
 From whose joint Toils we Rest derive :  
 Triumph in Wars abroad his Arm assures,  
 Sweet Peace at home thy Care secures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 **C** Commonly Castalius, but by Virg. Georg. 3. call'd Castalia, a Fountain at the Foot of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

2 Aönia, the hilly and woody Part of Bœotia, believ'd to have been much frequented by the Muses.

3 That impious Men shall joyless hear, &c.  
*This Thought or Opinion is borrow'd from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he says — But such Men whom Jupiter hates are confounded with Terror when they hear the sweet Harmony of the Muses. This Passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in favour of Music and Poetry. Mr. Cowley in his Notes on his Davideis, Book 1. on David's dispossessing Saul of the Evil Spirit, collects a great Number of surprising Citations on this Subject.*

4 Typhœus, one of the Giants who attempted to storm Heav'n; but Jupiter struck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Island of Sicily, with Ætna on his Breast. This Stanza is also copied from the same Ode of Pindar, where this Monster is said to have an hundred Heads, as also in Olymp. 4.

5 Theron.

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5 Theron, a Prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third Olympic.

6 Pisa, a Town in Peloponnesus, near to which the Olympic Games were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar, — as singing sometimes the Hero, sometimes the Horse;

— Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.

8 Air-born. Alluding to the Notion that Mares have conceiv'd by the Western Wind, without the Assistance of a Horse: See Virg. Georg. 3. ver. 273. from whence Tasso has borrow'd the Birth of Raymond's Horse. Gierusalem. Canto 7.

Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora  
Raccoglie i semi del secondo vento,  
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) &c.

Virg. — — — — — illæ

Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,  
Exceptantque Leves auras: & sæpe sine ullis  
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.

9 Olive Leaves. An Olive Garland was the Reward of Victory in the Olympic Games.

10 Pallas, &c. The Fable on which this Digression is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a Contention who should give the Name to Athens; and it was agreed, that which of 'em should confer the greatest Benefit on Mankind, should obtain the Victory. The Gods were assembled in Judgment, and Pallas struck the Earth with her Spear, whence up sprung the fruitful Olive-tree; then Neptune in his turn darted his Trident against the Earth, which opening was deliver'd of a Horse; but the Victory was adjudg'd to Pallas.

11 To hear the Reins — — — — — They who do not remember Virgil, may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ventur'd to apply it ev'n to the Chariot rather than the Horses. Georg. 1.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

A N

A N

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.

**T**O thee, Dear *Dick*, this Tale I send,  
Both as a Critic and a Friend,  
I tell it with some Variation  
(Not altogether a Translation)  
From *La Fontaine* ; an Author, *Dick*,  
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.  
The Subject is of that same kind,  
To which thy Heart seems most inclin'd :  
How Verse may alter it, God knows,  
Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in Prose.  
So, without Preface, or Pretence,  
To hold thee longer in Suspence,  
I shall proceed, as I am able,  
To the Recital of my Fable.

**A** *Goblin* of the merry Kind,  
More black of Hue, than curst of Mind,  
To help a Lover in Distress,  
Contriv'd a Charm with such Success ;  
That in short Space the cruel Dame  
Relented, and return'd his Flame.  
The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,  
Was bound by Honour and by Oath :  
The Lover laid down his Salvation,  
And *Satan* stak'd his Reputation.  
The Latter promis'd on his Part  
(To serve his Friend and shew his Art,)

That



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That Madam shou'd by twelve o' Clock,  
 Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,  
 Become as gentle as a Glove,  
 And kifs and coo like any Dove.  
 In short, the Woman should be his,  
 That is, upon Condition——*Viz.*  
 That He, the Lover, after tasting  
 What one wou'd wish were everlasting;  
 Should, in Return for such Enjoyment,  
 Supply the Fiend with fresh Employment:  
 That's all, quoth *Pug*; my poor Request  
 Is, only never to have Rest;  
 You thought, 'tis like, with Reason too,  
 That I should have been serv'd, not You:  
 But what; upon my Friend impose!  
 No——tho' a Devil, none of those.  
 Your Business then, pray understand me,  
 Is nothing more but to Command me.  
 Of one thing only let me warn ye,  
 Which somewhat nearly may concern ye:  
 As soon as e'er one Work is done,  
 Straight name a new one; and so on;  
 Let each to other quick succeed,  
 Or else——you know how 'tis agreed——  
 For if thro' any Hums or Haws,  
 There haps an intervening Pause,  
 In which, for Want of fresh Commands,  
 Your Slave obsequious, Idle stands,  
 Nor Soul nor Body ever more  
 Shall serve the Nymph whom you adore;  
 But both be laid at *Satan's* Feet,  
 To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the Lover all approves:  
 For who can hesitate that loves?  
 And thus he argues in his Thought:  
 Why, after all, I venture nought;

What

What Mystery is in Commanding ?  
Does that require much Understanding ?  
Indeed, wer't my Part to Obey,  
He'd go the better of the Lay :  
But he must do what I think fit——  
Pshaw, pshaw, young *Belzebub* is bit.

Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,  
Adjusts and combs, and courts the Fair :  
The Spell takes place, and all goes right,  
And happy he employs the Night  
In sweet Embraces, balmy Kisses ;  
And riots in the Bliss of Bliss.  
O Joy, cry'd he, that hast no Equal !  
But hold——no Raptures——mark the Sequel.  
For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,  
The Youth began as 'twere to yawn ;  
His Eyes a filky Slumber seiz'd,  
Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd :  
But that officious *Dæmon*, near,  
Now buzz'd for Business in his Ear ;  
In Hast, he names a thousand things :  
The *Goblin* plies his Wicker Wings,  
And in a Trice returns to ask  
Another, and another Task.  
Now, Palaces are built and Tow'rs,  
The Work of Ages in few Hours.  
Then, Storms are in an Instant rais'd,  
Which the next Moment are appeas'd.  
Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,  
As if each *India* had been drain'd :  
And He, in one astonish'd View,  
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.  
These Things, and stranger Things than these,  
Were done with equal Speed and Ease.  
And now to *Rome* poor *Pug* he'll send :  
And *Pug* soon reach'd his Journey's End.

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And soon return'd with such a Pack  
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,  
That now, the Squire (who had some Hope  
In holy Water and the Pope,)  
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand  
What next to wish, and what command ;  
Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,  
And black Despair succeeds brown Study.  
In this Distress the woful Youth  
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,  
Begging her Counsel, for whose Sake  
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.

And is this all ? replies the Fair :

Let me alone to cure this Care.

When next your *Dæmon* shall appear,  
Pray give him——look, what I hold here,  
And bid him labour, soon or late,  
To lay these Ringlets lank and straight.  
Then, something scarcely to be seen,  
Her Finger and her Thumb between  
She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,  
Your *Goblin's* Skill shall now be try'd.

She said ; and gave——what shall I call  
That thing so shining, crisp and small,  
Which round his Finger strove to twine ?  
A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine ?  
Or Sprig from *Cytherea's* Grove ;  
Shade of the Labyrinth of Love ?  
With Awe, he now takes from her Hand  
That Fleece-like Flow'r of fairy Land :  
Less precious, whilom, was the Fleece  
Which drew the *Argonauts* from Greece ;  
Or that, which modern Ages see  
The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,  
Whose Curls of kindred Texture, grace  
Heroes and Kings of *Spanish* Race.

The

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,  
He issues thus, his strict Command.  
This Line, thus Curve and thus Orbicular,  
Render direct, and perpendicular ;  
But so direct, that in no sort  
It ever may in Rings retort.  
See me no more 'till this be done :  
Hence, to thy Task—avant, be gone.

Away, the Fiend like Lightning flies,  
And all his Wit to Work applies :  
Anvils and Presses he employs,  
And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noise.  
In vain : he to no Terms can bring  
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing ;  
Th' elastic Fibre mocks his Pains,  
And its first spiral Form retains.  
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,  
And down the Depths of Sea he dives :  
This Sprunt its Pertness sure will lose  
When laid (said he) to soke in Ooze.  
Poor foolish Fiend ! he little knew  
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.  
Old Ocean, with paternal Waves  
The Child of his own Bed receives,  
Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,  
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.  
So, when to Earth, *Alcides* flung  
The huge *Antæus*, whence he sprung,  
From ev'ry Fall fresh Strength he gain'd,  
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.  
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplex'd,  
Nor knows what Sleight to practise next ;  
The more he tries, the more he fails ;  
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails,  
But all concur his Shame to show,  
And more exasperate the Foe.



364 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

And now he pensive turns and sad,  
 And looks like melancholic mad.  
 He rolls his Eyes now off, now on  
 That wonderful *Phænomenon*.  
 Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,  
 Then, pausing, meditates profound:  
 No End he sees of his Surprise,  
 Nor what it should be can devise:  
 For never yet was Wool or Feather,  
 That could stand buff against all Weather;  
 And unrelax'd like this, resist  
 Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Mist.  
 What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made;  
 What Spinster Witch could spin such Thread,  
 He nothing knew; but to his Cost  
 Knew all his Fame and Labour lost.  
 Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er;  
 'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure he swore  
 Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch  
 Could conquer that *SUPERE MUSTACH*.  
 Defeated thus, thus discontent  
 Back to the Man the *Dæmon* went:  
 I grant, quoth he, our Contract null,  
 And give you a Discharge in full.  
 But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,  
 (Since I so candidly knock under,)  
 What is this Thing? Where could it grow?  
 Pray take it——'tis in *Statu quo*.  
 Much Good may't do you; for my Part,  
 I wash my Hands of't from my Heart.  
 In Truth, Sir *Goblin* or Sir *Fairy*,  
 Replies the Lad, you're too soon weary.  
 What, leave this tritling Task undone!  
 And think'st thou this the only one?  
 Alas! were this subdu'd, thou'dst find  
 Millions of more such still behind,

Which

Which might employ, ev'n to Eternity,  
Both you and all your whole Fraternity.

---

*The Peasant in Search of his Heifer.*

A T A L E after M. De la Fontaine.

**I**T so befell : a silly Swain  
Had sought his Heifer long in vain ;  
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,  
And left the Lawn, to seek the Shade.  
Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,  
Then, to the Wood, in Haste he hies ;  
Where singling out the fairest Tree,  
He climbs, in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to pass  
A jolly Lad and buxom Lass :  
The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant ;  
Occasion with her Forelock present :  
The Girl agog, the Galant ready ;  
So lightly down he lays my Lady.  
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,  
That she some certain Charms display'd,  
Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,  
(With Wonder, much ; more, with Delight)  
That loud he cry'd in Rapture, What !  
What see I, Gods ! What see I not !  
But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,  
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,  
Straight stopt him short in mid Career :  
And louder cry'd, Ho ! honest Friend,  
That of thy seeing seest no End ;  
Dost see the Heifer that I seek ?  
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.



H O M E R's  
H Y M N to V E N U S:  
Translated into ENGLISH Verse.

---

To the READER of the ensuing H Y M N.

**O**F the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest, it is also the most simple in its Design, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digressions both Geographical and Mythological, and contain many Allusions to ancient Customs and History, which without a Commentary could not well be understood by the generality of Readers. These Considerations determin'd me to acquiesce in the Translation of this Hymn; tho' I had once entertain'd Thoughts of turning 'em all three into English Verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleasure, I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the Censures of some Grammarians, who have deny'd or at least doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in itself, cannot really lose any thing of its Value, tho' it should appear, upon a strict Enquiry, not to be the Work of so eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was first imputed. But all Truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least Importance there is a Pleasure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Tho' the Beauties of this ensuing Poem, in the Original want not even the Name of Homer to recommend 'em, and much less does that mighty Name stand in need of their Reputation,

putation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an Injustice to him to ascribe 'em to any other; and it is a Hardship to them to deprive 'em of the Authority due to them, and to leave 'em to make their Way thro' bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the Enquiry my Curiosity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reason, of many, why these Hymns may be receiv'd for genuine. The most suspected of 'em all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy, from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been suppos'd to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a famous \* Repeater of Homer's Verses. To obviate which Supposition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the Third Book of his History, and expressly quoted as the Work of Homer.

After his second Quotation, which consists of about half a score Verses, Thucydides observes that in those Verses Homer has made mention of himself: Hence, 'tis beyond Question Thucydides believ'd or rather was assur'd it was the Work of Homer. He might be very well morally assur'd of it, for he liv'd within † four hundred Years of Homer, and that is no Distance of Time to render the Know-

Q 4

ledge

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\* After the Decease of Homer, there were such Persons who made a Profession of repeating his Verses; from the Repeating of whom, and of their Descendents or Successors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of Homer in After-times were collected and put in Order. These were call'd Homeristæ, or Homeridæ: Of whom see *Alian. Var. Hist. L. 13. C. 14. Athenæ. L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo L. 14. Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Cælius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.*

† Herodotus says of himself, in *Euterpe*, he was but four hundred Years after Homer. Thucydides was Contemporary with Herodotus.



# 368 Poems upon several Occasions.

ledge of such Things either uncertain or obscure in such a Country as Greece, and to a Man of such Learning, Power and Wisdom as our Author. The learned Casaubon, in his Comment on a Passage in the first Book of Strabo\*, takes the Liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites as Authority against him Part of the Quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what Country he was: In one of the Verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself the † blind Man of rocky Chios. Casaubon's Note is as follows: In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the Example of so learned a Man as Casaubon, to give Credit to the Authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate Historian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggestions of Scholiasts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Reader.

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\* Strab. L. 1. pag. 30.

† The Original says---The blind Man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios: and whose Poems shall be in the highest Esteem to all Posterity: Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.



H O M E R's  
H Y M N to V E N U S.

SING, Muse, the Force, and all-informing Fire  
Of *Cyprian Venus*, Goddess of Desire:  
Her Charms, th' Immortal Minds of Gods can move,  
And tame the stubborn Race of Men to Love.  
The wilder Herds and ravenous Beasts of Prey  
Her Influence feel, and own her kindly Sway.  
Thro' pathless Air, and boundless Ocean's Space,  
She rules the feather'd Kind and finny Race;  
Whole Nature on her sole Support depends,  
And far as Life exists, her Care extends.

Of all the num'rous Host of Gods above,  
But three are found inflexible to Love.  
Blue-ey'd *Minerva* free preserves her Heart,  
A Virgin unbeguil'd by *Cupid's* Art;  
In shining Arms the Martial Maid delights,  
O'er War presides, and well-disputed Fights;  
With Thirst of Fame she first the Hero fir'd,  
And first the Skill of useful Arts inspir'd;  
Taught Artists first the carving Tool to wield,  
Chariots with Brass to arm, and form the fenceful Shield;  
She first taught modest Maids in early Bloom  
To shun the lazy Life, and spin, or ply the Loom.

*Diana* next, the *Paphian* Queen defies,  
Her smiling Arts and proffer'd Friendship flies:  
She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and chearful Horn,  
Or Silver-sounding Voice, to wake the Morn,  
To draw the Bow, or dart the pointed Spear,  
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rouse the woodland Deer.

370 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Sometimes, of gloomy Groves she likes the Shades,  
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads ;  
And sometimes seeks the Town, and leaves the Plains,  
And loves Society where Virtue reigns.

The third Celestial Pow'r averse to Love  
Is Virgin *Vesta*, dear to mighty *Jove* ;  
Whom *Neptune* sought to wed, and *Phæbus* woo'd ;  
And both with fruitless Labour long pursu'd ;  
For she (severely chaste) rejected both,  
And bound her Purpose with a solemn Oath,  
A Virgin Life inviolate to lead ;  
She swore, and *Jove* assenting bow'd his Head.  
But since her rigid Choice the Joys deny'd  
Of Nuptial Rites, and Blessings of a Bride,  
The bounteous *Jove* with Gifts that Want supply'd.  
High on the Throne she sits amidst the Skies,  
And first is fed with Fumes of Sacrifice :  
For Holy Rites to *Vesta* first are pay'd,  
And on her Altar First-fruit Off'rings laid ;  
So *Jove* ordain'd in Honour of the Maid.

These are the Pow'rs above, and only these,  
Whom Love and *Cytherea*'s Art displease :  
Of other Beings, none in Earth or Skies  
Her Force resists, or Influence denies.  
With Ease, her Charms the Thunderer can bind,  
And captivate with Love th' Almighty Mind :  
Ev'n He, whose dread Commands the Gods obey,  
Submits to her, and owns superior Sway ;  
Enslav'd to mortal Beauties by her Pow'r,  
He oft descends, his Creatures to adore ;  
While to conceal the Theft from *Juno*'s Eyes,  
Some well-dissembled Shape the God'belies.  
*Juno*, his Wife and Sister, both in Place  
And Beauty, first among th' Æthereal Race ;  
Whom, all-transcending in superior Worth,  
Wife *Saturn* got, and *Cybele* brought forth :

And

And *Jove*, by never-erring Counsel sway'd,  
The Partner of his Bed and Empire made.

But *Jove* at length with just Resentment fir'd,  
The laughing Queen herself with Love inspir'd.  
Swift thro' her Veins, the sweet Contagion ran,  
And kindled in her Breast Desire of mortal Man ;  
That she, like other Deities, might prove  
The Pains and Pleasures of inferior Love,  
And not insultingly the Gods deride,  
Whose Sons were human by the Mother's side :  
Thus, *Jove* ordain'd she now for Man should burn,  
And bring forth mortal Offspring in her turn.

Amongst the Springs which flow from *Ida's* Head,  
His lowing Herds the young *Anchises* fed :  
Whose Godlike Form and Face the smiling Queen  
Beheld, and lov'd to Madness soon as seen.  
To *Cyprus* straight the wounded Goddess flies,  
Where *Paphian* Temples in her Honour rise,  
And Altars smoke with daily Sacrifice. }  
Soon as arriv'd, she to her Shrine repair'd,  
Where entring quick, the shining Gates she barr'd.  
The ready Graces wait, her Baths prepare,  
And oint with fragrant Oils her flowing Hair ;  
Her flowing Hair around her Shoulders spreads,  
And all adown Ambrosial Odour sheds.  
Last, in transparent Robes her Limbs they fold,  
Enrich'd with Ornaments of purest Gold,  
And thus attir'd, her Chariot she ascends,  
And *Cyprus* left, her Flight to *Troy* she bends.

On *Ida* she alights, then seeks the Seat  
Which lov'd *Anchises* chose for his Retreat :  
And ever as she walk'd thro' Lawn or Wood,  
Promiscuous Herds of Beasts admiring stood.  
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,  
And lick the Ground, and crouch beneath her Feet.  
Dogs, Lions, Wolves and Bears their Eyes unite,  
And the swift Panther stops to gaze with fix'd Delight.

For,



372 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

For, ev'ry Glance she gives, soft Fire imparts,  
Enkindling sweet Desire in Savage Hearts.  
Inflam'd with Love, all single out their Mates,  
And to their shady Dens each Pair retreats.

Mean time the Tent she spies so much desir'd,  
Where her *Anchises* was alone retir'd ;  
Withdrawn from all his Friends, and Fellow-Swains,  
Who fed their Flocks beneath, and sought the Plains :  
In pleasing Solitude the Youth she found,  
Intent upon his Lyre's harmonious Sound.  
Before his Eyes *Jove's* beauteous Daughter stood,  
In Form and Dress, a Huntress of the Wood ;  
For had he seen the Goddess undisguis'd,  
The Youth with Awe and Fear had been surpris'd.  
Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd  
To see a Nymph so bright, and so attir'd.  
For from her flowing Robe a Lustre spread,  
As if with radiant Flame she were array'd ;  
Her Hair in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,  
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held ;  
With various Gold and Gems her Neck was grac'd,  
And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breast ;  
Bright as the Moon she shone, with silent Light;  
And charm'd his Sense with Wonder and Delight.  
Thus while *Anchises* gaz'd, thro' ev'ry Vein  
A thrilling Joy he felt, and pleasing Pain.  
At length he spake——All hail, Celestial Fair !  
Who humbly dost to visit Earth repair.  
Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,  
*Latona*, *Cynthia*, or the Queen of Love,  
All hail ! all Honour shall to thee be paid ;  
Or art thou \* *Themis*? or the † blue ey'd Maid ?

Or,

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\* *Themis*, the Goddess of Equity and Right,

† *Blue-ey'd Maid*, Pallas.

Or, art thou fairest of the Graces three,  
 Who with the Gods share Immortality?  
 Or else, some Nymph, the Guardian of these Woods,  
 These Caves, these fruitful Hills, or Crystal Floods?  
 Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous Field,  
 I, to thy Honour, will an Altar build,  
 Where holy Offerings I'll each Hour prepare;  
 O prove but thou propitious to my Pray'r.  
 Grant me, among the *Trojan* Race, to prove  
 A Patriot worthy of my Country's Love.  
 Bless'd in myself, I beg, I next may be  
 Bless'd in my Children and Posterity:  
 Happy in Health, long let me see the Sun,  
 And, lov'd by all, late may my Days be done.

He said.---*Jove's* beauteous Daughter thus reply'd, ]  
 Delight of Human kind, thy Sexes Pride!  
 Honour'd *Anchises*, you behold in me  
 No Goddess bless'd with Immortality;  
 But Mortal I, of mortal Mother came,  
*Otreus* my Father, (you have heard the Name)  
 Who rules the fair Extent of *Phrygia's* Lands,  
 And all her Towns and Fortresses commands.  
 When yet an Infant, I to *Troy* was brought,  
 There was I nurs'd, and there your Language taught;  
 Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,  
 I, like my own, can speak the *Trojan* Tongue.  
 In me, one of *Diana's* Nymphs behold;  
 Why thus arriv'd, I shall the Cause unfold.  
 As, late, our Sports we practis'd on the Plain,  
 I, and my Fellow Nymphs of *Cynthia's* Train,  
 Dancing in Chorus, and with Garlands crown'd,  
 And by admiring Crowds encompass'd round,  
 Lo! hov'ring o'er my Head I saw the God  
 Who *Argus* slew, and bears the golden Rod:  
 Sudden he seiz'd, then, bore me from their Sight,  
 Cutting thro' liquid Air his rapid Flight.

O'er

374 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

O'er many States and peopled Towns we pass'd,  
 O'er Hills and Vallies, and o'er Deserts waste ;  
 O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholsom Fens,  
 And Woods where Beasts inhabit dreadful Dens.  
 Thro' all which pathless Way our Speed was such,  
 We stopt not once the Face of Earth to touch.  
 Mean time he told me, while thro' Air we fled,  
 That *Jove* ordain'd I should *Anchises* wed,  
 And with illustrious Offspring bless his Bed.  
 This said, and pointing to me your Abode,  
 To Heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd God.  
 Thus, of Necessity, to you I come,  
 Unknown, and lost, far from my native Home.  
 But I conjure you, by the Throne of *Jove*,  
 By all that's dear to you, by all you love,  
 By your good Parents, (for no bad, could e'er  
 Produce a Son so graceful, good and fair ;) }  
 That you no Wiles employ to win my Heart,  
 But let me hence an untouch'd Maid depart ;  
 Inviolat and guiltless of your Bed,  
 Let me be to your House and Mother led.  
 Me to your Father and your Brothers show,  
 And our Alliance first let them allow :  
 Let me be known, and my Condition own'd,  
 And no unequal Match I may be found.  
 Equality to them my Birth may claim,  
 Worthy a Daughter's or a Sister's Name, }  
 Tho' for your Wife, of too inferior Fame.  
 Next, let Ambassadors to *Phrygia* haste,  
 To tell my Father of my Fortunes pass'd,  
 And ease my Mother in that anxious State,  
 Of Doubts and Fears, which Cares for me create.  
 They in Return shall Presents bring from thence  
 Of rich Attire, and Sums of Gold immense :  
 You in peculiar shall with Gifts be grac'd,  
 In Price and Beauty far above the rest.

This

This done, perform the Rites of Nuptial Love,  
Grateful to Men below, and Gods above.  
She said, and from her Eyes shot subtle Fires,  
Which to his Heart insinuate Desires.  
Resistless Love invading thus his Breast,  
The panting Youth the smiling Queen address'd.

Since Mortal you, of mortal Mother came,  
And *Otreus* you report your Father's Name;  
And since th' immortal *Hermes* from above,  
To execute the dread Commands of *Jove*,  
Your wondrous Beauties hither has convey'd,  
A Nuptial Life with me henceforth to lead:  
Know, now, that neither Gods nor Men have Pow'r  
One Minute to defer the happy Hour,  
This Instant will I seize upon thy Charms,  
Mix with thy Soul, and melt within thy Arms:  
Tho' *Phæbus*, arm'd with his unerring Dart,  
Stood ready to transfix my panting Heart;  
Tho' Death, tho' Hell, in Consequence attend,  
Thou shalt with me the Genial Bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous Hand;  
The Goddesses smil'd, nor did th' Attempt withstand:  
But fix'd her Eyes upon the Hero's Bed,  
Where soft and and silken Coverlets were spread,  
And over all, a Counterpane was plac'd,  
Thick sown with Furs of many a Savage Beast,  
Of Bears and Lions, heretofore his Spoil;  
And still remain'd the Trophies of his Toil.

Now to ascend the Bed they both prepare.  
And he with eager Haste disrobes the Fair.

Her sparkling Necklace, first, he laid aside;  
Her Bracelets next, and braided Hair unty'd:  
And now, his busy Hand her Zone unbrac'd,  
Which girt her radiant Robe around her Waste;  
Her radiant Robe at last aside was thrown,  
Whose rosy hue with dazzling Lustre shone.

The



376 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The Queen of Love the Youth thus disarray'd,  
And on a Chair of Gold her Vestments laid.  
*Anchises* now (so *Jove* and Fate ordain'd)  
The sweet Extreme of Extasy attain'd;  
And Mortal he, was like th Immortals blest'd,  
Not conscious of the Goddess he possess'd.

But, when the Swains their Flocks and Herds had fed,  
And from the flow'ry Field returning, led  
Their Sheep to Fold, and Oxen to the Shed;  
In soft and pleasing Chains of Sleep profound,  
The wary Goddess her *Anchises* bound:  
Then gently rising from his Side and Bed,  
In all her bright Attire her Limbs array'd.

And now, her Fair-crown'd Head aloft she rears,  
Not more a Mortal, but herself appears:  
Her Face refulgent, and Majestic Mien,  
Confess'd the Goddess, Love's and Beauty's Queen.

Then, thus, aloud she calls. *Anchises*, wake;  
Thy fond Repose and Lethargy forsake:  
Look on the Nymph who late from *Phrygia* came,  
Behold me well——say, if I seem the same.

At her first Call the Chains of Sleep were broke,  
And starting from his Bed, *Anchises* woke:  
But when he *Venus* view'd without Disguise,  
Her shining Neck beheld, and radiant Eyes;  
Aw'd, and abash'd, he turn'd his Head aside,  
Attempting with his Robe his Face to hide.  
Confus'd with Wonder, and with Fear oppress'd,  
In winged Words, he thus the Queen address'd.

When first, O Goddess, I thy Form beheld,  
Whose Charms so far Humanity excell'd;  
To thy Celestial Pow'r my Vows I paid,  
And with Humility implor'd thy Aid:  
But thou, for secret Cause to me unknown,  
Didst thy Divine Immortal State disown.

But

\*  
sage  
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Grief

But now, I beg thee by the Filial Love  
Due to thy Father, *Aegis-bearing Jove*,  
Compassion on my human State to show;  
Nor let me lead a Life infirm below:  
Defend me from the Woes which Mortals wait,  
Nor let me share of Men the common Fate:  
Since never Man with Length of Days was blest,  
Who in Delights of Love a Deity possess'd.

To him, *Jove's* beauteous Daughter thus reply'd,  
Be bold, *Anchises*; in my Love confide;  
Nor me, nor other God, thou needst to fear,  
For thou to all the heav'nly Race art dear.  
Know, from our Loves, thou shalt a Son obtain,  
Who over all the Realm of *Troy* shall reign;  
From whom, a Race of Monarchs shall descend,  
And whose Posterity shall know no End.  
To him thou shalt the Name \* *Aeneas* give,  
As one, for whose Conception I must grieve,  
Oft as I think, he to exist began  
From my Conjunction with a Mortal Man.

But *Troy*, of all the habitable Earth,  
To a superior Race of Men gives Birth;  
Producing Heroes of th'Æthereal kind,  
And next resembling Gods in Form and Mind.

From thence, great *Jove* to azure Skies convey'd,  
To live with Gods, the lovely *Ganymede*.  
Where, by th'Immortals honour'd, (strange to see !)  
The Youth enjoys a blest'd Eternity.  
In Bowls of Gold, he ruddy Nectar pours,  
And *Jove* regales in his unbended Hours.

Long

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\* *Aeneas*, signifying one who causeth Grief: By this Passage, it should seem as if the Etymologists had err'd, who, as he was the Hero of *Virgil's* Epic Poem, have deriv'd his Name from *αἰνῶ*, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be deriv'd from *αἰνῶ* Grief: or *αἰνῶ* to afflict with Grief.

378 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Long did the King, his Sire, his Absence mourn,  
Doubtful, by whom, or where the Boy was born :  
'Till *Jove* at length, in Pity of his Grief,  
Dispatch'd \* *Argicides* to his Relief ;  
And more with Gifts to pacify his Mind,  
He sent him *Horfes* of a deathless kind,  
Whose Feet outstript in Speed the rapid Wind.  
Charging withal swift *Hermes* to relate  
The Youth's Advancement to a heav'nly State ;  
Where, all his Hours are past in circling Joy,  
Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death destroy.  
Now, when this Embassy the King receives,  
No more for absent *Ganymede* he grieves ;  
The pleasing News his aged Heart revives,  
And with Delight his Swift-heel'd Steeds he drives.

But when the Golden-thron'd *Aurora* made  
*Tithonus* Partner of her rosy Bed,  
(*Tithonus* too was of the *Trojan* Line,  
Resembling Gods in Face and Form Divine)  
For him she straight the Thunderer address'd,  
That with perpetual Life he might be bless'd :  
*Jove* heard her Pray'r, and granted her Request.  
But ah ! how rash was she, how indiscreet !  
The most material Blessing to omit ;  
Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,  
That Length of Days might be with Strength supply'd ;  
And to her Lover's endless Life, engage  
An endless Youth, incapable of Age.  
But hear what Fate befell this heav'nly Fair,  
In Gold inthron'd, the brightest Child of Air,  
*Tithonus*, while of pleasing Youth possess'd,  
Is by *Aurora* with Delight carefs'd ;

Dear

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\* The Slayer of *Argus*. *Mercury* so called, from having slain *Argus*.

Dear to her Arms, he in her Court resides,  
Beyond the Verge of Earth, and Ocean's utmost Tides:

But, when he saw gray Hairs begin to spread,  
Deform his Beard, and disadorn his Head,  
The Goddess cold in her Embraces grew,  
His Arms declin'd, and from his Bed withdrew;  
Yet still a kind of nursing Care she show'd,  
And Food ambrosial, and rich clothes bestow'd:  
But when of Age he felt the sad Extreme,  
And ev'ry Nerve was shrunk, and Limb was lame,  
Lock'd in a Room her useless Spouse she left,  
Of Youth, of Vigour, and of Voice bereft\*.  
On Terms like these, I never can desire  
Thou shouldst to Immortality aspire.

Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,  
Thy Strength, thy Beauty, and thy Youth retain,  
Couldst thou for ever thus my Husband prove,  
I might live happy in thy endless Love;  
Nor should I e'er have Cause to dread the Day,  
When I must mourn thy Loss and Life's Decay.  
But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend  
Beneath the Woes which painful Age attend;  
Inexorable Age! whose wretched State  
All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate.

Now, know, I also must my Portion share,  
And for thy sake Reproach and Shame must bear.  
For I, who heretofore in Chains of Love  
Could captivate the Minds of Gods above,  
And force 'em, by my all-subduing Charms,  
To sigh and languish in a Woman's Arms,  
Must now no more that Pow'r superior boast,  
Nor tax with Weakness the Celestial Host;

Since

---

\* *Tirbonus* was feign'd, at length, to have been turn'd  
into a Grasshopper.



380 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Since I myself, this dear Amends have made,  
And am at last by my own Arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with Appetite deprav'd,  
This Hour, by thee, I have a Son conceiv'd;  
Whom hid beneath my Zone, I must conceal,  
'Till Time his being and my Shame reveal.

Him shall the Nymphs who these fair Woods adorn,  
In their deep Bosoms nurse, as soon as born:  
They nor of Mortal nor Immortal Seed  
Are said to spring, yet on *Ambrosia* feed,  
And \* long they live; and oft in Chorus join  
With Gods and Goddeses in Dance divine.

These

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\* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades*; the *Dryades* presided over Woods and Groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted Immortal, but extremely long-liv'd. *Ausonius*, from *Hesiod*, computes the complete Life of a Man at 96 Years; a Crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a Deer four times as long as a Crow; a Raven three times as long as a Deer; the Phoenix ten times as long as the Raven; and these *Hamadryades* live ten times as long as a Phoenix. But the most receiv'd Opinion was, that they liv'd just as long as their Trees. Therefore this from *Ausonius* seems rather to relate to the *Dryades*, and the Duration of a whole Wood; For there are frequent Instances where they were indifferently call'd *Dryades* and *Hamadryades*, by the ancient Poets. They were very sensible of good Offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their Trees. The Scholiast, upon a Passage mentioning these Nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2.* relates the following Story cited from *Charon Lampfacenus*. A young Man call'd *Ræcus* observing a fair Oak almost fallen to the Earth, order'd it to be supported, and took such effectual Care that he re-establish'd it again to flourish in its Place. The Nymph of the Tree appear'd to him, and in Return bid him ask what he pleas'd. The Youth readily demanded of her the last Favour, which she as readily promis'd; and according to Agreement, sent a Bee to summon

These the † *Sileni* court; these *Hermes* loves,  
 And their Embraces seeks in shady Groves.  
 Their Origin and Birth these Nymphs deduce  
 From common Parent, Earth's prolific Juice:  
 With lofty Firs which grace the Mountain's Brow,  
 Or ample spreading Oaks at once they grow;  
 All have their Trees allotted to their Care,  
 Whose Growth, Duration and Decreease they share.  
 But holy are these Groves by Mortals held,  
 And therefore by the Axe are never fell'd.  
 But when the Fate of some fair Tree draws nigh,  
 It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;  
 The Bark to crack and perish next is seen,  
 And last the Boughs it sheds, no longer green:  
 And thus the Nymphs expire by like degrees,  
 And live and die cœval with their Trees.

These gentle Nymphs by my Persuasion won,  
 Shall in their sweet Recesses nurse my Son:  
 And when his Cheeks with Youth's first Blushes glow,  
 To thee the Sacred Maids the Boy shall show.

More to instruct thee, when five Years shall end,  
 I will again to visit thee descend,  
 Bringing thy beauteous Son to charm thy Sight,  
 Whose Godlike Form shall fill thee with Delight;  
 Him will I leave thenceforward to thy Care,  
 And will that with him thou to *Troy* repair:

There,

---

mon him at the Time when he might be happy: But the young Man happening to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was so offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill Words, and chid it from him: this Reception of her Ambassador so enraged the Nymph, that in Revenge she render'd him impotent. This Story is also cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam. l. 8.* of the Fate of *Erifichton*, for cutting down one of these animated Trees.

† The *Satyrs*, when they were in Years, were called *Sileni* as *Pausanias* reports in *Attic*, p. 41.

382 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

There, if Enquiry shall be made, to know  
To whom thou dost so bright an Offspring owe;  
Be sure, thou nothing of the Truth detect,  
But ready Answer make as I direct.  
Say of a Sylvan Nymph the fair Youth came,  
And *Calycopis* call his Mother's Name.  
For shouldst thou boast the Truth, and madly own  
That thou in Bliss hadst *Cytherea* known,  
*Jove* would his Anger pour upon thy Head,  
And with avenging Thunder strike thee Dead.  
Now all is told thee, and just Caution giv'n,  
Be secret thou, and dread the Wrath of Heav'n.

She said, and sudden soar'd above his Sight,  
Cutting thro' liquid Air her Heav'nward Flight.

All hail, bright *Cyprian* Queen! thee first I praise;  
Then, to some other Pow'r transfer my Lays.



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